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Athenian Sport :

OR

Two Thousand Paradoxes

MERRILY ARGUED,

To Amuse and Divert the Age.

Attentive Spectator :

OR

Two Thousand Paradoxes

MERRILY ARGUED,

To Amuse and Divert the Age.

Athenian Sport :

O R,

Two Thousand Paradoxes

MERRILY ARGUED,

To Amuse and Divert the Age :

A S

A Paradox in praise of a Paradox.
Corporeal Affections remain after Separation.

The Eye beholds as much when it looks on a Shilling, as when it speculates the whole Heaven.
Inconstancy is a most commendable Virtue.

Every Man is corporally born twice.

No Man sees but he that is stark blind.

The Restor'd Maidenhead, or a marry'd Woman may be twice a Virgin.

Athenian, or Intellectual, Sport is the Recreation of Pre-existent Spirits.

'Tis the Pleasantest Life to be always in Danger.

The same numerical Voice of a Preacher is not heard by any two of his Auditors.

What we call Life, is Natural Death.

Content is the greatest Misery.
He is the Happiest Man who has neither Money nor Friend.

Fruition's nothing, or a Paradox proving there's no Pleasure in Copulation.

To imprison a Debtor is to set him at Liberty.

Green come from the Dead, or no Man lives but he that is Hang'd.

The Virgin-Paradox, or a Young Lady may Love and Hate the same Person at the same Time.

The Loving Shrew, or the Kindest Women are the most Cruel.

And so on, to the Defence of 2000 Paradoxes (or Pleasant *Theses*) which seem Strange, and Contrary to the Common Opinion.

With Improvements from the Honourable Mr. Boyle, Lock, Norris, Collier, Cowley, Dryden, Garth, Addison, and other Illustrious Wits.

By a Member of the Athenian Society.

John Danton

L O N D O N, Printed for B. Bragg in Pater-noster-Row. 1707.



THE PREFACE.

THE *Thurians* had a Law, That whoever abolish'd an Old Law or establish'd a New, shou'd present himself before the People, with a Rope about his Neck ; that if his Project was not approv'd, he might be presently strangled. I shou'd scarce have ventur'd our *Question Project* (tho an Invention of general Use) upon that Bottom ; and much less this *Paradoxical Project* : For tho its Design is both to Amuse, Instruct, and Divert the Reader at the same time, (for the *Athenians* never recreate themselves merely to PASS THE TIME, but to sweeten and relieve deeper Thoughts) yet as this *Merry Project* fights the common Sentiments of Mankind upon all Subjects, I must expect the mistaken World will be raising all the Forces they can against it ; so that if it shou'd conquer (I mean surmount as many Difficulties as the *Athenian Oracle*) it must dispute every Inch of Ground, and as it were flourish among Devils. —

This *Athenian Sport* is a new Project to reform the Age, (by answering and opposing its mistaken

Notions of Virtue and Vice) and it has been my Observation for twenty years, That *New Opinions* (tho perhaps unjust) rather gain, than lose Repute by Opposition.

Then I can't see how this Paradoxical (or Contradictory) Project can miss of Encouragement, as 'twill owe its very Success to its being disliked; so that I won't thank the Ingenious to encourage this Quarrellous Work, for they are in a manner oblig'd to read it, as it opposes the Celebrated Notions of Learned Men, and advances nothing (so very new is the Project) but what seems strange and contrary to the common Opinion. But whatever the Success of this Work be, my *Athenian Brethren* declar'd (in a Full Society) I shou'd undertake it. And tho I can't deserve the Honour of this Vote, yet I resolve to search into the Truth and Nature of Things; and rather than not run counter to all the World, will imbibe the Principles of *Apemantus* and the old *Cynic*; or rather reveal out of my own Experience, such Real, but *Contradictory Truths*, as will surprize the World.

Then have at ye, *Physicks* and *Metaphysicks*! Methinks I long to begin the Search. Honest Men will confess their Errors, and think and practise a-new; but for Heterodox Readers, and such as say there is nothing NEW, they must live and perish in their OLD Mistakes. I confess, *Solomon* says——*There is nothing New under the Sun*—— But none of our Society doubts, that there are still Things to be known; and consequently, 'tis easy to defend Two Thousand (or had I leisure, Six Thousand) *Paradoxes* that seem strange and contrary to the common Opinion.—

Sir *Philip Sidney* says of one of his Heroes, that
 “ his Sports were such as carry'd the Riches of
 “ Knowledge upon the Stream of Delight. I dare
 not boast of my own Performance in projecting and
 teaching

teaching *Athenian Sports*; but I may venture to say, I have attempted in this Work to *instruct* and *divert the Age*: And if my *Intellectual Pastime* make some tedious Hours believe that we think not of them, I hope at least that the melancholy and pensive Reader will thank me for it. 'Tis true, *Athenian* (or *Intellectual*) *Sport* is scarce understood by Men of a *Vulgar Genius*, or *Little Soul*; but the graver Sports carry their Meaning and Usefulness in their Title, and the more Jocular are not without their most Solid Morals: So that the whole *Paradoxical Project* is a *Just Mixture of Grave and Face-tious Pastime* [*Merrily argued*] to put the mistaken Age on a *Melius Inquirendum*, or searching a-new into old Errors; and thereby as 'twere to set Men right [*by their thinking wrong*.] For here you'll find,

*Some Men by fixing on a false Delight
Instruct, and by mistaking set us right.*

So that this *Paradoxical Project* (or *Athenian Sport*) is Mirth and Profit united; and if the Novelty you find here, don't cure the *Athenian Itch*, there is nothing will: For, to gratify the curious Palates of Learned Persons, I have advanc'd many things wholly New, and unblown upon; but more especially in three several Paradoxes, where *The Generous Miser*——*The Plot and No-Plot* (or *Noise about the Church's Danger*)——and *The Recreation of Pre-existent Spirits*, are distinctly treated of.——These three Paradoxes (cull'd out of 2000 not less curious) will very much surprize the World with their Novelty—

“ Ay, *Novelty*! says the grave Critick, 'tis for
“ that we dislike your *Sports*. Not that we wou'd
“ dissuade the *Athenian Society* from inventing of
“ New Projects, but we wou'd not have 'em forget
— the

“ the Old, or slight the Dictates and Opinions of
 “ the antient Champions of Learning. Why mo-
 “ dern Innovators, how dare ye oppose the com-
 “ mon Opinion, and write counter to all the
 “ World? Ye are but Dwarfs and Pigmies, com-
 “ par’d to those Giants of Wisdom, on whose
 “ Shoulders ye stand; and yet ye cannot see so far
 “ as they without them. Then ne’er amuse the
 “ World with your New Projects (or *Athenian*
 “ *Sports*) but keep to the OLD WAY, both as
 “ to Principles and Practice; nor lose the Sub-
 “ stance whilst you catch the Shadow. Women and
 “ Children love New Wine, because pleasant in the
 “ Palat; but Wise Men chuse the Old, because
 “ wholesomer for the Stomach.

To this I answer—— I present you with what is
 NEW in every Paradox; either as to the Subject,
 or Method of handling it; and if it be too New
 for your Practice, or too Gay for your Spirits, ’tis
 wholly owing to your own Stupidity: for if I am
 ask’d for my Authorities, I answer (in the Words
 of an Athenian Brother (a) “ What appears rea-
 “ sonable wants no other Recommendation than be-
 “ ing so; and as to what seems strange and con-
 “ trary to the common Opinion, let the Reader con-
 “ sider, that Philosophy had never been improv’d,
 “ had it not been for new Opinions, which after-
 “ wards were rectify’d by abler Pens: And so the
 “ first Notions were lost under new Superstructures.
 Or supposing there was no Project we cou’d call
 New; yet by composing a Book in a new Manner,
 Method and Style, by altering, adding to, abridg-
 ing, and sometimes converting to other purposes,
 the same may seem to be (and be as useful) as if it

(a) *Mr. Richard Sault, who lately departed this Life, and was ho-
 nourably bury’d at Cambridge.*

were all New: And which to do, is often as difficult, and requires as much Art as wholly the Invention of New Matters; and is better to be esteem'd, because more Authentick—— And therefore, altho it be said, *That no New Thing can be spoke or writ, which hath not been (to the same effect) before*; yet may it be said of this Project in general, as well as of the Composition thereof, that the same is *New*, inasmuch as never any Man (that I can hear of) hath publish'd a *System of Paradoxes*, till the *Athenian Society* propos'd and encourag'd that nice and difficult Project: And therefore, were there no other Reason, 'tis fitly entitled—— *Athenian Sport*.

Having dispatch'd the grave Criticks, comē others less squeamish, but more impertinent, buzzing in my Ears: “ Doctor (an't please you) we like your “ *Athenian Sport* (or *Paradoxical Project*) but don't “ approve of your Stile and Method in writing; 'tis “ *Obscure, Conceited, Impertinent——Strain'd——* “ *Tedious——Unpolish'd, &c.*

Stop, Sir Critick, stop! Whither do you run? For as to the Stile and Method of this Work, I confess I affect not too much *Niceness* and *Curiosity*——Nor on the other side too much *Looseness* and *Indigestion*——My Endeavours have been to compose the Whole in a serious, yet free and pleasing way. Then is any thing strain'd or obscure on such strange and uncommon Subjects? So purely out of the Road, how can the Superstructure be otherwise? Pray what Author cou'd I consult to pillage a sparkling Thought from here and there; or like some *Chymick Angel*, as another *Athenian Brother* has (a) it, to *nim a Golden Fancy on such Themes as these*. 'Tis true, to render this Project a *Compleat System of Paradoxes*, I have consulted the Writings of

(a) The Reverend W——

the Honourable Mr. Boyle, Locke, Norris, Collier, Cowley, Dryden, Garth, and other Illustrious Wits. Yet I have borrow'd but little from those who have written on the same Subject with my self. So that the *Essays* entitled—*The Wisdom in waiting for dead Men's Shoes*—*No Man is honest but he that is rich*—*To imprison a Debtor is to set him at Liberty*—*The Pleasure of being Sick and Lame, &c.*—*The Honest Lawyer, &c.* with a great part of the *Athenian Sport*, consist of *Paradoxes* wholly of my own writing.

These Intellectual Infants are the natural and sole Issue of my Brain-pan, bred and born there, and only there. I know those who love to shew their Wit, in making exception against every thing but the Product of their own Brain, will scarce allow me the Honour of this Performance.

But I wish some good Body wou'd advise what Auction (a) I shou'd consult to find—*The Restor'd Maidenhead*, (b) a Thought entirely mine—*Black's White*—*That Blind Men see*; or, *The Resurrection of Anne Green* (c)—

In what Royal Society I shou'd find—*The Eye beholds as much when it looks on a Shilling, as when it speculates the whole Heaven*—*That the Moon lies hid in the Sun*—*That the Thoughts of Man, before they are brought forth into Word or Work, have a Real Being*—

In what University shall I meet a Sach—rel

(a) Where I've been purchasing all that's rare and scarce these seven Years, in order to compleat this Paradoxical Project, and make it a Universal Entertainment for the Ingenious.

(b) Occasion'd by Madam W——n's being unmarried by Act of Parliament.

(c) With the Narrative of what happen'd from her Execution at Oxford, (A Rarity not to be purchas'd in London) to the time of her perfect Recovery.

to assert, *No body Whores, Tacks, or sows Divisions?*
 — In what College shall I find a Fellow to prove
 — *That the greatest Fool is the Man of Learning?*
 Or in what Private Academy (except where *W—y*
 has made 'em Blockheads) shall I find a Paradox
 proving — *We know nothing?*

What *Philosophy* must I consult to prove, *Those we*
call Men are Women? — By what Physician (a) or
 'Pothechary's Shop shall I find *there is no such thing as*
a Distemper — Or what Bookfeller can sell me a
Paradox in Praise of an Owl? —

In what *System of Divinity* shall I find, *That some*
Men are worse than Devils — *That the same Nu-*
merical Voice of a Preacher is not heard by any two of
his Auditors — *That a modest Woman may go stark*
naked — *That Content is the greatest Misery* —
That Corporeal Affections remain after Separation? —
 Or in what *Pulpit* shall I find a Paradox proving —
The Senses external, and Senses internal, are Organi-
cal in Heaven, as they were on Earth, and subservient
to the Soul in their several Stations and Places of Re-
sidence, as Eye, Ear, Nose, Palate, Nerves, Brain;
by which the Soul doth exercise its several Faculties,
of Seeing, Hearing, Smelling, Tasting, Touching,
and the rest? —

In what *Country, Age, or Reign*, shall I find —
That Absolute Tyranny is the best Government — *That*
he is the Happiest Man that has neither Mony nor
Friend — *That the greatest Whore is the chastest Wo-*
man — *That the Dumb can speak* — *That Drun-*
kards are Persons of the greatest Sobriety? — And where
 shall I find (except in my own Brain) that a *Hang-*
man is the most Honourable Calling? —

In what *Shipwreck, Camp, or Prison*, shall I find
 — *'Tis the pleasantest Life to be always in danger* —

(a) Hypocrates or Galen.

————— *That 'tis better to be half-starv'd than to fare sumptuously* ————— *That it is good to be much in debt* ————— *That great Courage and Conduct is mere Cowardice?*

What keeping Lord or Cully (for they are synonymous Terms) cou'd discover to me — *That every kept Miss is a common Whore?*

What Malefactor (except *Green*, who dangle'd in the Halter till she was quite dead) wou'd tell me — *No one lives but he that is hang'd?*

What Bridegroom (especially in the time of Honey-Moon) wou'd prove — *There is no such thing as Love after Marriage* ————— Or what Husband wou'd say — *That Ill-nature is most desirable in a Wife?*

What Martyr has ever rose from his Ashes to prove — *Burning alive is no Pain or Torment* — And what Law cou'd discover to me — *That to steal is to act justly?*

What Midwives have ever disprov'd *Due Benevolence*; or once suspected (what I prove in the following Sheets) — *That every Man is corporally born twice? —*

In what Garret (the usual Apartment of such Cat-tel) shall I find a *Hackney Author has no Soul, and but half a Body?* — And in what Parish-Register shall I find — *The Funeral of Mankind, or a Paradox proving we are all Dead and Bury'd? —*

I might proceed in my *Queries* with respect to the other *Sports*, or *Paradoxes*; but I'll not be tedious: for here's enough to convince the Criticks what little Help I cou'd possibly have in the compiling of this Work, and that (had they any Conscience) they'd give me at least Grains of Allowance for what they call *Obscure, Strain'd, Unpolish'd, &c.* seeing most of the Subjects in this Work were never handled before; or at least, not in this Method.

As to the *Incongruities*, which these Criticks make such a clutter about, I shall answer 'em in the Words of

Of a certain Poet (that had once the Honour to be a Member of *Athens*) “ I remember I’m neither writing a Supposition in Philosophy, nor a System of Divinity, nor an Epic Poem; where indeed all ought to be most religiously observ’d. What was said by a Person, however by Wits of a greater Genius expos’d, yet certainly, if thirty years Experience be any thing, no Fool in Poetry, has a great deal of Truth in’t:

—*He that servilely creeps after Sense,
Is safe, but ne’er shall reach at Excellence.*

Thus far the *Athenian W*— And if his Testimony (whose very Life is a Paradox) ben’t enough, I wou’d desire such Criticks as are yet dissatisfy’d, to give me a Friendly Visit; but how they’ll find me (for I’ll be as cross as they are impertinent) I shan’t resolve ’em in this *Preface*; neither am I (like *Sam. W*—) over-ambitious of seeing my Worthy Name adorning a *Pissing-Post*, or *glittering in a Term-Catalogue*. And indeed, *Sir Critick*, who is the Author of these *Sports* is not worth enquiring: “ He is one that has “ been better employ’d in his time, than in praising “ a *tir’d Jade*—*The Itch*—*A Sirreverence*—or “ in proving *Nothing’s Something* (a)——

It wou’d please him a great deal better to be reading in the Polyglot Bible, or in the Abstract of the Criticks, if he had them; but every Man must comply with the *Law of his Condition*, provide for his Belly, and thankfully accept his present Circumstance — Then, *Sir Criticks* (whether grave or impertinent) let it suffice, without further Enquiry, that the Author of these *Sports* is one that never opens

(a) These are Four Paradoxes to be inserted in our Athenian Sport.

his

his Mouth to profelyte Men to this or that disputable Opinion, or concerns himself of what Judgment or Party his Reader is: but truly endeavours, by defending Two Thousand Paradoxes [that seem strange, and contrary to the common Opinion] to set People in the *Right Way* (who are run astray in their Religion, or Morals) that they may be Orthodox Christians, and Honest Men——

I had much rather be imploy'd in *reconciling all good Men* [as you'll find by that Paradox which proves, *When Dissenters Plot to subvert the Church, in that Act they do their Utmost to serve and support it*] than to side with the TACKING or Occasional DEVIL, describ'd in the following SPORTS, or to try any dangerous Experiment that may ruin my Native Country. Having therefore had more Leisure than sometimes I wish'd to have had, and therein also the Opportunity to read many Books that were rare and scarce, I thought it not amiss (to avoid Idleness, and to recreate my self) to search into the common receiv'd Opinions of Learned Men, to know whether they were Right or Wrong. I should have done well indeed to have cited Authors; but most of the Paradoxes being written for private Use, I neglected the same, and now cannot redeem that Neglect: or if I could, the Paradoxes (in respect of the Stile, Intermixions, Abstractions, Additions and Alterations in divers Places) would not well admit thereof.

To sum up all in a Word: How necessary this Project is, it self will shew; for I conceive, there cannot be a greater Motive to stir up to Piety, Charity, Humility, and a Good Life, &c. than to shew (against those that assert the contrary) ——“ That
“ the Ways of Religion are not Sour and Dirty, but
“ Fair and Pleasant——That to give to the Poor,
“ is

“ is to increase our Wealth——That mortify’d
 “ Livers feel more corporeal Pleasure than such leud
 “ Persons who cloy their Senses with the Surfeit of
 “ them——That to be Humble and Lowly, is to
 “ exalt our selves——That our Desire of Truth,
 “ is the grand Occasion of our Error.———And
 so on, to a distinct *Paradox* upon every *Virtue and*
Vice.———

So that you see, Reader, I should not say [*Better employ’d*] but ought to correct my self, and even make an Orthodox Paradox of the Novelty and Usefulness of this Project, &c. For what can be more innocent and praise-worthy (the Acts of Religion excepted) than to publish *Athenian Sports*, or *merry Paradoxes*, to divert and instruct the Ingenious? &c. Some time is, no doubt, allowable for mere Recreations; this is certainly harmless. I hope nothing will be found here, that may either make me (justly) blush to own, or another to read: even the Paradoxes, entitul’d [*Primitive Innocence, or a Modest Woman may go stark naked*——*Innocent Guilt, or the Praise of Insufficiency*——*The chaste Disease, or a Paradox in praise of a Clap*]——may be heard by the chastest Ear, and read by the gravest Hermit.———Or suppose many of the Paradoxes were as sportive and merry as a *Christmas Gambol*, or *Message sent by an April Fool*, it follows not that those Paradoxes are the less useful to a thinking Reader; witness——*My Paradox in Praise of a Paradox*; or *the Pleasure and Benefit of reading Subjects that seem strange, and contrary to the common Opinion*——*The Queendom*; or *a Paradox proving none but Women are fit to Reign.*——*The Fegary*; or *a Paradox in praise of Rambling.*——*The best Perfume*; or *a Paradox in praise of Farting.*——These four Paradoxes I wou’d request the Criticks to read thro, and then I don’t fear their being prejudic’d at the Gaiety or Sport they’ll

they'll find in any of the other Paradoxes.

Crates (a merry Philosopher) calls SPORT "A wonderful Help, and great Means to preserve our Health.——Then, as I said before, what can be more innocent and Praise-worthy (the Acts of Religion excepted) than to publish *Athenian Sports*? But Recreations are various.——BOWLING is good for the Stone and Reins: SHOOTING for the Lungs and Breast: Gentle WALKING for the Stomach: RIDING for the Head: and Reading of *Merry Paradoxes* is a Sport fit to *Amuse and Divert the Mind*. For that the Mind has as much need of *Sports* as the Body, I prove from *The Whole Duty of Man*, which says, "Recreations are sometimes necessary both to the Body and Mind of a Man, neither of them being able to endure a constant Toil, without somewhat of Refreshment between; and therefore there is a very lawful Use of them (a). So that 'tis clear from this great Author, That SPORTS are as necessary to divert the Mind as the Body; and that's another Reason why I call this Paradoxical Project *Athenian*, or *Intellectual Sport*.——*Athenian*, as 'tis to amuse and divert the Inquisitive (or *Athenian* Part of the World) For you know the *Athenians* were great Lovers of Novelty; *they spent their Time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new Thing*, Acts 17.21.——And I call it SPORT, as 'tis to recreate the Mind, cheer our melancholy Thoughts, remove Mistakes, contradict the World; and in particular to convince the Libertine that there is no *Honest Mirth*, but in an innocent chaste Life.——And therefore as *Point of Honour* (abstracting from all other Ties) obliges Men to be Virtuous; so

(a) *Whole Duty of Man*, pag. 199.

for that Reason my 28th Paradox shall be to prove——'Tis much easier and pleasanter to be Honest and Chaste, than Leud and Wicked.——I wou'd have all Men say with Seneca, "Tho God did not know, nor Men wou'd not punish Vice, yet wou'd I not commit it, so mean a Thing is Vice.——"

I think this may suffice for calling my new Project *Athenian Sport*, or *Two Thousand Paradoxes mer- rily argu'd, to amuse and divert the Ingenious.*—— And I hope, Reader, you'll grant these *Athenian Sports* a little more excusable than fooling away five or six Years, and it may be as many Reams of Paper, in doleful Ditties on a coy Mistress, &c. Not that our Sports are wholly clear of amorous and trifling Subjects; for in some part of this Work (with *Domitian*) I'm killing of Flies; witness the Paradoxes entitl'd,——'Tis honourable to boast of a Lady's Favours.——'Tis a Sin to marry an old Maid.——We court in Earnest, and marry in Jest.——A fond Wife is a Whore.——Fruition's nothing; or a Paradox proving there is no Pleasure in Copulation.——A House to be lett; or the chaste Widow.——There's a Sex in Souls.——The rich Poet.——The wise Fool.——The Paradox in Praise of a Stinking Breath.——Julian the Apostate.——Sadness.——The *Quartan Ague*.—— And I even trifle so far as to prove,——That next to a Man a Louse is the noblest Creature.—— But, Reader, if you chance to stick here and there on such amorous and trifling Sports, that seem to out-do even *Doggett* in Comedy; yet know, that to ballance these merrier Passages, I have intermix'd every SPORT (or Paradox) with a great many serious Hints; and therefore the Reader is desir'd to look upon the more chearly Passages as intended to sweeten those that are more weighty: So that the whole still is but *Athenian*

thenian Sport; or a new Project to reform the Age, by making it innocently merry.

Having related the Novelty and Usefulness of the *Athenian Sport* (or *Paradoxical Project*) and therein discover'd what Recreation the *Athenian Society* approve and incourage; 'twill be proper in the next place that I tell the World what Sports they account sinful. I have read of one, that by hearing *Musick*, tun'd his Heart to think of, and admire the Melody and Musick in Heaven. Truly, I see no Reason but a Christian may cause his *Recreation* to do that which Naturalists deny to Odours, even both to refresh and nourish him: But, Reader, take this Caution along with thee; Be sure thy SPORTS be innocent—neither dishonourable to God, nor disadvantageous to thy Neighbour—for I am not (by *Athenian Sports*) about to teach thee how to reform thy Life, by doing the Devil's Work. (That's such a Paradox that none but an Atheist will assert) They that study the Devil's Books, will hardly learn Christ's Lesson — *There be some that take Pleasure in Unrighteousness (b).* But, Reader, remember this, Holy Things are too good to be sported with, and vicious Things are too bad. Things of an indifferent Nature, such as — *The Virgin Paradox, or a young Lady may hate and despise that very Man she passionately loves and dotes upon — Half is more than the Whole — A right Widow can cry and laugh in the same Breath — Brutes have no Souls, but are pure Machines — The Rose in Winter has no Real Being —* with Paradoxes in Philosophy, History, Politicks, Morality, Astronomy, Opticks, Poetry, &c. are only fit for *Athenian Sport*.

(b) Rom. I. 32

I cou'd here give the Names of those *Sports* and *Pastimes*, that 'tis a Scandal for any sober Person to be diverted with: But I'll only mention—the *Sport of Cock-fighting*, &c.—and the *Comedies* acted at the *two Theaters*.——

As to *Cock-fighting*, &c. the Scripture saith, *That a Good Man is merciful to his Beast*.—— They then that make themselves SPORT with putting Dogs, Bulls and Cocks, &c. to Misery, do greatly sin in their Pastime; for they make SPORT with exercising Cruelty on dumb Creatures, which had never been miserable, had not the Sins of Men made them so. Then is the *Cock-Pit* (or *Bear-Garden*, &c.) a fit Place for Diversion? 'Tis said in the *Daily Courant* (c), “ That the *Cock-Pit* on the back side of *Grays-Inn-Walks* “ is now to be lett or fold.—— And (as 'tis the House where they SPORT with Cruelty) I wish it may always be so. But this is so little consider'd, that the Fighting of Cocks, &c. (which cruel Men call their SPORT) is become a National Pastime; for we see it practis'd in the open Streets every *Shrove-Tuesday*——(and in the *Cock-Pits* every Week) But to SPORT with these *Cock-Battles*, &c. upon that day, is Vanity and Heathenish Superstition——and *Cock-fighting* no Royal Sport, but a cruel Sin——as I shall prove in a distinct Paradox upon that Subject.

Another sinful Pastime that no good Man should encourage, is the *Comedies* acted at the *Two Theatres*. 'Tis here few sacred Things are spar'd, but make up the Decorum of the Act; here all that may raise the Flesh into Action and Desire, is advanc'd: 'Tis here that the Devil sports, and (if I may so say) diverts himself: 'Tis here all

those wanton Looks, and Gestures and Postures, that be in the Mode, *act a Part* to divert the Audience. Are these Sports fit for a Christian to see?

“ I think (says Mr. *Baxter*) I never knew, or “ heard of a lawful Stage-Play, Comedy or Tragedy, in the Age that I have liv’d in.——He that frequents Plays, sports on the Devil’s Ground, and if he dies on the Spot, the DEVIL (as Lord of the Mannor) has a Right to him. *Sports! Sports!* with a Vengeance! where the Actors are R---k---s and Wh---s, and the Spectators (without a Miracle) debauch’d and ruin’d. And don’t think this a rash Censure; for (tho’ twill startle the Actors and Frequenters of Plays) I have just finish’d a Paradox, proving——*The New Playhouse is not the Queen’s, but the Devil’s Theatre.*——

I might proceed to other Sports that are wholly sinful; but *Athenian Sport* is all the Recreation we should now think of; for sinful Sports only debauch the Mind, but *Athenian Sports* reform and divert at the same time, and are fit for all Men that would credit Religion and Learning by a cheerful Life.——’Tis true, our *Athenian Sports* contradict the Pleasures and Sentiments of such as frequent Plays (and unlawful Games) but ’tis much better to run counter to all the World (both in Principle and Practice) than to go with a Multitude in the broad way of Mistake and Error.

Having given a brief account of the Novelty and Usefulness of our *Athenian Sport* (or *Paradoxical Project*)——of the Objections that the grave and impertinent Criticks will raise against it——of what Sports are lawful, and what not——I shall next, as a further Explanation of this Project, discover the Rise and Occasion of it, and with that conclude our *Preface* to the *Athenian Sport*.

The Ingenious Mr. *Charles Gildon* (who writ the *History of the Athenian Society*) thought it proper to relate the first Occasion of the *Question-Project*; and I shall do the same by the *Athenian Sport*: Little Wheels set great ones a-going, and small Occasions have sometimes produc'd great and surprizing Projects. The Author of the *Belgick Commonwealth* tells us, That *Printing* (which has made such a Noise in the World) was a Project first invented by one *Laurence Fans*, when he walk'd abroad for his Recreation.——The *Question-Project* (of which there were Three Editions under the Title of *Athenian Mercury*, and Three under *Athenian Oracle*) ow'd its Rise and Fame to the Injury S—— did me.——And the *Athenian Sport* springs from that vile Partiality the World discovers to such as are *Rich* and *Fortunate*, and the ill Treatment it gives to others; which being my own Case, it put me on writing a Paradox proving—*No Man is Honest, or Chaste, but he that is Rich*—and shewing this strange Thesis to my *Athenian Brethren*, they were so partial to that and me, as to persuade me to write—*A System of Paradoxes*——and this was the Rise and sole Occasion of this *Athenian Sport* (or *Paradoxical Project*) which 'tis hop'd will universally please.——For our *Athenian Oracle* only satisfy'd the Doubts and Scruples of Learned Men——our *Athenian Spy* only pleas'd the Batchelor and Virgin with a Directory in Love-Matters:——But *Athenian Sport* will amuse, instruct, and divert every Body.

I might proceed in a larger account of this merry Project, but I won't tire my Readers with more Preface, as believing 'twill give a much clearer Light into the meaning of these Sheets, if I begin

begin my——*Athenian Sport*——with——*A Paradox in praise of a Paradox; or the Pleasure and Benefit of reading Subjects that seem strange and contrary to the common Opinion.*

PHILARET,

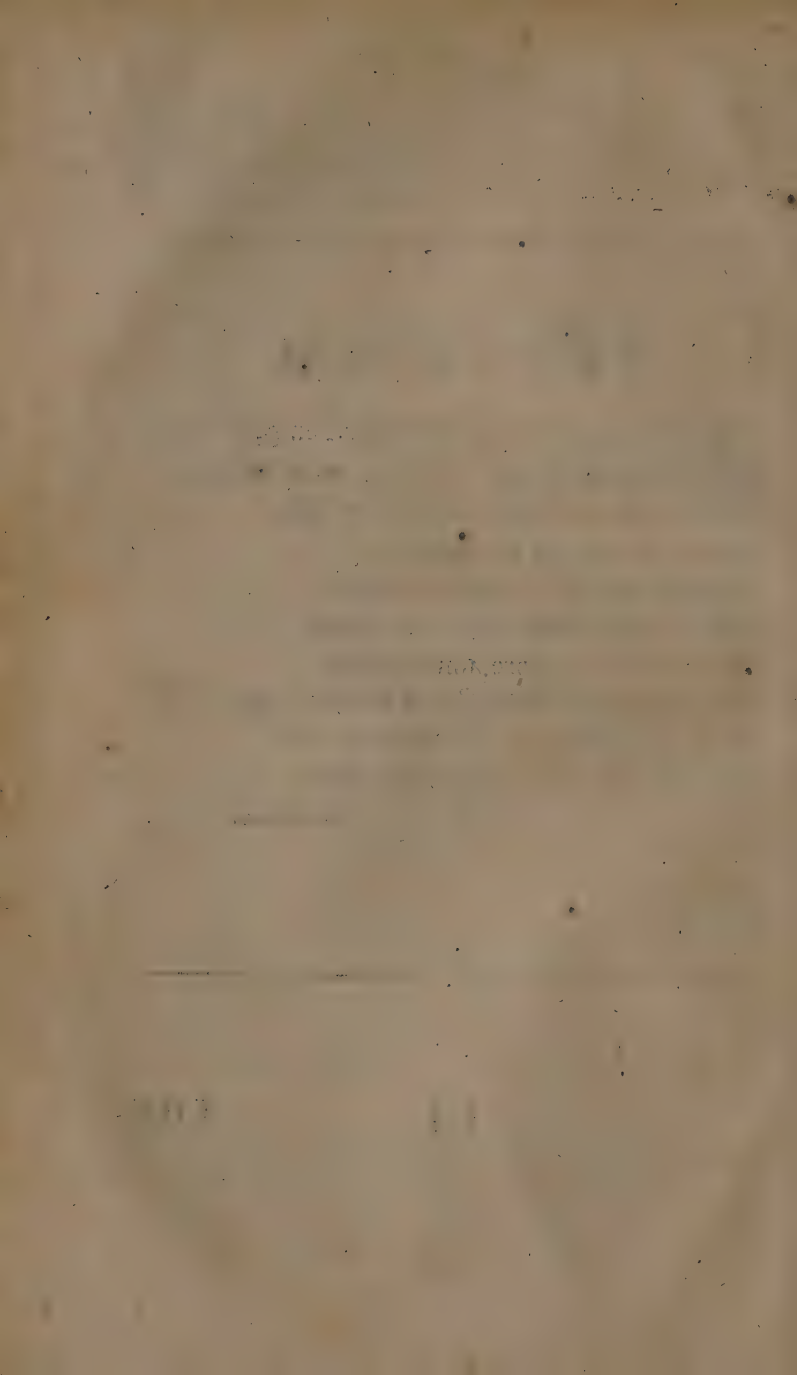
A Member of Athens.

PRO-

P R O E M I U M:

'TIS strange how some Mens Tempers fute,
Like Bawd and Brandy, with Dispute,
Make True or False, Unjust or Just,
Of no use but to be discuss'd ;
Dispute and set a PARADOX,
Like a strait Boot upon the Stocks ;
And stretch it more unmercifully
Than *Helmont, Montaign, White or Tully* :
And when Disputes are wearied out,
'Tis Interest still resolves the Doubt.

Hudibras.



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Athenian Sport :

O R,

Two Thousand Paradoxes

MERRILY ARGUED,

To Amuse, Instruct, and Divert the Age, &c.

Paradox I.

In Praise of a Paradox ; or the Pleasure and Benefit of reading Subjects which seem strange and contrary to the Common Opinion.

Paradoxology is a speaking by *Paradoxes*.

PARADOXES are Things which seem strange, absurd, and contrary to the Common Opinion.

Which having explain'd, I proceed to *A Paradox in Praise of a Paradox*—— I call it so, as I don't present the Reader with a *System* of what is common and obvious, Subjects that we read every Day, and in every Shop ; but with a *System of Paradoxes*, (2000 *Theses*, that seem strange and contrary to the common Opinion.) And this I do on purpose to rouse and awaken the Reason of Men asleep, into a *Thinking and Philosophical Temper* ; that if

possible, when they will wink, and sleep, and scorn to spend a serious Thought upon *Common Subjects*, they may startle at *Paradoxes*, and wind up their Reason a little higher, upon the sight of *Wonders*.

As for the Matter of a *Paradox*, tho it seem **CONTRADICTORY**, yet it doth but seem so ; for *utraque pars est vera*. And tho our *Athenian Sport* be made up of 2000 *Paradoxes*, yet they being grounded not on *Stoicism*, but *Christianity*, or at least upon the Author's Experience and Reading for twenty Years, I hope they will answer the Name of *Orthodox*. But what can a Man call *Orthodox* in this *Heterodox*

Age? Wherein scarce any one Thing is spoken or written; but every Man comments or gloses upon it; interpreting, not as the Truth requires, or the Author means, but as his Fancy pleases to criticize. And this indeed might have been an Argument sufficient for me to have kept these 2000 *Paradoxes* within my Closet, and not have publish'd them; but being persuaded by the *Athenians* to compose a *System of Paradoxes*, I thought it better to lay my self open to Censure, than to conceal any thing which (by contradicting the *Sentiments of Mankind*, and shewing the *World how much it has been mistaken*) may conduce to common Good: And for this reason — *A Paradox in Praise of a Paradox* — leads the way in this *Daring Project*.

I call it so, as to convince Men of their Errors, and answer *Paradoxical Questions*, is a very difficult Task. However, I hope to make that clear in a *Paradox*, which many Volumes have left under a Veil: For the main Design of a *Paradox* is, as our Title says, both to *Amuse and Divert the Age*; or rather to bring that to light under a seeming Contradiction, which could scarce be discovered any other way. So that a *Paradox* is a pleasant and bold *Ænigma*; and aims at nothing but Reformation, or innocent Mirth. And I hope this *Paradoxical Project* will answer all the Ends I design by it; for 'twas chiefly written for my innocent Pastime, and to set Vice and Error in a true light. And here, Reader, 'tis proper to let you know, that since I have search'd into

the Lives and Notions of our *Town-Wits*, I find so much reason to run counter to all the *World*, that I could almost resolve, for the future, neither to speak nor write, except in *Paradox*.

And therefore I shall answer all *Paradoxical Questions* as they are properly *Athenian Sport*. — And the first I shall insert, are those *Amazing Paradoxes* taken out of *Gordon's Geographical Grammar*; which he avers to be as true as any *Demonstration of Euclid*: the Solution of which, the Reader will find in the Second Volume.

1. There is an Island in the *Ægean Sea*, upon which if two Children were brought forth at the same time, and living together for several Years, should both expire on the same Day, yea at the same Hour and Minute of the Day; yet the Life of one would surpass the other several Months.

2. There is a certain Hill in the South of *Bohemia*, on whose Top, if an Equinoctial Sundial be duly erected, a Man stone blind, may know the Hour of the Day by the same, if the Sun shines.

3. There is a remarkable Place, on the Globe of the Earth, of a pure wholsom Air, and yet of such a strange detestable Quality, that it's absolutely impossible for two of the intirest Friends to continue in mutual Love and Friendship for the space of two Minutes.

4. There is a certain noted Place of the Earth, where the Sun and Moon (*ipso tempore Plenilunii*) may both happen to rise at the same Instant, and

and upon the same Points of the Compass.

5. There is a famous Country on the Continent of Africa, many of whose Inhabitants are born perfectly deaf, and stone blind, and continue so their whole Lives: Yet such is the amazing Faculty of those Persons, that the Deaf are capable to judge of Sounds, as well as those that hear; and the Blind, of Colours, as well as those that see.

6. There is a certain European Island, the North Part whereof doth frequently alter both its Longitude and Latitude.

7. There is a certain People in South America, who are properly furnish'd with only one of the five Senses, viz. that of Touching; and yet they can both Hear and See; Taste and Smell as nicely as we Europeans, who have all five.

8. There is a remarkable River on the Continent of Europe, over which there is a Bridge of such a breadth, that above 3000 Men a-breast may pass over it, and not croud one another.

9. It may clearly be demonstrated by the Terrestrial Globe, that it is not above 24 Hours Sailing from the River Thames in England, to the City of Messina in Sicily, at a certain time of the Year, provided there be a brisk North Wind, a light Frigate, and an Azimuth Compass.

Having given this brief account what a Paradox is, and prov'd Paradoxical Questions to be Athe-

nian Sport, I shall next shew (that we may return to our Paradox in Praise of a Paradox) — The Pleasure and Benefit of reading Subjects that seem strange, and contrary to the common Opinion.

And here 'tis easy to prove, that they who treat of Paradoxical Subjects, tho they seem to trifle, yet do not, but may and do merit, not only Pardon, but Praise; and so much the more Praise, as the Subject is strange, and contrary to the common Opinion, so the Discourse be good.

The way to Elegance of Style, says Osborn, is to employ the Pen upon every Errand: And the more trivial and barren it is, the more Brains must be allow'd for Sauce. Thus, by checking all ordinary Invention, your Reason will attain to such a Habit, as not to dare to present you but with what is Excellent. — This old Homer knew full well, when he wrote a Poem concerning a Fight betwixt Frogs and Mice. — So did St. Basil, when he praised a Pismire. — So did Senertus, when he praised a Quartan Ague. — And so did Erasmus, when he printed a large Oration in the Praise of Folly. — And as the Antients have found a Pleasure and Benefit in writing upon Subjects that seem'd strange, and contrary to the common Opinion; so our Modern Authors have sported and delighted themselves upon several Things of small consequence: as, upon the Foot of a Fly, upon a Straw, upon a Point; nay, upon Nothing; striving as it were to shew the Greatness of their Wit, in the Smallness of the Subject: and have by treating of barren

and trifling Subjects, produc'd
fundry Inventions, both Philo-
sophical and Mathematical, to
solace the Mind and recreate the
Spirits.—— *'Twas this made*
W—— write in Praise of a
Maggot—— That made Foe
sing a Hymn to the Pillory——
That made Mr. S—— tell a Tale
of a Tub—— That made Mr.——
apologize for the Failures of Dr.
Walker—— That made Dr. Wil-
kins fly to the World in the Moon
——That made a Reverend Brother
spin 200 Verses out of a Cow's
Tail—— And that made a
Hundred Learned Men I could name,
write upon barren and uncommon
Subjects.——

Now, Reader, he that treads
in the steps of such Great Au-
thors, should not be accus'd of
going amiss. There is so much
reason for writing *Paradoxes* (or
Notions contrary to the common Opi-
nion) that I could well have
spar'd Authority to prove this,
seeing the very Arguments from
Reason are natural. Reader, be
you Judge in the case: Is it not
ridiculous, when *Mountains fall*
in travel, and are deliver'd of a
Mouse? And on the other hand,
Is it not as excellent, and for
their honour, when *Mice fall in*
travel, and bring forth Moun-
tains?—— Reader, had
you not rather have Noble
Thoughts from Barren Subjects,
than Useless ones from Great?
A small Tree bearing a great
deal of Fruit, than a great Tree
with little but Leaves upon it?

Give me an *Iliad* out of a Nut-
shell, an *Army* out of one *Horse*,
like the *Trojan*. I hate a great
Cry and a little *Wool*; a great deal
of *Wool*, and a small *Cry*, is far
better.

The Virtue of things lies in a
little compass; witness the Bi-
tings of *Pismires*, which by se-
parating some little Particle from
each Grain of Corn, destroy the
Fruitfulness of it, and make it
unable ever to grow again.

The most Virtuous Part of a
Plant is its Seed; and yet how
small, and Atom-like, are the
Seeds of most Plants?

Nature is for producing an Oak
out of an Acorn.

The least things in Nature are
usually the most fruitful: The
Vine is a small and tender Plant,
but in Fruitfulness excels most
others. *Fertility* is a grateful
thing, and therefore it may well
be said, *Inest sua gratia parvis*;
there is a *Gracefulness* in little
things. The small and humble
Vallies produce great Crops, whilst
the high and great Mountains
are extremely barren. Some
Themes appear like small *Points*,
no bigger than the *Points* of
Needles (and they are so barren
and contradictory, we know not
what to make of 'em) But give me
leave to say those *Puncts* are
Centers, from which innumerable
Lines of good Sense may be
drawn.

How small a thing is the Ma-
riner's *Compass*? How much
smaller is the trembling *Needle*,
belonging thereto? And yet the
greatest Ships are steer'd, and
the longest Voyages conducted
by means thereof.

The Materials of many things
are little worth, and yet the
Things themselves are of great
Value, in respect of the Work-
manship: *Materiam superabat o-*
pus. A *Brass Watch* may be
more worth than a *Watch* of *Gold*,
according

according as the Workmanship may be. Barren and trifling Subjects are cheap Materials; but could we bestow so much Art upon them as some can and do, they would be accounted far from despicable.

What old Nurse knows not how to distil a Good and Spirituous Water out of excellent Herbs, such as *Mint* and *Balm*? But he must needs be a *Chymist*, and an *Artist*, who from *Soot* and *Chamber-Lye*, yea from hard and poisonous Metals, can extract (as they say some do) both safe and sovereign Medicines.

They that know the Benefit of *Coarctation*, or of some things being pent up and straitned, may from thence conceive a good Opinion of *Paradoxes* (or such strange and barren Subjects) which do, as it were, pen up the Wits of Men, till serious Meditation begin to dilate them.

What but the shutting up, and crouding together of Powder in a Musket or Pistol, makes so small Quantity thereof (when rarified by Fire) go off with so great a Report? Nature straitned (as well as otherwise vex'd) will discover it self: By the same reason barren and straitning Subjects, when a little rarified by Reflection, should sound best, and purchase most Applause.

Some Things are great in point of Esteem, only for their Smallness: The *Lord's Prayer*, *Creed* and *Decalogue*, written in the compass of less than a Groat (tho the best Eyes can hardly read it) may doubtless be sold for a hundred times so much as will be given for them in a fair or legible Character. If an admirable

Smallness commends other things, why not Subjects and Arguments? Nay, if the World applaud those who make *Great* Things extraordinary *Small*, why not them much more (which seems the harder Work of the two) who make *Small* Things *Great*? who fetch a great deal of good Sense out of a dry Subject. The Industry and Ingenuity of a Husbandman is not tried by a Soil that is fruitful to his hand, but by so manuring a barren Soil, as to make it fat and fruitful. To write upon barren Subjects, is to try what Ingenuity will do, when put hard to it; whether like the Sun, whose Beams brought into a narrow compass, that is, concentrated in the Body of a Burning-Glass, are far more warm and forcible, than when dispers'd and scatter'd far and near, throughout the Region of the Air.

Moreover, this may be said, That if the Subject be *Small*, *Barren*, and *Contradictory*, the Loss is not great, if it be spoil'd in the handling. Which, had I said no more, is *Paradox enough in Praise of a Paradox*. But that the World may be fully convinc'd what a *Pleasure and Benefit 'tis to read Subjects that seem strange and contrary to the common Opinion*, I shall further shew, 'tis not only a *Pleasure and Benefit*, &c. but almost our Duty, to read *Paradoxes*. For when God made us, he stamp'd his own Image upon us; which Image is most clearly apparent in those two great distinguishing Faculties of Human Nature, the *Understanding* and *Will*. The one disposes us to a Subtily and

Sublimity of Knowledge, [*i. e.* to study Things strange and uncommon] the other to a Goodness of Temperance and Beneficence in our Actions: And 'tis worthy a sober Remark, and pretty to observe, how Man hath exercis'd these two Faculties in pursuit of these Ends, from the first Creation; how his Intellectuals have mounted aboye the Sphere of Sense, transgress'd the common Limits and Horizon of the dull unthinking Multitude, and peer'd about with a Sagacity of Reason, into all the *Crivices, and secret Recesses of Nature*, to find how wide the *Wit of Man* might be stretch'd and extended; and how (by the help of a *Paradox*) we may contradict the Opinions in vogue. We admire the Industry and Skillfulness of the *Bee*, in gathering Honey out of the Flowers, carrying it home, and disposing it in several Cells, ingeniously contriv'd for the purpose; the Wisdom of the *little Ant*, in a hundred particular Instances of her Polity and Managery of Business; the curious Embroidery and Network of the *busy Spider*, in making Webs, and pursuing her Game, for the catching of *Flies*; the strange and almost stupendous Artifice of the poor *Silkworm*, which, by the Impulse of mere Nature, works her self out of breath, and spins out of her own Bowels that which clothes and adorns the gayest part of Mankind. Let us sit a while at home, and call back our rambling Thoughts, to contract our Meditation and Prospect; view our selves, and see what Dis-

coveries we can make in the Intellectual World; that so thro the dark Glass of a *Paradox*, we may see our own Mistakes, and set such a Pattern of a *Paradoxical Life*, as might convince others that their *Notions of Things are false and erroneous*.— 'Tis true, as Cowley says, — *The Voyage Life is longest made at home*. — But were we active and bold, what brave Schemes might we draw of *Architecture*! What high Scaffolds might we raise! What wonderful Projects might we contrive! What ingenious and subtil Ideas might we form! *The Quadrature of the Circle, the perpetual Motion, the scaling of the Skies, and a perfect Discovery of the Lunar World, the Philosopher's Stone, Flying, Diving, Any thing, Every thing*, would be but mean and ordinary to employ our Wits upon. In short, were we *Virtuosi* in earnest, those things which now seem strange and uncommon, would be easy and familiar to us. But God has wisely prevented our Projection of these *Babels*, by reducing our Time to a short Scantling of a *Span-long*, and confounding our Thoughts with a thousand Cares, and abbreviating our Necessities to a little Compendium of *fearing God, and keeping his Commandments, as the whole of Man*. Notwithstanding we have all of us (almost) some spare Minutes left from our necessary Offices, which we might, if we would, spend in a more noble way, upon more generous Exercises; either of Viewing or Doing, of Speculation or Action. I am not for *Domitian's* pricking

Tricking Flies with a Pin; nor the Hungarian's Wooden Coat of Mail, the Work of fifteen Years; nor Myrmerides's Τεθρίσσωα, Coach with four Horses, so little, you might hide them under a Fly's Wing; nor Cellerates's Elegies, writ so small, that a Cherry-stone might hold them, &c. These are all certainly but χεῖρος ἔργα γαίωμα, a laborious Lots of Time, an Ingenious Profusion of two of the best Talents we are entrusted with, viz. Our Time and Wit. Yet give me leave to say, that when we are dispos'd to be innocently merry (as in the following Paradoxes) it is not fit that all our Subjects should be serious: For tho it be highly commendable to point at serious Things in the midst of Drollery and Barren Subjects, &c. (like a Fable that hath a good Moral) yet to droll upon serious Things is as much a Crime on the other hand.

Thus I have fairly prov'd, that

'tis both a Pleasure and Benefit to read Subjects that seem strange and contrary to the common Opinion. But if any say, that this Paradox in Praise of a Paradox—is not so strange or contradictory as they did expect, such will do well to consider, That all, or most things, in their first beginnings are small and imperfect; and this—Paradox in Praise of a Paradox—is the first Essay of this nature, that ever came in Print; and being such, doth beg for such Allowance as ought to be given to those who are the first Founders of any Project: For, you know, Facile est Inventis addere.—However, Reader, what has been wanting in Strangeness and Contradiction in our First Paradox, will be abundantly made up in the Second: For 'tis—A Paradox proving that no Colours are Real; but what we call Green, Red, Yellow, Blue, only appear such to us, according as Bodies variously receive the Light.

Paradox II.

That no Colours are Real; but what we call Green, Red, Yellow, Blue, &c. only appear such to us, according as Bodies variously receive the Light.

THE Knowledge of Men is never compleat: What they know in one manner, they are ignorant of in another. Nothing is so manifest to the Sense as Colour; nothing so obscure to the Understanding, which doubts whether it hath a Real Existence, or whether it

only appears such to us, according as Bodies variously receive the Light. Indeed Green and Blue seem all one by a Candle, and the same Colour seems different by Day-light; which again makes the Species vary according to its Diversity: For, we judg of them otherwise in the Twilight, in the

Sun, and in the Shadow; otherwise beholding them slopingly, directly, or thro' a Colour'd Glass, or near some other lively Colour. Are any Colours fairer than those of the Rainbow? And yet they are *no more Real*, than those of the Clouds. The Whiteness which we behold in the *Milky Way*, ariseth only from the Light of many small Stars. The Necks of Pigeons seem of a thousand more Colours than they have. *The Heavens, the Air, and the Water* have none but what we fancy, or what their Depth, and the Weakness of our Sight gives them. The Scales of Fish, some small Worms, and certain kinds of rotten Wood, shining in the night, seem to us to be colour'd. And Pictures are apprehended well of ill drawn, according to their Situation.— So that this Paradox [That No Colours are Real, &c.] however strange and surprizing it looks, is what no Man can ever disprove, and I scarce think our *Virtuosi* will ever attempt it; for every one knows, Colours cannot proceed from the Temperament or Mixture of the four first Qualities, because mix'd Bodies of different Temperature have the

same Colour. Sugar, Arsenic, and all Salts are White, the Crow and Raven are Black; and, on the contrary, one and the same mix'd Body, of the same Temperature in all its Parts, is nevertheless of several Colours, which it changes without Mutation of its Temper. Ebony is Black in its Surface, and Grey within: Marble, Jasper, and Porphyry delight the Sight chiefly by the Variety of their Colours: Yellow Wax grows White, and White becomes Black in the Sun. Nor can any one say, that that Part of a Tulip which differs in Colour from all the rest, is therefore distinct in Quality. Wherefore, since Colours proceed not from the first Elementary Qualities, they are no more Real than the Intentional Species of the Sight; yea, they are the very same thing: for, the Visible Species are nothing else but Qualities streaming from every terminated Body, which alter the Medium, filling the same with their Images, which they diffuse even into the Organ. Now Colours are the same, being Qualities which actually change and alter the Diaphanous and Illuminated Body.

Paradox III.

*Fruition's Nothing, or rather Something which destroys
Love : A Paradox proving there is no Pleasure in Co-
pulation.*

LOVE is our Reason's Paradox, which still
Against the Judgment doth maintain the Will;
And governs by such arbitrary Laws,
It only makes the Act our Likings Cause :
*We have no brave Revenge, but to forgo
Our full Desires, and starve the Tyrant so.*
They whom the Rising Blood tempts not to taste,
Preserve a Stock of Love can never waste :
When easy People who their Wish enjoy,
Like Prodigals, at once their Wealth destroy.
*Adam till now had stay'd in Paradise,
Had his Desires been bounded by his Eyes.*
When he did more than look, that made th' Offence,
And forfeited his State of Innocence.
*Fruition therefore is the Bane t' undo
Both our Affection, and the Subject too,
And is that NOTHING we shall ever rue.*
*'Tis Love into worse Language to translate,
And make it into Lust degenerate :*
*'Tis to dethrone, and thrust it from the Heart,
To seat it grossly in the Sensual Part.*
*Seek for the Star that's shot upon the Ground,
And nought but a dim Jelly there is found.*
*Thus foul and dark our Female Stars appear,
If fall'n or loosened once from Vertue's Sphere :*
*Glow-worms shine only look'd on, and let lie ;
But handled, crawl into Deformity :*
*So Beauty is no longer Fair and Bright,
Than whilst unstained by the Appetite ;
And then it withers like a blasted Flow'r
Some poisonous Worm, or Spider, hath crept o'er.*
*Pigmalion's Dotage on the carved Stone,
Shews Amorists their strong Illusion.*
*Whilst he to gaze and court it was content,
He serv'd as Priest at Beauty's Monument :*
*But when by looser Fires t' Embraces led,
It prov'd a cold hard Statue in his Bed.*
*Love that's irregular, like mad Mens Dreams,
Presented by false Lights and broken Beams,*

So long contents us, as no near Address
 Shews the weak Sense our painted Happiness.
 But when those pleasing Shadows us forsake,
Or of the Substance we a Trial make,
 Like him, deluded by the Fancies mock,
 We shipwrack 'gainst an Alabaster Rock.
 What tho thy Mistress far from Marble be?
 Her Softness will transform and harden thee.
Lust is a Snake, and Guilt the Gorgon's Head,
Which Conscience turns to Stone, and Joys to Lead.

Turtles themselves will blush, if put to name
 The Act whereby they quench their am'rous Flame.
 Who then, that's wise or vertuous, would not fear
To catch at Pleasures which forbidden were;
 When those which we count lawful, cannot be
 Requir'd without some Loss of Modesty?
 E'en in the Marriage-Bed, where soft Delights
 Are customary and authoriz'd Rites:
 What are those Tributes to the wanton Sense,
But Toleration of Incontinence?

For properly you cannot call that Love,
Which does not from the Soul, but Humour move.
 Thus they who worship'd Pan or Isis Shrine,
 By the fair Front judg'd all within Divine:
 Tho ent'ring, found 'twas but a Goat or Cow,
 To which before their Ignorance did bow.
 Such Temples and such Goddesses are these,
 Which foolish Lovers and Admirers please:
 Who if they chance within the Shrine to pry,
Find that a Beast they thought a Deity.
 Nor makes it only our Opinion less
 Of what we lik'd before, and now possess;
 But robs the Fuel, and corrupts the Spice
 Which sweetens and inflames Love's Sacrifice.

After Fruition once, what is Desire
But Ashes kept warm by a dying Fire?
 This is (if any) the *Philosopher's Stone,*
 Which still miscarries at *Projection.*
 For when the *Heat ad Qſto* intermits,
 It poorly takes us like Third-Agüe Fits;
 Or must on Embers as dull Drugs infuse,
 Which we for Medicine, not for Pleasure use.

Since Lover's Joys then leave so sick a Taste,
 And soon as relish'd by the Sense, are past;
They are but NOTHING sure; lost if possess,
And therefore only in Reversion best.
 For, bate them Expectation and Delay,
 You take the most delightful Scenes away,

These two such Rule within the Fancy keep,
As Banquets apprehended in our Sleep;
After which pleasing Trance, next Morn we wake,
Empty and angry at the Night's Mistake.
Give me long Dreams and Visions of Content,
Rather than Pleasures in a MINUTE spent.
And since I know before, the shedding Rose
In that same Instant doth her Sweetness lose;
Upon the Virgin-stock still let her dwell
For me, to feast my Longings with her Smell.
These are but Counterfeits of Joy at best,
Which languish soon as brought unto the Test.
Nor can I hold it worth his Pains, who tries
To Inn that Harvest which by reaping dies.

Believe me now what Spirit hath Delight,
If by full Meals you kill the Appetite?
That Stomach healthy'st is that ne'er was cloy'd,
Why not that Love the best then, ne'er enjoy'd?
Since naturally the Blood, when tam'd or sated,
Will cool so fast, it leaves the Object hated.
Pleasures, like Wonders, quickly lose their Price,
When Reason or Experience makes us wise.

To close my Argument then, I dare say,
(And without Paradox) as well we may,
Enjoy our Love, and yet preserve Desire,
As warm our Hands by putting out the Fire.

Paradox IV.

*That Physicians kill (at least Two Hundred to One) more
than they cure.*

A New Physician had need of with the Honour due to him;
a new Church-yard: I dispute for in the sight of Great Men he
not who kills safest, the *Galenist* or the *Paracelsian*. 'Tis all shall be had in Admiration.
one whether a Man die by a Still- But you'll reply, What shall
etto, or a broad Sword. Yet I become of poor Men that cannot
say, no doubt but God hath entertain them? Marry at that
appointed the Means as well as Distance, best; admire their *Con-*
the Cure, tho but few know fidence only, and have least to do
the right Cause. For the Lord with them; for such only are the
created Medicines of the Earth, Healthiest and Happiest. Where
and he that is wise will not do they live longer, than in the
nor them. *I honour the Physician* *Orcades, Forest of Arden, Nor-*
way, &c. or sounder, than where
the

the name of *Physick* is not once heard of?

*Quot Themison agros Autumno occi-
(deret uno?*

Nay, they are rewarded too for their Murders: They are the common Executioners [*kill at least 200 to One more than they cure*] their Art (if one) is but conjectural, full of Imposture, the Devil *Apollo* the Inventor of it. And if Success follow, it is by Chance, not their Cunning; or Nature had done it without them. And for this very reason, *Avicen* (an eminent Physician) wept every time he prescrib'd a Purge; and well he might, for he could not but know that many Diseases no *Physick* can cure; as the Stone, Apoplexy, Strangury, Gout, &c.

*Tollere nodosam nescit medicina Po-
(dagram.*

What wise Man then, like the tender Lady, or rich pamper'd Citizen, would be so jealous of his Health, that if his Finger or Head but ake, or a *Stitch vex his Side*, will strait consult the Physician, aggravate his slender Malady, make himself sick with *Conceit*, as a Doctor with his Impertinence; stir up a silent Disease with frequent Purgations; Purge his Soul out of his Body, and kill himself in good earnest?

God and the Doctor Men alike
(adore,
Just at the Brink of Danger, not
(before;
The Danger o'er, both are alike re-
(quited,
God is forgotten, and the Doctor
(sighted.

What is this but to provoke Nature, trouble the Humour, and not to remove it? Or at least, make a strong Body weaker, as by often Brushing, fine Cloth is worn thin; to play with Death, or rather to fight with it; to tempt God, and to tire out our frail Bodies with *Physick*, when Nature alone is the best, safest, and wisest Physician: A *Jove Principium*. Prayer and a Bunch of Figs, and that but outwardly apply'd, prolong'd *Hezekiah's* Life fifteen Years. With this *Panpharmacon* alone, *Luke* the Evangelist cur'd all Diseases.

And tho our Saviour would work by Means, and cure the blind Man with Clay and Spittele; yet how often was only his *Fiat*, or, *Be thou Whole*, the Restorative? No matter then whether *Hippocrates*, or *Paracelsus* administer, Paul or *Apollo*, it is God that gives [*the Increase of Health*] the Blessing.

As *Paracelsus* therefore ascribes *Hippocrates's* fortunate Cures, not to his Skill, so much as to the People's strong Conceit of his Worth and Skill; so am I persuaded, that many Patients, thro the strong Fancy they have of the Doctor (let the Remedy be ever so ordinary) and by God's Help together, recover. The Physician's Modesty with the sick man's Patience, work it out sooner, than the desperate Practices of Mountebank Quacking Harpies, who to get a Fee will purge the Purse to be sure, and prescribe Death to the next Corner; or like Tinkers, stop one Hole, and make two for it. Change of Air (which alone cures rotten Sheep) or Linen, do refresh, and often change

change the Sick from the worse to the better ; *Miserè vivit, qui Medice vivit.* A Man has as good be bury'd alive, as observe the strict nice Rules of our severe *Lessians* and *Galenists*.

*An inner Room receives the humerous Souls
Of such as pay to be reputed Fools :
Globes stand on Globes, Volumes on Volumes lie,
And Planetary Schemes amuse the Eye.
The Sage in Velvet-Chair, here lolls at Ease,
To promise future Health for present Fees.*

The Physician here is the only very Shame of all Physicians, Disease, or worse ; their Method what can *Æsculapius* prescribe is a Torture : First, Phlebotomy ; better than Exercise and Sweating, which a labouring Man cannot avoid ? What cures a *Surfeit*, a *Quartan Ague*, &c. like Fasting ? For the *Small Pox*, a careful Nurse to keep the Patient in, and to drive them out, is best : Experience tells us, they only die that tamper ; for, where one miscarries of it in the Country, 200 dies of it in the City, tho visited by the whole College.

In the Cure of an *Ague*, the

*No—— Physick can but mend our crazy State,
Patch an old Building, not a New create ;
The first Physicians by Debauch were made,
Excess began, and Sloth sustains the Trade.
The Wise for Cure, on Exercise depend ;
God never made his Work for Man to mend.*

I approve not of *Magick Charms*, *Exorcisms*, nor *Holy Water* neither ; that's to drive out one Devil with another worse : Nor of the *Turks* Obstinacy to neglect the Means, because their Days are numbred. No, read the Book call'd [*Every Man his own Doctor*] and remember, *Every Man is a Fool*, or Physician to himself atleast ; and best knows the Regimen of his own Health, and what is most useful. Let him but shun that, and use but these Three, *Prayer*, *Fasting* and *Patience*, and the Cure is done : But if Men will murder themselves by running to this and the other Doctor, this *Paradox* has no hand in it ; for it has fairly prov'd, *That Physicians kill* (at least 200 to one) *more than they cure.*

Paradox V.

That it is the Pleasantest Life to be always in Danger.

THOUGH I am not ignorant, what *Danger* I incur both with timorous and severe Men, in asserting this *PARADOX*; yet since it pleases me extremely, and carries not with it the least Allay, either of Suspicion or Fear, I am apt to believe, that all Actions of this Nature, are to a wise Man, accompany'd with the same Assurance and Satisfaction: And this I the rather affirm, because (according to the right Method of Disputation) first stating the Word, and freeing it from Ambiguities, I find that this is just a Chimera, and a Notional Nothing. For if we say there is such a Thing as *Danger* beforehand, it may be Fear or Misinformation, yet possibly the *Danger* may never touch us: If we consider it in the present Tense, 'tis not *Danger* but *Misery*. And if we consider it in the preter Tense, 'tis *past and gone*. Now since all Time is comprehended under these *Three Terms*, and this falls under none of them, it follows that this hath no Time at all, which being inseparable to every Existence, as the Measure of its Duration, it will be evident, that *Danger is a mere Non-entity, and those that fear it, fear just nothing.*

In the Comparison of Good and Evil, we ever account those Evils the least, which are the least Lasting; and *à contra*, those Goods the Best, which are the most constant and durable. Now

for *Dangers*, supposing that we should grant them to be Evils, what more courteous and slight Evils could we wish for, than those that are come and gone in a Minute? But *Dangers* are so far from that, that they are commonly sooner past than known; but the *Remembrance of them remains perpetually fresh*, and brings every Day new Circumstances to claw the Understanding. Nay, and such a faithful Good it is, that no Malice of Fortune can bereave us of, but it stays with us in other Miseries; whereas Friends, Patrimony, Honour, can quickly vanish: And as we can no more grasp them than a Shadow, so can we no more recommend them, than call back Yesterday.

But supposing *Danger* such a thing as ought to be fear'd, since all wise Men agree with the Stoicks in this, That we ought not to be troubled for Things which are not in our Power, and we cannot help; and that the Life of Man is beset with so many Contingencies, which may every minute either surprize or assault us; what a Madness were it, to anticipate our inevitable Miseries? and like him in *Florus*, throw away our Gold for fear of losing it: *Furor est ne moriari mori.* Yet since Death will at last conquer us, and they call it the *possessor possessorum*, the Madness of Men has not shew'd it self more in any thing than in their Fear of it.

Some

Some Assassinating themselves for fear of Assassination ; and therein shewing at once, an Act of the greatest Cowardice and Cruelty (for every thing must needs love itself the best) that is possible.

Others execute themselves by lingering Deaths, and Tortures of their Fears, and so make it a Punishment greater than Nature ever meant it.

Morsq; minus pœnæ, quod mora mortis habet.

Whilst the gravest and most sober Men, put it only *inter munera Naturæ*, and by their frequent Composure, even at the very Instant of their Dissolution, confuse the Horror of it. And if this great Bugbear of Mankind, when its Vizard is off, proves such a tame Foolery, I wonder what the petty Dangers must shrink into.

There is nothing among all the Excellencies of Mankind, more shining than Knowledg and Courage ; and both these without Dangers, would be dull, heavy, and unactive Habits. What Use were there for Knowledg, if we met not with the *Mazes and Intricacies of Life* ? And what more wise, than a present Ingenuity in avoiding Dangers, or a vast Con-

duct in preventing them, or a fly Dexterity in weakening them ? If there were no Storms at Sea, what use were Pilots of, but talkative Burdens ? but upon the first Outrage of a Storm, they only are call'd upon and worship'd.

For Courage, 'tis only seen in Dangers ; and without them, Hares and Lions are of equal Fortitude. Great Souls that dare affront Dangers are therein try'd, and move at that time in their natural Element, and to its own proper Sphere every Thing hath a Tendency, and therefore must necessarily delight in it. And can there be a greater Pleasure to a Man than for so a small a Trifle as his own Heart, to inable him to conquer a Monster, or a Multitude ?

*In wishing nothing, we enjoy still most ;
For e'en our Wish is in Possession lost :
Restless we wander to a new Desire,
And burn our selves by blowing up the Fire :
We toss and turn about our Fear'ish Will,
When all our Ease must come by lying still :
For all the Happiness Mankind can gain,
Is not in Pleasure, but in Rest from Pain.*

*We barbarously call those bless'd,
Who are of largest Tenements possess'd ;
While swelling Coffers break their Owners Rest.*

*More truly happy those that can
Govern the little Empire, Man :
Bridle their Passions, and direct their Will
Thro all the glittering Paths of charming Ill :*

Who in a fix'd unalterable State,
 Smile at the doubtful Tide of Fate,
 And scorn alike her Friendship and her Hate.
 Who Poison less than Falshood fear,
 Loth to purchase Life so dear;
 But kindly, for their Friend, embrace cold Death,
 And seal their Country's Love with their departing Breath.

Moreover, Man delights in nothing so much as in *Fame*; and how can he be more glorious than by shewing a *Serenity*, nay *Gladness*, amidst so many *Enemies* as *Dangers* are? Or what can be more delightful to him, than to see he is so much his own Master, that he can defy all *Casualties*, and either carefully condemn them, or expect them with *Confidence*?

What more pernicious to whole Armies, nay, even insulting Conquerors, than *Security*? What better Means to frighten away *Securities* than *Dangers*? Which must needs be of a very Sovereign Virtue, that are a Means to preserve whole Armies; and of a most diffusive fruitful Nature, that when they appear least, are greatest.

Besides, Rewards are proportion'd to *Dangers*; which shews them of a worthy, and deserving Nature; and therefore many Men have been call'd the Saviours of their Country at one Time, for some little Performances, which if they had done at another, would hardly have been noted; and hence it is that many great stratagematick Wits, have no better ways either of startling their *Enemies*, or retaining their *Friends*, than by increasing the Shew of their *Dangers*.

Now what other means have Tyrants had to possess themselves

of *Guards*, to bring the People into Commiseration, than by this only Pretence? Which necessarily shews how powerful and popular *Dangers* are, and what Attendance they require (which discovers their Majesty) that they whom they once threaten, must immediately be secur'd; for what else are *Guards* but honourable Imprisonment.

But if the Shadow, and mere Representation of *Dangers* be so, what is the Substance and *Dangers* themselves? When a Man's in Safety, few regard him; many may envy him: But falling once into *Danger*, Tears, Commiseration, Relief, and that possibly from his *Enemies*, which is the sweetest of all, come unto him.

Since we have manifested the rare Use and Necessity of *Dangers*, it will not be hard for us now to shew them to be of that Gallant Cordial Nature, that they closely accompany the best Things, and immediately flow from our most apparent Happinesses, from which they are no more separable than Heat from Light.

Are not, I pray you, the best Things ever in the greatest *Danger*? Porcelain and Venice Glasses are the most apt to be broke; the richest Flowers are the soonest pull'd; the goodliest Stag will be soonest shot; the best Faces do the soonest decay; the best Men are most liable to Envy, the richest

est to Spoil : What better Thing in all the World, than that Divine Stone of the *Chymists* ? Yet Men in the atchieving of it, do commonly hazard both their Brains and Substance ; and in case they come near an End, it is a very good Escape, if their *Glasses* be not melted or broken ; or evil Spirits (as *Flamell* admonishes) do not thro *Envy* blind their Eyes, and spoil all the *Work*.

But indeed, to consider the Thing aright, *Dangers* are so incorporated and mingled with the best Courses of Life, that like *Hippocrates's* Twins, they both live and die together.

What more fortunate, than to be the Favourite of a *Prince* ? Yet the Thrones of *Princes* themselves are not plac'd on *Cubes* ; nor are those *Cubes* founded on Rocks, or cemented with Brass : There is a Sword hangs by a Horse-Hair perpetually o'er their Heads ; and they may die by the Kernel of the Grape, by a Hair, by a Prick, as well as other Men ; and then where's the Favourite ? Does not he hold by a poor Tenure, that has no more Assurance ?

Again, if we will consider the principal Courses of Life which Men imagine to themselves will be the most Pleasant and fullest of Delight, we shall find them attended with depending Inconveniences and Dangers. What greater Piece of Allurement than the Company and Conversation of Women ? And yet this, for the most part, brings on *Venereal* Diseases, which are the most nasty, dangerous, and worst to be root-ed out, of any whatsoever. What Life seems more royal and mag-

nificent, than to be perpetually Feasting ? And yet this brings on *Surfeits*, *Gouts*, and other Diseases, that make a Man miserable, even to his Grave. What greater or more compendious Way to Profit than *Merchandize* ? Which notwithstanding is every Hour so subject to Hazard, that a Man's Life and Substance being committed to Wind and Water (*two of the most uncertain Things in the World*) are continually but two or three Inches from Destruction.

Since we have been so far in Danger, it were a Sin not to be in Debt, since Debt and Danger accompany one another ; and methinks, if a Man would but consider these great Enjoyments, which Men in Debt have, he must needs say there is somewhat in it, much more pleasant than the *Vulgar* imagine ; who tho they think Debt an Estate, wherein there is nothing but Misery and the uttermost Calamity of Fortune, yet it is quite otherwise : For, First, a Man having past the Meridian of his Fortune, sets and rests without Noise ; he is not intangl'd with Dependences, needs neither to care for publick Burdens or Miseries, but is wholly withdrawn into himself. Besides, what nobler Duty is there of Mankind, than to give every Man his own ? And this the Debtor is perpetually sollicit-ed to : Nor does he want his daily Attendance and Visitation, which the greatest Favourites in the Cadence of their Fortunes, miss ; nor can he ever be unprovided for, since at the utmost, he is sure of Lodging and good Company.

All which put together, will amount to this, That since Dan-
gers

gers are not only unavoidable, but even consequential to the greatest Pleasures, it were a Madness to avoid the one for fear of the other. And certainly Damocles very little understood the Value of a Royal Entertainment, when for fear of the Sword hanging by a Horse-Hair over his Head, he cou'd not enjoy himself out of that noble Feast that was set before him.

Paradox VI.

The FEGARY; or a Paradox in Praise of Rambling.

ONE Night, when Fumes of charming Bottle
Had Fermentation rais'd in Noddle;
When various Troops of Airy Notions
Danc'd in my Brain Morisco Motions;
Judgment, that us'd to guide the Rudder,
Was quite amaz'd i' th' horrid Pother;
So that the Ship was steer'd by chance,
As Chaos was by Atom's Dance;
My Soul (as all wise Men aver)
Was here, and there, and every where;
A Shuttlecock which you might then see
Toss'd by the Battledoor of Fancy,
—And spinning wildly here and there,
Danc'd Jigs and Galliards in the Air.
Thus while my Thoughts were on the Ramble,
I scribbled down this long Preamble;
And fustian Fancy eas'ly ambling,
Did thus descant in praise of Rambling:

“ Nothing i' th' World is steady found,
“ But an eternal Dance goes round.

[Cowley]

And jarring Seeds of Nature be
Still constant in Inconstancy.

The Sun (as all Men know his Course is)
Rides round the World with Coach and Horses,
And like a wicked Fornicator,
Leaves his true Bed, the warm Æquator;
And let old Jove say what he can Sir,
Rambles to Capricorn and Cancer.

The fixt Stars too (tho Erra Pater
Swears they ne'er mov'd, nor will hereafter)
Yet ha' been found by Optick Engines
To've rambled backward a whole Sign since.

Then for the Planets (Heav'n's save 'em!)
 No mortal Man knows where to have 'em;
 They move by Eccentrics, Epicycles,
 And outchange three-score Madam Fickles.
 Nay more, the rambling roving Gipsies
 Amaze the World by die Eclipses,
 Cause Battels, Famines, Death, D'iseases,
 And whate'er Mischief Gadbury pleases:
 But tho' these rove and live at random,
 Ye'r Comets still go much beyond 'em.

A Comet is a rambling Blade
 That scours thro' Heav'n in Masquerade;
 Sometimes in antick Drefs he appears,
 And frights the Angels from their Spheres;
 Sometimes stuck round with Links and Torches,
 To sublunary Worlds he marches;
 And sily entring on a sudden,
 Scares silly Boors from eating Pudding;
 Then before Flamstead with his Glasse
 Can tell ye whereabouts his Place is;
 Whip, Sir, he's gone! to th' Antipodes,
 Where deeper Heads * think his Abode is.
 Within the bound of Heavens high Wall
 Is kept a constant Carnival,
 And there, e'er since the World's Creation,
 Rambling has been the Recreation.

* Some of
 the Royal
 Society.

Thus what's the Harmony o'th' Spheres,
 (Which deafens ev'ry Mortal's Ears)
 But Musick made in Serenading,
 And thrum'd Guitars in Masquerading?
 Then as for Thunder, pray what is't else,
 But noise of Rival Angels Pistols?
 When one in dark doth t'other juggle,
 And shakes the Welkin in the Bustle?
 So when the Stars (that serve for Torches
 To guide the Gods in rambling Marches)
 Grow dim and twinkle (as you know
 Our earthly Flambeaux's often do)
 The cunning Link-boy whirls it round him,
 To make the Light be more abounding,
 Or knocks it full against some Planet,
 For want of Post or Porter's Banquet:
 Hence a vast Sphere of fiery Drops,
 Fly all about as thick as Hops;
 And some o' these which downward go,
 Do pass for Meteors here below;
 Cheat Rusticks ignorant and fearful,
 And make 'em think they see a Star fall.

*Thus far for Heaven: Pray, now let's see
 What Rambles in this World there be:
 And first, our Modern Virtuosi,
 Who with new Problems daily pose ye;
 Say, that this very earthly Ball,
 Towns, Cities, Rivers, Men and all,
 Runs round the World with all us in it,
 And rambles sixty Miles a minute.
 The Elements their Places change,
 And into foreign Regions range;
 They ramble so confus'dly round,
 They're no where Simple to be found:
 Fire does from highest Concave go,
 And lurks in Flints and Stones below;
 Air enters Earth's vast hollow Caverns,
 And there like Bullies drunk in Taverns,
 Roars, Swaggers, Scours——*

*And here the Author was most graciously pleas'd to Ramble to
 somewhat else.*

Paradox VII.

*The same numerical Voice of a Preacher is not heard by
 any Two of his Auditors; but every Man, and every
 Ear, is affected with a distinct Voice, &c.*

FOR the better proving this: And (2.) the Pernicity of the Air's
 strange and amazing Para- Motion when exploded from the
 dox, 'twill be necessary (and per- Lungs in Speech. And then shall
 haps very entertaining to the conclude this Paradox with another
 Curious Reader) that I prove, Paradox (worthy the Wonder even
 1. The Necessity of a certain Confi- of Scholars) proving, That all
 guration in a Sound. 2. How the Voices and Sounds are of equal
 Air is the Material of all Voices. Swiftness in the Dilation.
 3. I shall proceed to our Para- I am first to prove that a cer-
 dox, and shew, that one and the tain Configuration of its minute
 same numerical Voice is not heard Particles is essentially necessary to
 by two Men, nor both Ears of one every Sound, and this may be
 Man; and the proving of this will concluded safely even from hence;
 occasion me to treat of two Problems that so great variety of Sounds,
 not yet solv'd by any Philosopher. and chiefly of Words, or Letters,
 (1.) How such infinite Variety of as well Vowels as Consonants,
 Words is form'd only by the various could not be so exactly distin-
 Motions of the Tongue and Lips. guish'd by the Hearing, unless
 the

the Sensory were variously, or in a peculiar manner parcelled and affected by each: Nor can that Variety of Affection be made out, but by a Variety of *Sigilation* or Impression, dependent respectively on the various *Configuration* of those (*Molecule*) small Masses, that compose the Sound.

I am next to prove that—*The Air is the Material of all Voices.* By this Assertion I do not mean all the Breath expir'd from the Lungs, together with those fuliginous Exhalations, that the Den-sation of the Air in cold Weather, subjects to the Discernment of our Sight; but only the most *subtle Part of the Air* inspir'd, and modulated in the vocal Artery and other Organs of Speech: because such only can be judg'd capable of Configuration. Nor can so small a Quantity of purest Air be thought insufficient upon Dispersion to possess so capacious a Sphere, as that of every ordinary Voice; so that of a whole Theatre of Auditors, each one shall distinctly hear it: infomuch as only a Mouthful of Water blown from a Fuller's mouth, is so diffus'd as to irrigate the Air, replenishing a Room of considerable amplitude. Especially when the Analogy holds quite thro': For as the Drops of Water are so much both larger and denser, by how much nearer they are after Exsufflation to the Mouth of the Fuller; so also are the vocal Masses of Air so much more large and dense or agminous, by how much nearer they are to the Mouth of the Speaker, and *à contra*. Which alone is the reason why the Voice of an Orator in a Theatre is more strong and distinct

to those of his Auditory that sit near at hand, than to those far off; provided the place afford no Concurrent *Eccho*: for in that case the reflex Voice entering the Ear, united with the Direct or Original, magnifies the Impression on the Sensory.

Now, infomuch as it is con-sentaneous to right Reason to conceive, that the Voice at its first Emission from the Mouth, is one General Configuration of the most tenuous Particles of the Air, with some vehemency efflated from the vocal Organs, after frequent Collisions and tremulous Repercussions, and that this General Voice, in its diffusion thro' the Medium, is contracted and dispers'd into Myriads of minute vocal Configurations or particular Voices, some of which invade the Ears of one Person, others of another, &c. Hence it is a clear, tho perhaps new and very paradoxical Truth, That the same numerical Voice of a Preacher, is not heard by any two of his Auditors; nay not by the two Ears of any one; but every Man and every Ear is affected with a distinct Voice. And yet he incurs no Contradiction, that affirms the whole Auditory to receive the same Voice. For, as all the Water exsufflated into a Mist from the Mouth of an Italian Sewer, or common Fuller, may be said to be one and the same Water; tho all the minute Drops, diffus'd into several parts of the Aer, and irrigating the several parts of the Floor or Cloth, on which they are rain'd down, be not the same Drops: so likewise may we allow all the Aer efflated from the Mouth of the Speaker,

to be one and the same Aer, tho' the particular Voices, dilated to particular Ears, are not the same numerically. Besides, should we, wit' the major part of Scholars, admit a Voice to be an Entity merely *Intentional*, or simple *Quality* or *Accident*, yet should we not detract one Grain of weight from this our *Paradox*: since, to conceive any one particular Voice to be in divers. Places or Subjects at once, is manifestly absurd.

I am next to explain two Problems (not yet solv'd by any Philosopher) viz. 1. *How such infinite Variety of Words is form'd only by the various Motions of the Tongue and Lips.*—And, 2. *The Pernicity of the Aer's Motion, when exploded from the Lungs in Speech.*

To answer the first Problem, I should insist upon the admirable Confirmation of an *Articulate Sound*, and enquire how each Vowel and Consonant is created by such and such Motions of the vocal Instruments: but the exceeding Difficulty countermands that Inquiry. For tho' *Cassiodorus* & *Placentinus* have attempted laudably in these abstruse Themes, yet the Addit of their Discoveries rises no higher than this single Rule, That the vocal Artery and Lungs only conduce to the *Acuteness* and *Gravity* of the Voice, as they discharge the inspir'd Air more pressly or laxly. But the Difficulty seems to consist chiefly in this, *How from the various Motions of one single Organ, the Tongue* (the Author of Distinction in all articulate Sounds) and that two-leaf'd Door of the Mouth, the Lips, such infinite Variety of Letters and Words does most

easily and almost insensibly result. To solve this, the General Answer is, that the wonder ought to be no greater, how one Tongue can suffice to the Articulation or Distinction of innumerable Words, by its various Motions; than that, how one Hand sufficeth to the Distinction of innumerable Characters. But the Motions of the Hand requisite to Distinction of every Character, are observable by the Sense; and those of the Tongue and Lips requisite to the Formation of every Word, together with the Proportion of the Aer's Elision in every Articulation, is deeply obscure: and therefore the Disparity being manifest, the Problem remains untouched, and our Admiration, not so much as palliated.

I come now to the *Second Problem*, as terrible to the most daring Curiosity as the former; and that is the *ineffable Pernicity* whereby the Aer is exploded from the Lungs, that so it may attain the Form of a Voice. For, to the Creation of a Voice Consonous, or Union to the Sound, of some one String on a Lute, it is necessary that the Aer be exploded by the Lungs, with the same Pernicity, as the other Aer is impell'd by the String in each of its most rapid vibrations, or alternate Recurves, after its smart Percussion by the Finger or *Plectrum*. But this *Aerium* requires a *Galileo* or *Mersennus* at least, to its due Speculation.

However, I shall take notice (to make this *Second Problem* as intelligible as I possibly can), that as for the Motion of Aer, after its Formation into a Sound, from the Sonant to the Ear, therein is one

Paradox

Paradox more (worthy the wonder even of Scholars) and that is, *Whatever be the Vehemence or Remissness of the Collision, or Force by which the Aer is exagitated, yet is the Translation of the Sound thence resulting, thro' the intermediate Space, to the Term of its Sphere, always equally swift.* For Experience demonstrates, that all Sounds small and great, excited in one and the same place, tho they differ much, in the extent of their Spheres of Audibility, are dilated to that place in which they are heard, in equal time. This is easily observable in the Reports of a Cannon and a Musket, succes-

sively discharg'd at a mile distance. For standing on a Tower, or other eminent Place, and noting the Moment, first when the Cannon is fir'd (the Report and Flash being made both at the same instant) and numbring how many Pulses of your Artery, or how many Seconds in a Watch denoting them, intercede betwixt your Sight of the Flame and hearing the Report, and then accounting how many Pulses, or Seconds intervene betwixt the Flash and Report of a Musket, you shall find the number of these equal to the number of those.

Paradox VIII.

The Virgin Paradox, or a Young Lady may Love and Hate the same Person at the same time. — Being an Answer to this Question — Madam, why do you love, and yet refuse to marry Sir J. B?

WHAT do I Love? I can't the Reason lean;
For as I love, so I do hate the Man,
And Love and Hatred all my Passion ran.
'Tis not his FACE, I've sense enough to see
'Tis that I hate, when doated on by me:
Nor is't his Parts that have this Conquest won,
For they at least are equal'd by my own:
His Carriage can to none obliging be,
'Tis rude, affected, full of Vanity;
Strangely Ill-natur'd, Peevish, and unkind,
Inconstant, and to Jealousy inclin'd,
He has't one Charm in Body or in Mind!
The vigorous Years, that Women use to adore,
Are past in him, he's twice my Age and more:
And yet I LOVE this false, this worthless Man,
With all the Passion that a Woman can;

Doat on his Imperfections, tho I spy
 Nothing to LOVE,——I Love I know not why.
 And yet (if PARADOXES you approve)
I hate my Self and Him, for all this Love.
 Sometimes with Books I would divert my Mind,
 But nothing there but *J.* and *B.* I find,
 And yet to burn those Letters I inclin'd.
 At other times my Pen and Ink I take,
 But still no MARKS but *J.* and *B.* I make,
 And yet I hate those Letters for his sake.
 Sure 'tis decreed in the dark Book of Fate,
 That I should be undone—By LOVE and HATE.

Paradox IX.

Corporeal Affections remain after Separation——— or a Paradox proving the Senses External and Senses Internal are Organical in Heaven as they were on Earth, and subservient to the Soul in their several Stations and Places of Residence; as Eye, Ear, Nose, Palat, Nerves, Brain, by which the Soul doth exercise its several Faculties of Seeing, Hearing, Smelling, Tasting, Touching, and the rest.

THOSE Organical Parts of the Body in which the Soul was exercis'd, and without which it could not operate (in which respect the Soul as to such Faculties and Operations might be term'd Mortal) are reviv'd with the Body, and useful to the Soul in their several Stations.—And if so, *Corporeal Affections remain after Separation.*

I do not, I dare not here affirm, that all the Parts of the Body do still remain Organical after this Life, so as the Soul may exercise all the Powers of her triple Life, *Vegetative, Sensitive and Intellectual*, as she did in her Natural and Physical State, according to those several Organs in which the Faculties were resident and peculiarly seated. *Nourishment, Growth and Generation* (the proper Effects of the Vegetative Life) accomplish their ends in this Life, whereunto when they have obtain'd, those Operations cease, and the Organs rest from that Labour and Employment: but since the Senses are Operative in a glorify'd Body (for it's not depriv'd of Sense) I have no reason to think the Soul hath utterly rejected her manner of Operation by bodily Organs, declining those old Servants as useless and inconsistent with such a glorify'd State; *Eyes, Ears, Nose, Mouth,*

Mouth, Palat, Hands, Feet, and all to be quite emancipated and freed from the Service of the glorified Body and Soul in their Works of that kind, but to believe the Senses External, and Senses Internal are Organical in Heaven as they were on earth, and subservient to the Soul in their several Stations and Places of Residence, as Eye, Ear, Nose, Palat, Nerves, Brain, by which the Soul doth exercise its several Faculties of Seeing, Hearing, Smelling, Tasting, Touching, and the rest.

The *EYE* (the noblest of the external Corporeal Organs) offers it self first to our Consideration, which is not obscurely prov'd by Holy Writ, to be useful and serviceable to those in the state of Glory; for this the Damned in Hell so far enjoy, tho to their torment and woe, as to see *Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob* in the Kingdom of Heaven, and they themselves thrust out. But the Saints, to their endless Joy and Comfort, have the use of their *Eyes and Sight*, to see and behold the Splendor and Beauty of their own Bodies, being changed from vile to glorious, after the fashion of Christ's most glorious Body, which exceedeth the Brightness of the Sun, as the Apostle witnesseth, *Acts 26. 13.* What Delight and Pleasure must it needs be to the Saints in Heaven, to see every part of their Body, Hands, Feet, and all issuing forth such Rays and Beams of Light, sufficient to dispel all Mists and Darkness from them, without further Assistance of Sun, Moon, Stars, or other Luminaries?

Nor is this *Optick Faculty* of the

Eye limited to its own Body, so as not to be of use to discern other Objects; for all the Saints and Servants of God, whose Bodies are likewise glorified, yea, and the glorious Body of Christ himself, Christ the Head with all his Members, are all of them visible Objects of this Sense; I know (saith Holy Job) that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter Day upon the earth——whom I shall see for my self, and my Eyes shall behold, and not another.

It is not enough for the *Eye* to behold its own glorified Body shining as the Sun, but it beholdeth an infinite number of Suns together, no *Parelia*, nor yet in their Eclipse, but the glorious Company of the Apostles, the goodly Fellowship of the Prophets, the noble Army of Martyrs, and the Holy Church throughout all the World, whose Bodies do not only send forth a glorious Shine, but every Member, Part and Organ of those Bodies are bespangled with the like Rays of Glory and Splendor, to the admiration of the Beholder.

Who doubts (saith Bishop Hall) that these Eyes shall see the glorious Manhood of our blessed Saviour advanced above all the Powers of Heaven? And if one Body, why not more? If our elder Brother, why no more of our Spiritual Fraternity?

Certum est, beatos homines omnes ab omnibus videri & sciri, & inter se familiariter versari ut amicos & proximos, says another Doctor. So then there is

Bellarmin. in Præfat. ad Lib. de æterna Felicitate.

a Communion of Saints in Heaven as well as on Earth, a Society of Bodies visible one to another.

Besides, the Vision of New Jerusalem appertains to the glorious Saints; to them it is given to see Jerusalem built up with Saphires and Emeralds, and precious Stones; the Walls, Towers, and Battlements with pure Gold; the Streets thereof paved with Beryl, Carbuncle, and Stones of Ophir; and the Citizens thereof singing Hallelujah, and saying, Praise be God who hath exalted it for ever: which was the Prophecy of Tobias, and of Isaiah; which also St. John in his Revelation saw (together with a new Heaven and a new Earth) to wit, the Holy City, the New Jerusalem descending from God out of Heaven, having the Glory of God, and her Light was like unto a Stone most precious, even like a Jasper Stone, clear as Chrystal; it had no need of the Sun nor the Moon to shine in it, for the Glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the Light thereof; and the Nations of them that are saved do walk in the Light of it.

Yea, we our selves (together with the whole Creation) do with most earnest Expectation wait for a Renovation and Melioration of the State of all things at the coming of the Day of God, wherein the Heavens that now are, being on fire, shall be dis-

solv'd, and the Elements shall melt with fervent Heat, and we shall (as it is promised) see new Heavens and new Earth, wherein dwelleth Righteousness, as the Apostle Peter hath it, 2 Pet. 3. 10.

Whar neither the EYE here can see, nor the Ear can hear, nor the Heart of Man conceive in their natural State, shall all be visible to the Eye in the state of Glory. So says St. Bernard; *Erit quando jam non dicetur, Audi filia, & vide, & inclina aurem tuam, sed leva potius oculos tuos, & contempera; quid? plane ea modo quae interim quidem, etsi non videre adhuc, & audire tamen credere potes; verum etiam quod sicut non videt oculus, sic nec auris audit, nec in cor hominis ascendit, quod prae paravit deus diligentibus se: nimirum tanta capiet Oculus Resurrectionis, quanta nec Auditus nec Animus nunc capiat.* These Eyes shall behold them, and not another's. Therefore in another place he addeth, *Nec novos tibi instaurandos putes, sed tuos utique restaurandos*; not that they shall be of another Nature, but of another Glory.

The EAR also is exercis'd with variety of Sounds and Voices, both articulate and inarticulate. The Organs of Speech are as intire and perfect (yea more) in Heaven than on Earth. We may not conceive a Deficiency in any part; there are,

[Guttur, Lingua, Palatum,

Quatuor & Deptes, & duo Labra simul.]

For the Bodies of the glorified Saints are True, Real, and Lively

Bodies, and perfect in every Member, even as our Blessed Saviour after

after his Resurrection was manifested to be, both by his Conversation and Confabulation with his Apostles and Disciples, speaking of many things pertaining to the Kingdom of God, and by his hearing and answering of Questions; and further, from his Voice from Heaven to St. Paul, and his Reply to the Query of St. Paul.

Such Bodies and Bodily Organs for vocal Musick have all the Saints, to sing and hear *Hallelujahs* sung; A great Voice was heard of much People in Heaven, saying and singing *Hallelujahs* in a most melodious Tune, the Ditty whereof was, *Salvation, and Glory, and Honour, and Power unto the Lord our God.* There is a full Choir of Saints, Thousands of Thousands harmoniously singing the Praises of the Lord; and as full a Chorus with the like affectionate Melody, again and again echoing and resounding the like Praises, and Loving-kindness of the Lord.

And as the Company of Singers is great, so are the Songs and Canticles various, tho all of them *Eucharistical*; some in memory of our Creation, others in memory of our Redemption; some in triumph of the Holy Martyrs, some in joy of Converts and Penitents, others in honour of Chastity and Virginity, and those who were not defiled with Women, the Redeemed from amongst Men, being the First-Fruits unto God and to the Lamb; others for the Victory of all Saints over the World, the Flesh and the Devil, over the Beast, and over his Mark, and over the number of his Name; others for the Judg-

ments of God inflicted upon the Ungodly. There is sung the Song of *Moses*, and there is sung the Song of the Lamb; yea, there is sung the Psalm of David, *Misericordias Domini in eternum*, as St. Austin affirms: *Et fortasse non solum Dei laudes in Civitate illa canentur, sed etiam triumphus sanctorum Martyrum, & Confessorum, precumque, & Vignum gloria, & Sanctorum omnium contra Diabolum victoria cantibus extollentur; hæc enim omnia in Dei laudes & gloriam redundant.* And all these Songs and Cantons cannot but be wondrous pleasant and delightful to the Ears of all the blessed and glorified Saints of God; for which cause, the Ear is *Organical*, and serviceable to the Soul and Body in their state of Glory.

In the next place consider we the Sense of *Olfaction*, and those sweet-smelling Savours and Odors in the Nostrils of all the Saints; to shew that the Body is not destitute of an Organ for the Exercise of this sensitive Faculty of the Soul, no more than of the rest which are so useful to her in this state.

For tho the Scriptures afford not so pregnant Proofs for the two Senses of *Smelling* and *Tasting*, as for the other three, yet may we not in reason conceive a total Deprivation or Annihilation of them more than of the rest, nor without injury to the Human Nature (to which we attribute so great Perfection and Integrity of Parts in that condition) debar her the Freedom of exercising any of her Faculties (other than what argue and favour Corruption) which so much tends to the

the Perfection of a human Body ; there's no Privation of Sight, of Hearing, or of Touching, why then of the other ? Are the Saints *Hosmei*, and are not *Gog-lites* ? If the Want of an Eye or an Ear be such a Blemish and Imperfection, as may not befall a glorified Body, is not the want of a Nose as great a Deformity ? But Odors and Olfaction there is in this state, and this Sense hath its Objects of Delight as well as the rest.

Glorified Bodies are Odoriferous Bodies, sending forth most fragrant Seents ; as they are glorious to the Eye, so are they Aromatical to the Smell.

But above all is *the Glorious Body of our Blessed Saviour*, being perfum'd with Myrrh and Frankincense, and whose Garments smell of Myrrh, Aloes, and Cassia : whereupon the Church, that Spiritual Spouse, cries unto Christ her Head and Husband ; *Meliora sunt ubera tua vino, fragrantia unguentis optimis, oleum effusum nomen tuum : ideo Adolescentula dilexerunt te ; trabe me post te, curremus in odorem unguentorum tuorum* : thus says St. Bernard. Now if the Body of Christ be so Odoriferous, it is most probable the Saints are likewise so, the Members in a due proportion to their Head, as in Brightness, so in Sweetness.

The like Probability is of the Sense of *TASTING*, that it should remain in the glorified Estate. For if the Power of Eating, then the Sense of Tasting. But the first is granted, then why not the latter ? Christ after the Resurrection did eat and drink with his Disciples, yet not,

as his Disciples, for Refreshment and Nourishment, *non alimentorum indigentia, sed ea qua hoc poterat potestate* : And therefore the Paraphrase of venerable Bede upon those Words of our Saviour (*Have you here any thing to eat ?*) is worthy our Observation. So glorified Bodies may sometimes eat to shew their Power and Freedom, but never for Hunger or Satisfaction of a natural Appetite or an empty Paunch.

And this Comestion is real and true, not a fictitious and feign'd Eating of the Angels, as that of *Raphael's* ; for the Bodies which Angels sometimes assume (*being no human lively Bodies*) have not the true and real Faculty of eating, tho happily of chewing or grinding, and swallowing down into the interior Parts of the Body : For a true Comestion is accompanied with a Gust or Taste, which Sense continues to the glorified Bodies, and hath its Recreation and Delight as well as the other Faculties, tho not in the Act of eating.

As for the Sense of *TOUCHING*, there is no difference amongst Divines, nor indeed can be any doubt but that it hath its Operations in this blissful State ; since *the Glorified Bodies* may be felt and touch'd, as all other true and lively Bodies may, and as our Blessed Saviour's was after his Resurrection, as well palpable as visible, not miraculously, but according to its own nature : *Handle me*, says he, *and see, for a Spirit hath no Flesh and Blood as you see me have*.

Thus much of the *Senses Corporeal External*, and those Parts of

of the Body which are instrumental and serviceable in the state of Glory to the Human Nature, as they were to her in her natural Condition. So that 'tis evidently prov'd,—*Corporeal Affections remain after Separation*, only with these Exceptions and Limitations.

1. From hence are banish'd all sensual Lusts and carnal Concupiscence; the Eye hath no lascivious Looks, the Ear's infected with no blasphemous Breath or impious Sound, nor the Sense deflowred with any adulterous Touch; here is no Lust or Desire of Generation, no respect of Blood; *they neither marry, nor are given in marriage*; this grosser Acquaintance and Pleasure is for the Paradise of *Turks*, not the Heaven of Christians; here, as there is no Marriage (save betwixt the Lamb and his Spouse the Church) so no Matrimonial Affections.

2. Banish we likewise from hence all Impatibility of Sense; no Vehemency of Object can destroy the Sense; in their natural Estate their Objects many times confound and wound them. Too great a Light may make a Man blind, too great a Sound may make him deaf, *we may not long gaze upon the Sun without injury to our Eyes*; 'tis otherwise here, for the Senses are blessed and glorious, and so made *Impassible and Immortal*. He who strengthens the Eyes of the Soul with such a Measure of Light and Glory, that they may see *God face to face*, and yet not be dazzled and confounded with his Glory, doth also so confirm and strengthen the Eyes of the Body,

that without any hurt or damage to themselves they may behold *not one, but infinite Suns and illuminated Bodies*, tho in themselves ever so glorious.

3. All Acts of Necessity are hence excluded; the Soul doth not exercise her Sensitive Faculties necessarily, but freely, and rules with the Body and bodily Organs when she pleaseth, and when she pleaseth the Soul rules alone; for she hath *other ways of Operation out of the Body, more Excellent and Noble*. The Senses are secondary Means for acquiring Knowledge, not the Primary; only subservient, and at command of the Soul. In the natural Estate the Sensitive Knowledge precedes the Intellectual; *nihil est in Intellectu quod non prius fuit in Sensu*; and without Sense there is no Intelligence. Not so in the Resurrection; the Soul knoweth all things as fully and infallibly by *Intuitive Vision* and Innate Forms, at once, *unico intuitu*, by one single Aspect, as by those various multiply'd Forms imprinted from sensible Objects under so many several Notions and Conceptions. *The Understanding stands not in need of an Eye, or an Ear, or other bodily Organ*, to evidence the Truth of what it apprehendeth; it is not subject to Sense, but Sense to that, not the Soul to the Body, but the Body to the Soul: *For the Nature of a glorified Body is to be Spiritual, that is, subject to the Spirit*; not that it hath no Flesh and Bones, but that it is so subject to the Spirit, that at the beck and command thereof, without any pains and difficulty, it moves most swiftly,

swiftly, ascending, descending, coming, going, and thro every place penetrating, as if it were not a Body but a Spirit. And therefore it is in the power of the Soul to see, or hear, or the like, to use or not to use these bodily Organs, when and as often as she pleases; without which in her natural Condition she could not operate or reduce all

her Faculties into Act.

Having finish'd our Paradox proving the Senses External and Senses Internal are Organical in Heaven as they were on Earth, and subservient to the Soul in their several Stations and Places of Residence, as Eye, Ear, Nose, Palat, Nerves, Brain, &c. I shall conclude this Paradox with this Advice to the Five Senses.

Let Eye, Ear, Touch, Taste, Smell, let every Sense,
Employ it self to praise his Providence,

Who gave an Eye to see; but why was't given?

To guide our Feet on Earth, our Souls to Heaven.

An Ear to hear; but what? No Jest o'th time,
Vain or profane, but Melody Divine.

A Touch to feel; but what? Grievs of our Brother,
And t'have a Fellow-feeling one of other.

A Taste to relish; what? Man's sovereign Bliss,

"Come taste and see the Lord; how sweet he is!

A Smell to breathe; and what? Flowers that afford
All choice Content, the Odors of his Word.

"If our * Five Senses thus employ'd be,

"We may our Saviour Smell, Taste, Touch, Hear, See.

* Alluding to that Sacred-secret Mystery of his Five Wounds, curing and crowning our Five Senses.

Paradox X.

That it is better to be Half-starv'd than to fare
Sumptuously.

I Verily believe, however I have titled this Opinion, yet it will by no means be allow'd for a PARADOX by a number of those, whose Judgment ought to bear the greatest Sway. And to speak freely, it would seem to me very uncouth, that any Man that makes profession of more Understanding than a

Beast, should open his Mouth to the contrary; or make any scruple at all of readily subscribing to the Truth and Evidence of this Position, That it is better to be half-starv'd, than to fare sumptuously (that is, eat enough to keep us alive).

Tell me, you that seem to demur on the business, whether a

spare

Spare and austere Diet serves not without further help, to chase away that racking Humour of the Gout, which by all other Helps that can be us'd, scarce receives any Mitigation at all; but, do what can be done, lies tormenting the Body, till it hath spent it self. Tell me, whether this holy Medicine serves not to the driving away of Headach, to the cure of Dizziness, to the stopping of Rheums, to the stay of Fluxes, to the getting away of loathsom Itches, to the freedom from dishonest Belchings, to the prevention of Agues; and in a word, to the clearing and draining of all ill Humours whatsoever

in the Body.

Nor do the Benefits thereof stay only in the Body, but ascend likewise to the perfecting of the Soul it self: for how manifest is it, That thro a spare and strict Diet, the Mind and all the Faculties thereof become *Waking, Quick, and Cheerful!* How is the Wit sharpen'd, the Understanding solidated, the Affections temper'd; and in a word, *the whole Soul and Spirit of a Man freed from Encumbrances,* and made apt and expedite for the Apprehension of Wisdom, and the Embracement of Virtue?

*How happy is the harmless Country Maid,
Who, rich by Nature, scorns superfluous Aid;
Whose modest Clothes no wanton Eyes incite,
But, like her Soul, preserve the native White!
Whose little Store her well-taught Mind does please,
Not pinch'd with Want, nor clog'd with wanton Ease.
Who, free from Storms, which on the Great ones fall,
Makes but few Wishes, and enjoys them all.
No Care but Love can discompose her Breast;
Love, of all Cares the sweetest and the best.
While on sweet Grass her Bleating Charge does lie,
One happy Lover feeds upon her Eye.
Not one whom on her Gods or Men impose,
But one whom Love has for this Lover chose.
Under some Fav'rite Myrtle's shady Boughs,
They feed their Passions with repeated Vows.
And whilst a Blush confesses how she burns,
His faithful Heart makes as sincere Returns.
Thus in the Arms of Love and Peace they lie;
And whilst they live, their Flames can never die.*

The ancient Sages were, I'm sure, of this Opinion: and Plato in particular made notable Remonstrance of it; when upon his coming into Sicily from Athens, he did so bitterly condemn the *Syracusan Tables*, which being

furnish'd with precious and dainty Cakes, provoking Sauces, and rich Wine, sent away their Guests twice a day full of Good Cheer. But what wouldst thou have said, O Plato, it thou hadst perhaps lit upon such as we Christians

now-

now-a-days are ; amongst whom, he that eats but *two good Meals a day* (as we term them) boasts himself, and is applauded by others for a Person of *great Temperance* and singular good Diet ?

Undoubtedly our Extravagancy in this matter (having added *Prologues* of Breakfasts, *Interludes* of Banquets, and *Epilogues* of Rear-suppers to the *Comedy*) would have caus'd thee to turn thy Divine Eloquence to the Praise of those *Syracusan Gluttons*, who, in respect of our Usages and Customs, might seem *great Masters of Temperance*.

Nay, even *Epicurus* himself, however (he may thank *Tully's* Slanders) his Name is become in this regard so infamous, yet placed his chief Delight this way in no greater Dainties than *savoury Herbs and fresh Cheese*.

But I would fain once understand from these *Belly-Gods*, that seem born only to *waste good Meat*, what the reason may be, that now-a-days the Store of Victuals is so much abated, and the Price enhanced of what it was in time of

old ; when yet the World appears to have been then much fuller of People than it now is. Undoubtedly that Scarcity and Deerness, under which we labour, can proceed from nothing but our *excessive Gluttony*, which devours things faster than Nature can bring them forth. And that Plenty and Cheapness which crown'd their happy Days, was maintain'd and kept on foot chiefly thro their eating but just enough to keep 'em from *starving*.

St. Jerom, writing of the Course of Life held by those good Fathers that retir'd themselves into the Deserts of *Egypt*, the better to serve God, tells us, That they eat but just enough to keep 'em alive ; that they censur'd it in themselves for a kind of Riot, to feed on any thing that was drest with Fire, and that they were half-starv'd. The same in every point doth *Cassian* report, in his Relations of the Holy Monks and Hermites of his time.

*Health seems a Cherub most divinely bright,
More soft than Air, more gay than morning Light.
Hail blooming Goddess ! Thou propitious Power,
Whose Blessings Mortals next to Life implore ;
Such Graces in your Heavenly Eyes appear,
That Cottages are Courts when you are there.
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
Find Ease in Chains, or Anguish in a Crown.*

* 'Tis Health is that *Salt of Life* which gives a *Relish* to all our Enjoyments, and for this reason we find in ancient Physicians, that the Inhabitants of the Old World were such strict Followers of *Sobriety*, that they kept them-

selves precisely to *Bread in the morning*, and at *night they made their Supper of Flesh* only, without addition of *Sauces*, or any first or second Courses. And by this means it came to pass, that they lived so long and in continual

nial Health, without so much as once hearing the Names of those many grievous Infirmities, that now-a-days vex Mankind.

What think you might be the Cause, that the Romans, the Arcadians, and the Portuguese liv'd to many hundred of years, without having any Acquaintance at all with *Physick* or *Physicians*? Surely nothing else but their spare Diet; which when all is done, we are oft times constrain'd to undergo; and ever indeed directed and advis'd unto, by those who really practise this Divine Science of *Physick*, for the Recovery and Conservation of their Patient's Health, and not covetously for their own Gain.

I read in approv'd Histories, that *Ptolomy*, upon some occasion or other, outriding his Followers in *Egypt*, was so press'd with Hunger, that he was fain to call in at a poor Man's Cottage; who brought him a piece of Rye Bread; which when he had eaten, he took a solemn Oath, That he never in all his Life had tasted better, nor more pleasing Meat; and from that day forward, he set light by all the costly sorts of Bread, which he had been formerly accusom'd unto.

The *Thracian* Women, that they might bear healthful, strong, and hardy Children, eat nothing but Milk and Nettles. And the greatest Dainties that the *Lacedemonians* had amongst them, was a certain kind of black Pottage, that look'd no better than melted Pitch, and could not by computation stand in above three half pence a Gallon at the most.

The *Persians*, who in their time were the best disciplin'd

People on the Earth; eat a little Cresses, or wild Mint, with their Bread; and that was all the Victuals that this brave Nation us'd, when they made Conquest of the World.

Artaxerxes, the Brother of *Cyrus*, being overthrown in Battel, was constrain'd in his Flight to sit down with dry Figs and Barley Bread; which upon proof he found so good, as he seriously lamented his Misfortune, in having (thro the continual cloying of artificial Dainties; wherewith he had been bred up) been so long time a Stranger to that great Pleasure and Delight, which natural and simple Food yields, when it meets with true Hunger.

True it is, our Belly is a troublesome Creditor, and oft times shamelessly exacts, more than its Due; but undoubtedly, if we were not partial, and corrupted by the Allurements of that base Content which Dainties promise, we might easily quiet the Grudgings and Murmurings thereof.

It's not the Belly, which would rest well contented with that which is at hand; but the Satisfaction of our capricious Fancies, that makes us wear out our selves, and weary all the World besides with uncessant Travel in the search of Rarities, and in the compounding of new Delicacies. If we were but half as wise as we ought to be, there need none of all this ado that we make, about this and that kind of Manchet: Dutch Bread and French Bread, and I know not what new Inventions are brought on foot to make more Business in the World; whereas with much less Cost and Trouble we might be much bet-

ter servid with that which grows
at Home, and is to be found ready
in every thatch'd Cottage.
That which is most our own, and
that which we therefore perhaps
(Fools as we be) most condemn in
this kind, *Barley-Bread* I mean,
is by all the old Physicians warranted
for a most sound and
healthful Food: He that eats daily
of it, say they, shall undoubtedly
never be troubled with the
Gout in the Feet.

Shew me such a Virtue in any
of these new Inventions, and
I'll yield 'tis better to fare sumptuously
than to be half starv'd:
But to buy them at the Price of
so much Pains, Time and Hazard
as they cost us, were undoubtedly
too much, altho they brought

as much Benefit as they do Prejudice.

Consider well, I pray, whether it be, not enough to make a
wise Man run beside himself, to
see such a ransacking of all the
Elements by *Fishers, Fowlers,*
and *Hunters*; such a turmoiling
of the World by *Cooks, Confit-makers,*
and *Tavern-keepers*, and a
numberless many of such need-
less Occupations; such a hazard-
ing of Mens Lives on Sea and
Land, by Heat and Cold, and a
thousand other Dangers and Diffi-
culties; and all forsooth in pro-
curing Dainties for the Satisfac-
tion of a greedy Maw, and senseless
Belly, that within a very short
while after must of Necessity
make a Banquet of it self to
Worms.

*O wretched Man! in what a Mist of Life,
Inclos'd with Dangers, and with noisy Strife,
He spends his little Span; and over-feeds
His cram'd Desires with more than Nature needs.
For Nature wisely stints our Appetite,
And craves no more than undisturb'd Delight.*

But what an endless Maze of
Error, what an intolerable Hell
of Torments and Afflictions hath
this wicked Gluttony brought the
World unto? And yet, wretched
Men that we are, we have no
mind to get out of it; but, like
filly Animals led by the Chops,
go on all day long, digging our
Graves with our Teeth, till at last
we bring the Earth over our
Heads, much before we otherwise
need to have done.

And yet there was a certain
odd Fellow once in the World
(I would there were not too ma-
ny of the same mind now-a-days)
Philoxenus by name, that seri-

ously wish'd he might have a
Swallow as long and as large as the
Cranes, the better to enjoy the full
relish of his licorish Morsels. Long
after him I read of another of
the same Fraternity, *Apitius*, that
plac'd all his Happiness in good
Chear; but little Credit, I am
sure, he hath got by the means;
no more than *Maximinus*, altho
he was an Emperor, by his using
every Meal to stuff into his Paunch
thirty pounds of Flesh, besides
Bread and Wine to boot. But
Geta deserves in my Opinion the
Monarchy of Gluttons, as he had
of the Romans: His Feasts went
always according to the Letters of
the

the Alphabet ; as when P's turn came, he would have *Plovers, Partridges, and Peacocks*, and the like ; and so in all the rest, his Table was always furnish'd with Meats whose Names began with one and the same Letter.

But what do I raking up this Carrion ? Let them rot in their Corruption, and lie more cover'd over with Infamy than with Earth. Only, to give the World notice who have been the *great Masters of this worthy Science of filling the Belly*, and following good Chear, I have been inforc'd to make this remembrance of some of their goodly Opinions and Pranks : Which let who so will be their Partner in ; for my part, I solemnly avow, that I find no greater Misery than to *visual the Camp* (as the Proverb is) cramming in lustily over night, and to be bound next morning to rise early, and to go about serious Business : And for this Reason (if the Reader dares believe me) *chuse rather to be half starv'd than to fare sumptuously.*

O what a piece of Purgatory is it, to feel within a Man's self those *Qualms, those Gripings, those Swimmings*, and those *flushing Heats* that follow upon over-eating ! And what a shame (if our Foreheads were not of Brass, and our Friends' before whom we act them, infected with the same Disease) would it be, to stand *Tawning, Stretching and Belching up* the Crudities of the former days Surfeit.

On the contrary, what a Happiness do I prove, when after *half a Meal, or half a Belly full*, I find sound and quiet Sleep all night long, and at peep of day

get up as fresh as the Morning it self, full of Vigour and Activity both in Mind and Body, for all manner of Affairs ! *Let who will take his Pleasure in the Fulness of Delicates*, I desire my part may be in this happy Enjoyment of my self, altho it should be *to the half starving my Body.*

When I was last at *Messina*, my Lord *Antonie Doria* told me, that he was acquainted in Spain with an old Man, who had liv'd above an hundred Years : One day having invited him home, and entertain'd him sumptuously, as his Lordship's manner is, the good old Man, instead of Thanks, told him, *My Lord, had I been accusom'd to these kind of Meals in my Youth, I had never come to this Age which you see, nor been able to preserve that Health and Strength both of Mind and Body, which you make shew so much to admire in me.*

See now, here's a Proof even in our Age, *That the Length and Happiness of Mens Lives* in the old World was chiefly caus'd by the means of *bless'd Temperance.*

But what need more words in a matter as evident as the Sun at Noon-day, to all but those whose Brains are sunk down into the *Quagmire* of their Bellies ? I'll make an end with that which cannot be deny'd, nor deluded, nor resisted ; so plain is the Truth, and so great is the Authority ; and this it is, *Peruse all Histories*, of whatever Times and People, and you shall always find the Haters of a *sober Life* and *spare Diet*, to have been sworn Enemies against Virtue and Goodness : Witness *Claudius, Caligula, Heliogabalus, Clodius* the

Tragedian, *Vitellius*, *Verus*, *Tiberius*, and the like: And on the contrary, the Pinch-Guts, and Friends and Followers of Sobriety and Frugality, to have been Men of divine Spirits, and most heroical Performances for the benefit of Mankind; such as were *Augustus*, *Alexander Severus*, *Paulus Æmilius*, *Epaminondas*, *Socrates*, and all the rest who are registred for excellent in the Lists of Princes, Soldiers and Philosophers.

Thus have I fairly prov'd, that 'tis better to be half starv'd, than to fare sumptuously; and let the *Sardanapalus's* of our Age prattle what they list, *Nature*, and *Reason*, and *Experience*, and the *Example* of all virtuous Persons, prove it to be so. He, that goes about to persuade me otherwise, shall lose his Labour, tho he had his Tongue and Brain furnish'd with all the Sophistry and Eloquence that ever *Greece* and *Italy* could jointly have afforded.

Paradox XI.

That the Eye sees no more at one Prospect than at another or, that the Eye beholds as much when it looks on a Shilling, or any other Object of as small-Circumference, as when it speculates a Mountain, nay the whole Heaven.

WHEN the Eye is open, there always is pourtray'd in the bottom of the Eye some one *Total Image*, whose various Parts may be call'd the *Special Images* of the diverse Things at once objected. For, as the whole Hemisphere Visive includes the reason of the whole Visible; so do the Parts thereof include the Reason of the special Visibles, tho situate at unequal Distance. And since the Hemisphere may be, in respect either of its Whole, or Parts, more remote, and more vicine; hence comes it, that no more Rays arrive at the Eye from the Remote, than the Vicine; because in the Vicine, indeed, are less or fewer Bodies than in the Remote; but yet the Particles, or Faces of the Particles of

Bodies, that are directly obverted to the Pupil, are more: Which certainly is the Cause, why on two Bodies, the one great, the other small, the Dimensions seen equal; provided the Great be so remote, as to take up no greater a part of the visive Hemisphere than the Small: because in that case, the Rays emanent from it and in direct Lines incident into the Pupil of the Eye, are no more than those deradiate from the small, and consequently cannot represent more Parts thereof or exhibit it in larger Dimensions. Whereupon we may conclude, that the visive Faculty doth judg of the Magnitude of Objects, by the proportion that the Image of each holds to the amplitude of the Concave of the

Retina

Retina Tunica : or, that by how much every special Image shall make a greater part of the general Image, that fills the whole Hemisphere Visive, and so possesses a greater part of the Concave of the *Retina Tunica* ; by so much the greater doth the Faculty judge the quantity thereof to be, and *contra*. And, because a thing, when near, doth possess a greater part of the visive Hemisphere, than when remote ; therefore doth the special Image thereof also possess a greater part of the Concave in the *Retina Tunica*, and so exhibit in greater Dimensions : and it decreaseth, or becometh so much the less, by how much the farther it is abduc'd from the Eye ; for it then makes room for another Image of another thing, that is detected by the Abduction of the former, and enters the space of the Hemisphere obverted. And hereupon may we ground a *PARADOX*, That the Eye sees no more at one Prospect than at another ; or, that the Eye beholds as much when it looks on a Shilling, or any other Object of as small Circumference, as when it speculates a Mountain, nay the whole Heaven.

Which tho obscure and despicable at first planting, will yet require no more time to grow up to a firm and spreading Truth, than while we investigate the Reasons of two Cousin-German optical *Phænomena*.

(1.) Why an Object appears not only greater in Dimensions, but more distinct in Parts, when look'd upon near at hand, than afar off ?

(2.) Why an Object, speculated thro a *Convex* Glass, appears both larger and more distinct, than when beheld only with the Eye ; but thro a *Concave*, both smaller, and more *confus'd* ?

To the Solution of the First, we are to reflect on some of the precedent Assumptions. For, since every Visible diffuseth Rays from all points of its Superfice, into all Regions of the Medium ; and since the Superfice of the most seemingly smooth and polite Body, is variously interspers'd with Asperities, from the various Faces whereof innumerable Rays are emitted, tending according to their Lines of Direction, into all points of Medium circularly ; and since those Swarms of Emanations must be so much the more dense and congregate, by how much the less they are elongated from their Fountain, or Body exhalant ; and *è contra*, so much the more rare and disgregate, by how much farther they are deduc'd : Therefore, by how much nearer the Eye shall be to the Object, by so much a greater number of Rays shall it receive from the various Parts thereof, and the Particles of those Parts, and *è contra* : and consequently by how much a greater number of Rays are receiv'd into the Pupil of the Eye, by so much greater do the Dimensions of the Object, and so much the more distinct do the Parts of its Superfice appear. For it is axiomatical among the Masters of the Opticks, and most perfectly demonstrated by *Scheinerus* (in lib. 2. *Fundament. Optic. part. 1. cap. 13.*) that the visive Axe consisteth not

of one single Ray, but of many concurring in the Point of the Pyramid, terminated in the Concave of the *Retina Tunica*; and as demonstrable, that those Rays only concur in that conglomerated Stream, which enters the Pupil, that are emitted from the Parts of the Object directly obverted unto it; all others tending into other Quarters of the Medium. And hence is it, that the Image of a remote Object, consisting of Rays (which tho streaming from distant Parts of the Superfice thereof, do yet, by reason of their Concur in the retus'd Point of the visive Pyramid, represent those Parts as conjoin'd) thin and less united, comparatively; those Parts must appear as contiguous in the visifical Representation, or Image, which are really incontiguous or separate in the Object: and upon consequence, the Object must be apprehended as contracted, or less, as consisting of fewer Parts; and also confus'd, as consisting of Parts not well distinguish'd. This may be truly, tho somewhat grossly, *exemplify'd* in our Prospect of two or three Hills situate at large distance from our Eye, and all included in the same visive Hemisphere; for, their Elongation from the Eye makes them appear contiguous, nay one and the same Hill, tho perhaps they are, by more than single Miles, distant each from other: or, when from a Place of Eminence we behold a spacious Campania beneath, and apprehend it to be an intire Plain; the non-appearance of those innumerable interjacent Fosses, Pits, Rivers, &c. deprest Places, imposing upon the Sense, and exhibiting it

in a smooth continu'd Plain.

And to the Solution of the *second Problem*, a concise Enquiry into the Causes of the different Effects of *Concave* and *Convex* Perspicils, in the Representation of Images visible, is only necessary. A Concave Lens, whether Plano-Concave, or Concave on both sides, whether it be the Segment of a great or small Circle, projects the Image of an Object, on a Paper set at convenient distance from the Tube that holds it, confus'd and insincere; because it refracts the Rays thereof even to Disgregation, so that never uniting again, they are transmitted in divided Streams, and cause a Chaos, or perpetual Confusion. On the contrary, a Convex Lens refracts the Rays before divided, even to a Concurse and Union, and so makes that Image distinct and ordinate, which at its Incidence thereon was confus'd and inordinate. And so much the more perfect must every Convex Lens be, by how much greater the Sphere is, of which it is a Section. For, as Kircher well observes (*in Magia Parastatica*) if the Lens be not only a Portion of a great Sphere, *V. Gr.* such a one, whose Diameter contains twenty or thirty *Roman Palms*; but hath its own Diameter consisting of one or two *Palms*: it will represent Objects of very large Dimensions, with so admirable Similitude, as to inform the visive Faculty of all its Colours, Parts, and other Discoverables in its Superfice. Of which sort are those excellent Glasses, made by that famous Artist, *Eustachio Divini*, at *Rome*; by the help whereof the Painters of *Italy* use to draw

draw the most exquisite Chorographical, Topographical, and Prosopographical Tables, in the World.

Now, to draw these Lines home to the Center of our Problem; since the Rays of a visible Image trajected thro a Convex Perspicil, are so refracted, as to concur in the visive Axe: it is a clear Consequence, that therefore an Object appears both larger in Dimensions, and more distinct in Parts, when speculated thro a Convex Glass, than when lookt upon only with the Eye; because more of the Rays are, by reason of the Convexity of its Extreme, obverted to the Object, conducted into the Pupil of the Eye, than otherwise would have been. For whereas some Rays proceeding from those Points of the Object, which make the Center of the Base of the visive Pyramid, according to the Line of Direction, incur into the Pupil; others emanent from other Parts circumvicine to those central ones, fall into the Iris; others from other Parts circumvicine fall upon the Eyelids; and others from others more remote, or nearer to the Circumference of

the Base of the Pyramid, strike upon the Eyebrows, Nose, Forehead, and other Parts of the Face: the Convexity of the Glass causeth, that all those Rays which otherwise would have been terminated on the Iris, Eyelids, Brows, Nose, Forehead, &c. are refracted, and by Refraction deflected from the Lines of Direction, so that concurring in the visive Axe, they enter the Pupil of the Eye in one united Stream, and so render the Image imprest on the *Retina Tunica* more lively and distinct, and increas'd by so many Parts, as are the Rays superadded to those which proceed from the Parts directly confronting the Pupil. On the contrary, because an Image trajected thro a *Concave* Perspicil, hath its Rays so refracted, that they become more rare and disgregate: the Object must therefore seem less in Dimensions, and more confus'd in Parts; because many of those Rays, which according to direct Tendency would have insinuated into the Pupil, are diverted upon the Iris, Eyelids, and other circumvicine Parts of the Face.

Paradox XII.

Pious Contradictions, or a System of Divinity in Paradoxes.

I. **T**HE Saint (or true Believer) believeth that which he cannot comprehend, because it is above Reason. That there are three distinct Persons in the Godhead, yet but one God; that God is the Father of Christ; that the Holy Ghost proceedeth from them both, and yet that they are all three Coeternal and

but one in Substance.

2. He believeth that Christ, who was before all Time, and created the World, was yet born in the Fulness of Time, and became Man in the World. That he who fills both Heaven and Earth, and can neither be included nor excluded any where, was shut up and confin'd within the narrow Womb of a Virgin. That he who is the Omnipotent, and can do whatever pleaseth him, could neither go nor stand. That he who is Wisdom it self, could not understand. That he who is the Word, could not speak. That Christ was killed before he was alive, and slain before he was born. That he who is Almighty, was held in Arms, and bound in the Hands of a weak Woman. That the Mother of Christ was both his Daughter, Creature, Spouse, and a pure Virgin, even after her Son was born. And that if Jesus had not been slain for her from the Beginning of the World, Mary had not lived.

3. A true Believer is both a Pebble and a Diamond, a Pillar and a Troubler of the World. He is both the Honour and Scorn, the Love, Envy and Hatred of Men. In the Arithmetick of the Wicked he standerh but for a Cypher, but in the account of a Holy God he is a Sum. In the Scales of the World, he is Dross; but in the Ballance of the Sanctuary, Gold.

4. A true Believer is a merry Mourner, one cheerfully sorrowful. And as sometimes the Clouds and Sun do rain and shine together; so while Rivers of penitent Grief and Tears

spring up in his Heart, and run out at the Floodgates of his Eyes, Celestial Beams of unknown Joy, Comfort, Gladness, dart upon, irradiate and revive his dark, troubled drooping Spirit.

5. He riseth by falling. Humiliation is his Exaltation. He goeth to Heaven by Hell; and is never so high and precious in God's Eyes, as when he is vilest and lowest in his own.

6. A true Believer is cured by Sickness, being never so well as when he fainteth, and is even ready to die of Love for Christ. Affliction is his Physick, Julip, Happiness. He is sav'd by Shipwreck, landed by Storms, and deeply rooted by Winds and Shakings.

7. He believeth God to be most just, and yet that the Lord from all Eternity decreed, that the Innocent should be condemn'd and suffer to acquit the Guilty: And also that the greatest Sinners should be sav'd by one who should die for Sin, and yet never committed any Sin. He believeth himself to be freely pardon'd, and yet knows that a Price was paid for his Redemption worth more than 10000 Worlds. He believes God to be most merciful, most loving, and yet knows, that God deliver'd up his own, his only Son, and permitted him to suffer not only the most bitter, painful and cruel, but also the most shameful Death. And likewise that the Lord poured out upon him the fullest Viols of his fiercest Wrath; and that all this was done, endur'd and suffer'd for those who were both Enemies and Traitors to God and his Son.

8. A true Believer hateth all the World, yet is no man's Enemy. He is implacable, yet without Malice; inexorable, yet easy to be persuaded. He prayeth for, and heartily forgiveth his very Murderers. His worst Enemies are Friends to him, and do him good. He sinneth least, when he is most angry; taketh revenge on no body but himself; and never pleaseth God more, than when he is most offended and displeas'd with himself.

9. A true Believer is the most ambitious Man in the World; for nothing can satisfy or bound his aspiring Mind but a Kingdom and Crown: yet he is the most loyal Subject, and the greatest Contemner of all sublunary Things. He wageth and maintaineth with Courage, Resolution, Delight and Constancy, perpetual Wars; and yet he is the greatest Lover of Peace, lives in Peace, is the most quiet Man, and dies in Peace. He is victorious, yea invincible; yet fights without Men against both Men and Devils. And tho he be plunder'd, beggar'd, and lose all, yet he groweth rich and great by Wars without Pay or Pillage.

10. He is born both alive and dead. He dies twice, and lives a threefold Life, of Nature, Grace, Glory. He hath one Resurrection before another after he is dead.

11. He studieth with Delight and Diligence to know that which he is assur'd will both grieve and trouble him when known. He is never so wise as when he knoweth himself to be a Fool. He is never so likely to get safe to shore, as when he is most

fearful of being cast away. He is never beautiful, until he see and acknowledg himself to be ugly and deform'd; and the more he loaths himself, the more God loves him.

12. He is born of mean and base Parents, and yet he is the only truly Noble Man: For he hath the Royallest Blood, greatest Alliances and Relations, highest Titles, choicest Honours, honorablest Attendants, and the best Estate of any Man. For God is his Father, Christ is his Husband, Heaven is his Mansion, Saints are his Brethren, Angels are his Servants, and Glory is his Inheritance.

13. A true Believer is born both a Beggar and an Heir. He often lives poor, yet is always rich, and dies wealthy, tho without Lands, Mony, Goods. He keepeth his Estate by sending it away, and increaseth it by spending it; when others not only lessen, but lose theirs, by sparing and saving it. And he taketh his Treasure with him to his Grave, and beyond it.

14. He is never whole till he hath been broken. He is never rightly thoroughly cured, till he hath been deeply wounded. He is never on Earth more really happy, than when he seems to be truly miserable. Injuries are Favours to him; Losses, Gain; Calamities, Mercies; Afflictions, Consolations. The breaking of his Bones sets them, and makes them both strait and strong.

15. A true Believer liveth in Heaven, whilst he sojourns upon Earth; he speaketh in Company without being heard, receives Answers which no Man can either

ther intercept, demur, or perceive; enjoys the best Company tho alone. He walks while he lies still, and is not there where Men behold him.

16. He hath a continual Feast without Flesh and Eating: A Banquet without Sweet-meats, Melody without Musick, and Joy in the midst of Sorrow. He is dear, beloved, owned, when he thinks himself despised, rejected, hated. He believes he shall find Pleasure in Pain, Honey in Gall, Life in Death, and doth so.

17. He hath all things in the midst of his extremest Wants, yet is beholden to the World for nothing; for he fetcheth his Meat, Drink, Clothes, Mercies, Comforts, and whatever he possesseth, from Heaven. He sends by faithful, frequent, fervent Prayers, to Christ for them, bids Patience wait, and appoints Hope to bring him an Answer; which believing he shall receive, it cometh indeed either according to his Desires and Expectation, or beyond them. He always speeds and obtains, even when his Suit is deny'd. He hath what he will, because he will have but what he may; and therefore he sits down both contented and thankful tho he be cross'd.

18. A true Believer is afraid of that, which with Zeal, Courage, Sincerity, and Constancy he is resolv'd to do, to serve God. He delighteth in it, yet is griev'd that he can perform Duty no better. He seeketh diligently for that which he knows he shall nor find, and beggeth that importunately which he is assured will be both deny'd and

granted in this World unto him. He is what he seems to be, yet is not what he seems; being like *Solomon's Tents*, black without, but adorn'd with precious things within. He is both black and white, weak and strong, contemptible and honourable, sick and well, at liberty and in prison, a Sinner and a Saint; fearful, and yet bold as a Lion.

19. He leaves the dirty broad way of the World; and by crossing that, he goeth on directly in the right way toward Heaven. Tho he be far from home, and from his Friends in a strange Country, yea in the darkest night, yet he can go to his Father almost in a moment without wandring. Tho all the Men in the World should lie armed in ambush to surprize him, yet he can pass either safely by them, or victoriously thro them. For altho he may be taken or kill'd, yet he cannot be kept or overcome.

20. A true Believer loveth God's Words and Ordinances as dearly as his Life; because by them he was wounded to his healing, humbled to his raising, inlighten'd to the beholding his Blindness, Emptiness, Nakedness, Nothingness, Filthiness; and because without them (tho he had been the sole Monarch of the whole World) he had been everlastingly undone, and a very Beggar. He trembles at the Good, the Holy Word of God; yet both rejoiceth in it, and findeth transcendent Sweetness, spiritual, yea soul-ravishing Joy and Gladness by it.

21. He honoureth highly, loveth dearly, and obeyeth willingly

lingly his natural Parents; yet prizeth and affects his spiritual Father, a Godly Minister, above and beyond all Men, tho he be not at all akin to him: Because he knoweth that it's better never to be, than to be everlastingly miserable; and never to be born, than not to be born again.

22. He will not, he dare not spare his own Flock, and take another's only Lamb. He therefore dedicates and consecrates the Sabbath-day, which is none of his own, wholly, cheerfully, joyfully, thankfully, heartily, and religiously to the Lord. And by so doing he getteth fix for one to himself, together with a Promise of God's Guidance, Favour, Protection, and Blessing upon him, his, and his Labours in his calling in them. And so by serving God he serves himself too; and by giving God his due, he both keeps his own, and gets more than he had.

23. A true Believer increases his Estate by giving it away; gathereth by scattering. By clothing others, he adorns himself with Robes; by relieving others, he supplies his own Wants; and by sowing Charity, he reaps Mercy.

24. He saves his Life by confessing his Guiltiness; whereas others condemn themselves by concealing their Crimes. He's the only happy Man, for nothing can make him miserable, because he is comforted when afflicted. He is at liberty in bondage, at home when banish'd, fed when famish'd, full tho empty, satisfied when hungry, advanced tho degraded, safe when most cruelly persecuted,

and when kill'd crowned.

25. He is naturally heavy and drossy, yet ascends; and the nearer his Body comes to its Center, the Earth, and its long Home, the Grave, by Age and Sicknes, the faster and the higher his Soul mounts towards Heaven. And at length his Soul is divorced from his Body, both with Joy and Grief, Exultation and Mourning.

26. A true Believer is never satisfied, yet always contented. He seareth continually, yet seldom wants Hope. He doubts, yet stedfastly believes; he is not worldly-minded, and yet he is so covetous, that he never thinks he has enough. He is most temperate and sober, yet is always thirsty. He is a modest Suiter, yet is resolv'd to take no Denial. He knoweth and confesseth himself to be unfit to ask, and unworthy to receive either a gracious Answer or any Mercy, and yet he will not cease begging till his Prayers be heard, and his Petitions granted.

27. He never sits, stands, nor lies, but is always walking. His Motion is neither retrograde nor circular, but progressive; yet the longer, faster, and further he travels, the stronger and fresher he is. All things are become new in him, yet the old Man is not destroy'd. He is very pitiful and tender-hearted, yet so merciless and implacable an Enemy to Sin, that he is never quiet or pleas'd till it be mortified, crucified and dead in him. He is both in the World, and out of it at the same time. He is willing, yea desirous to keep his Estate, yet freely parteth with

with it, if God will have it; and accounts the Loss of all for Christ, the greatest, the truest Gain.

28. He enjoys that which he doubts he wants, loves unfeignedly that which he fears he doth not care for, and prizeth above all things that which others trample under their feet. He is assur'd of his Salvation, and that he is an Heir of Glory, yet

** Nulla sunt
firmiora quam
que ex dubiis
facta sunt certa.*

questions his Evidences, and by *doubting makes them firm and good.

29. A true Believer matters not his Life, nay he desires to die, yet strives more than any Man to save himself. He is terribly afraid of Hell and Damnation, yet would not knowingly and with Delight and Perseverance commit, or live in any one Sin to obtain Heaven.

30. He is diligent in his Calling, yet doth not mind earthly things. He alone hath a true comfortable and religious Right to the Creature; yet accounts himself an Usurper, till his Title be confirm'd by his Interest in Christ. Tho he hold his Land in free Soccage, yet he acknowledges 'tis but *in Capite*. Tho his Tenure be in *Fee-simple*, yet he confesseth himself to be but a Tenant at Will. Tho his Goods be his own, yet he knows and believes himself bound, freely and liberally (if he be able) to distribute and communicate them unto others. He believeth all things without Christ are nothing but Vanity and Vexation of Spirit, and that Christ alone is all Things without any thing else.

31. That which others fear, fly and abhor, he courts, desires and welcomes. That which is their Funeral, is his Nuptials; for Death doth not kill, but translate him; it doth not execute, but remove him. He dies daily, and so doth not die at all, but depart. His Sleep is a short Death, and his Dissolution is but a long Sleep. Death, which is a destructive Deluge to the Wicked, is only an Ark to him, preserving and carrying him safe to Mount Ararat, Heaven, and there it both lands and leaves him.

32. A true Believer anticipates the last Day. He accuseth, arraigneth, and condemneth himself, and so is both acquitted and discharg'd by God at his Death. He is no Incendiary, yet desires nothing so much as to see both Heaven and Earth on fire. He trembles at the Presence of God, yet longs for, and will both rejoice and triumph at his glorious appearing, because then he shall meet Christ as a Saviour and Husband, not as a dreadful confounding Judge. He believes his mortal Body, tho it be burned, drowned, devoured by wild Beasts, or buried in the Earth and consumed to Dust, and altho that very Dust should be scattered and lost, shall yet be collected, raised again intire, and beautiful (tho before it was deform'd) and be made a glorious Body. And that both his Body and Soul, tho they have been absent and Strangers unto one another for many hundreds, yea thousands of Years, shall meet again, be marry'd in Joy and Bliss, and enjoy one another with-
out

out all Fear, or Possibility of in Felicity and Glory to all Eternity.
ever being separated any more,

Paradox XIII.

Green come from the Dead, or a Paradox proving that no Man lives, but he that is hang'd.

To which is added (as a Confirmation of this strange Paradox) the Narrative of what happen'd to Anne Green from her Execution at Oxford, Decemb. 4. 1650. to the Time she reviv'd, and (by the Care of Physitians) perfectly recover'd. Which is so scarce, as not to be purchas'd in London.

Hippolitus was dead, and (as the Strain
Of Poets tells) was made a Man again.
Poetick Figments are turn'd Truths, for we
Have seen a dead Maid's Palingenesy.
He twice a Man, she twice a Maid: 'tis brave,
She had one Life to lose, and one to save:
Or else it was our Logick dy'd, not She,
For from Privation a Regress we see.
Let's not admire then Bacon's Brazen Head,
When we see one that speaks, and yet was dead.
You that so much for new Inventions give,
Observe a way found out, by Death to Live.
Cats have for every Muse a Life; but she
For every Grace: For by this History,
The Author doth a Third Life to her give,
And makes her Innocence and Fame to live:
Her Life is writ here to the Life: She fell,
At a cheap rate, when 'tis describ'd so well.
For th' Author's Pen's so good, that one would die,
To be REVIV'D by such a History.
And if to Hang thus on the Fatal Tree,
Shews Innocence and Immortality,
Then no Men live, but such as hanged be.
E'en Green's Last Words were Guilt and mere Pretence,
Had not her New Life prov'd her Innocence;
But Hanging 'twas, gave Life to ev'ry Sense.
But Fate, why dost thou double thus thine Ire,
Not suffering her to live, nor to expire?

Law sends the Halter, which while Art unties
 Into Life's Thred, her Cross it multiplies.
 GREEN seated on Fate's Tropick, doth survey
 With either Eye the Courts of Night and Day.
 So Phœbe's Orb in th' Equinox appears
 With oblique Looks, viewing Two Hemispheres :
 Thus Eagles, when they to the Confines fly
 Of th' Atmosphere, dwell not in Air nor Sky :
 Such Pyrrha's unripe Issue is display'd,
 When it was yet Half-Carcass and Half-Maid.
 Here GREEN triumphs in Tragicomick Shrouds,
 As Rainbows glister yet in weeping Clouds ;
 Or as a Protean Picture's different Site,
 Here shews Democritus, there Heraclite :
 Thus GREEN was hang'd, but not exe-cuted ;
 She hang'd for Life, and found it being dead.
 (The PARADOX ! her Blood for Life was shed)
 For from her Urn this unchang'd Phanix rose,
 Offspring her self, and Midwife to her Throws :
 And antedates by this mysterious Birth
 Her RESURRECTION, born again from Earth.
 Life's Circulation's now found out, by this
 We learn that Death's a mere Parenthesis.
 Anne Green reviv'd in each disjointed Part,
 Sure 'twas by Magick or Poetick Art :
 Sybilla saw, then left the Ghosts below,
 But she did in, not from the Body go :
 The Shades sent back Euridice to Day,
 Yet fainting, she return'd scarce half the way.
 This Wonder surmounts all, see here is bred
 Posthumous Life, e'en when the Mother's dead.
 Lovers, Courage ! all Stains Death purifies,
 The Mother slain, then doth a Virgin rise !
 Forgetful GREEN did Gallow Lotos try,
 And Lethe taste : Let all cry Amnesty.
 For who can think her guilty, whom the Tomb
 Does thus declare unworthy of her Doom ?
 Whom Law, whom Physick could not kill, whose Date
 Soldiers repriev'd ; three Committees of Fate ?
 If ye doubt still, her dying Words receive,
 Howe'er distrust, her risen must believe.
 Rare Innocence ! a Wench re-woman'd ! See
 What the small Sophs say to this Fallacy.
 Up to the ears in Death, and 'scape ! no kind
 Was thought more fit, than to tie up her Wind.
 Women in this with Cats agree, I think,
 Both live and scratch after they have tipt the Wink.

But don't admire, my Friends; ne'er think it strange;
Twere wonder if a Woman should not change:
 They have mysterious Ways, and their Designs
 Must be read *backward* still, like *Hebrew Lines*:
See these with Death dissemble, and can cheat
Charon himself to make a fair Retreat:
 Well, for this Trick, I'll never so be led,
As to believe a Woman, tho' she's dead.
 If hang'd, *she lives*; then trust no Female: she
 That *scapes Hemp Casements*, Rivals take for me.
Lo! here's Life's Gemini, two Lives in one!
 Or th' same in'ts Tropical Reversion!
 Death's Puzler! Self-surviver! Thy strange Fate
 Does Contradictions legitimate.
 Entwisted Miracles constellate here,
 And complicated Wonders co-insphere:
 Thy uncouth Paradox Resuscitation,
 Tempts to believe, that from a pure Privation,
Nature's Propension signs a free Regress
 To pristine Habit; tempts e'en to confess
Plurality of Souls in one, since thou
 Canst prodigally one to Death allow,
 Another keep thy self; whilst both maintain,
Castor and Pollux-like, alternate Reign.
 Are Fates grown kind? Have they thus chang'd their Doom,
 From Murderers to supply the Midwife's room?
 Or were they not o'er-power'd, since *Life had spun*
Two Strings unto her Bow, and Death but one?
 That Belgian Headsman, whose rare artful Hand
 Could slice off Heads, and they yet seem to stand;
 Had he thee executed, had sham'd his Skill,
 When finding thee not dead, but living still.
Strange Sophister! that grant'st to Destiny,
 The Premises, Conclusion dost deny,
Dar'st yield to suffer Death, but not to die.

3

To the Hangman.

Come *Flesh-crow*, tell me what's the Cause that you
 Rigour to Men, to Women Favour shew?
 Your Office, you have not perform'd, 'tis plain;
See here's the Wench you hang'd, alive again.
 Yet for this once I'll clear you; it was not
 Your Slack Rope sav'd her, nor your Fast-loose Knot:
 Her Fatal Halter she (to end the Strife)
 Untwisted spun into a Thred of Life.
 Thou more than Mortal, that with many Lives
 Hast mockt the Sexton, and the Doctor's Knives,

Athenian Sport.

The Name of *Spinster* thou mayst justly wed,
Since there's no *Halter* stronger than thy Thred:

To the Gallows.

Hang up the *Gallow-Tree*, since 'twould not root;
The Maid was hang'd for her abortive Fruit.
Yet do not; for tho weak, perhaps next year
It may, like her, get Strength again and bear.
Strange Wench! what Character may fit thee best,
That still canst live, tho thou art hang'd and prest?
So sportive *Atropos*, what must we see
Some *Hocus Tricks?* the Thred of Life to be
Asunder cut, and yet intire remain?
A Body—banish'd—Soul recall'd again?
Now may the Nine-liv'd Sex speak high and say,
That here they fought with Death and won the Day.
The *Fatal Tree*, which first began the Strife,
Sided with them, and prov'd a *Tree of Life*.
Death spare your Threats, we scorn now to obey,
If Women conquer thee, surely Men may.
How came this *Champion* on, I cannot tell,
But I ne'er heard of one came off so well.

To the Physicians, the happy Instruments of the (Executed) Maid's Recovery.

To raise a PYRAMID unto your Skill,
Were to mistrust Experience, and still
Think Death a Gyant, whose vast Gripe could span;
And squeeze to nought both *Memory and Man*.
Ye are not mortal, nor need fear to die;
To conquer Death is Immortality.
Ye have done that, Marble may serve to hide
Its own Dust now, or tell who *should have dy'd*:
There is no other use for't. And thou Death,
Vaunt not henceforth, 'tis with thy Leave we breathe.
Thou'rt vanquisht quite, and this thy Mulett shall be,
To write *Probatum* to their Victory.
Come, *Sophister*, distinguish, you that call
Restor'd Privation, *Supernatural*;
To solve your Ignorance, come view in one,
An Antedated Resurrection.
Some rigid ones perhaps this Act will spell,
With the strange Letters of a Miracle;
But know, *Physicians* have a larger Call,
Apollo and Physick are Collateral.

Think not *Physicians Atheists*, since they do
 Profess Divinity, and practise't too.
 Brave *Esculapian Friends* ! whose Art could give
After the Execution a Reprieve :
 And yet 'twas timely too ; for tho' grim Death
 Had seiz'd the Passage of her vital Breath,
 Yet you a new one made : and the same Vein
That let out Blood, receiv'd in Life again.
 In all her *Mazes*, Nature's Face you view'd ;
 And as she disappear'd, you still pursu'd :
 You find her dubious now, and then as plain ;
 Here she's too sparing, there profusely vain :
 Now she unfolds *the faint and dawning Strife*
 Of Infant Atoms kindling into Life :
 How ductile Matter new Meanders takes,
 And slender Trains of *twisting Fibres makes* :
 And how the viscous seeks a closer Tone,
By just degrees to harden into Bone ;
 Whilst the more loose flow from the vital Urn,
 And in full Tides of purple Streams return :
 How from each Sluice a briny Torrent pours,
 T' extinguish *feverish Heats* with ambient Showers ;
 Whence their Mechanick Powers the Spirits claim ;
 How great their Force, how delicate their Frame !
 How the same Nerves are fashion'd to sustain
The greatest Pleasure, and the greatest Pain.
 Why bilous Juice a golden Light purs on,
 And Floods of *Chyle* in Silver Currents run :
 How the dim Speck of Entity began
T' extend its recent Form, and stretch'd to Man,
 To how minute an Origin we owe
Young Ammon, Caesar, and the Great Nassau.
 Why paler Looks impetuous Rage proclaim,
 And why *Chill Virgins* redden into Flame :
 Why Envy oft transforms with wau Disguise,
 And why *Gay Mirth* sits smiling in the Eyes :
 How Fumes of Wine the thinking Part can fire,
Past Hopes revive, and present Joy inspire :
 Why our Complexions oft our Souls declare,
 And how the *Passions* in the Features are,
 The Soul which is in every Part intire,
 Can undiscern'd by you to none retire ;
 Since you no less the Track of Souls do know,
 Than that of Liverets in new-faln Snow.
 Others can by their *Chymistry* reduce
 A Plant or Flower from its Dust or Juice ;
 But your sublimer Art hath done much more,
 Whilst human Souls you from their Urns restore.

Yet tho your Skill and Pity could dispense
 More Days to her beguiled Innocence:
 No *ART* removes a ruin'd Virgin's Shame,
 Unless *REVIVED* she, be not the same.
Thus 'tis more easy to recal the Dead,
Then to restore a once-lost Maidenhead.

*The Woman's (or Anne Green's) Case put
 to the Lawyers.*

Mother or Maid, I pray you whether?
One or both, or am I neither?
The Mother died: may't not be said,
That the Survivor is a Maid?
Here, take your Fee, declare your Sense,
And free me from this New Suspence.

*The Conclusion of GREEN's Paradox, or a
 POEM on She that was hang'd, but not executed.*

Orpheus to fetch his Wife did go
A Voyage to the Shade below,
(Twas more than many a Man would do.)

The bloodless Ghosts did weep (they say)
And Pluto groan'd as he did play,
Yet she came back but half the way.

Now we have seen a stranger Sight,
Whether it was by Physick's Might,
Or that (it seems) the Wench was Light.

But sure 'twill spoil her Marriage-Day,
For who so hardy to assay
Such an Immortal Virbia?

WIVES may deceive and do their best,
To counterfeit in all the rest;
Only let them not Die in jest.

Having proved (in a Paradoxical Poem) that no Man lives but he that is hang'd; I shall here add (as a further Confirmation of this strange Paradox) The Narrative of what happen'd to Anne Green from her Execution at Oxford, Decemb. 4. 1650. to the Time she revived, and (by the Care of Physicians) perfectly recovered. And I shall print it in the same Words 'twas written by an Oxford Scholar, and publish'd by Tho. Robinson, A. D. 1651. viz.

There

Here happened lately in Oxford a very rare and remarkable Accident, which being variously and falsely reported amongst the Vulgar (as in such Cases it is usual) to the end that none may be deceived, and that so signal an Act of God's Mercy and Providence may never be forgotten, I have here faithfully recorded it, according to the Information I have received from those that were the chief Instruments in bringing this great work to Perfection.

In the House of Sir Tho. Read at Duns-Tew in Oxfordshire, there liv'd a Maid nam'd Ann Green, born at Steeple-Barton in the same County, being about 22 years of Age, of a middle Stature, strong, fleshy, and of an indifferent good Feature; who being (as she said) often solicited by fair Promises and other amorous Enticements of Mr. Jeffery Read, Grandchild to the said Sir Thomas, a Youth of about 16 or 17 years of Age, but of a forward Growth and Stature, at last consented to satisfy his *unlawful Pleasure*. By which Act (as it afterward appear'd) she conceiv'd, and was deliver'd of a Man-Child; which being never made known, and the Infant found dead in the House of Office, caus'd a Suspicion, that she being the Mother had murder'd it, and thrown it there on purpose to conceal both it and her Shame together. Thereupon she was immediately taken into Examination, and carry'd before several Justices of the Peace in the Country; and soon after, in an extreme cold and rainy day, sent to Oxford Goal, where having

pass'd about three Weeks more in continual Affrights and Terrors, in a place as comfortless as her Condition, she was at a Sessions held in Oxford, arraign'd, condemn'd, and on Saturday the 14th of December last, brought forth to the Place of Execution; where after singing of a Psalm, and something said in Justification of herself, as to the Fact for which she was to suffer, and touching the Leudness of the Family wherein she lately liv'd, she was turn'd off the Ladder, hanging by the Neck for the space of almost half an Hour, some of her Friends in the mean time thumping her on the Breast, others hanging with all their weight upon her Legs; sometimes lifting her up, and then pulling her down again with a sudden Jerk, thereby the sooner to dispatch her out of her Pain: inso-much that the Under-Sheriff fearing lest thereby they should break the Rope, forbade them to do so any longer. At length, when every one thought she was dead, the Body being taken down, and put into a Coffin, was carry'd thence into a private House, where some Physicians had appointed to make a Dissection. The Coffin being open'd, she was observ'd to breathe, and in breathing (the Passage of her Throat being straitned) obscurely to rattle: which being perceiv'd by a lusty Fellow that stood by, he (thinking to do an Act of Charity in ridding her out of the small Relicks of a painful Life) stamp'd several times on her Breast and Stomach with all the Force he could. Immediately after, there came in Dr. Petty our Anatomy-Professor, and Mr. Thomas Willis

of *Christ-Church*, at whose Coming, which was about nine a Clock in the Morning, she yet persisted to rattle as before, laying all this while stretched out in the Coffin in a cold Room, and Season of the Year. They perceiving some Life in her, as well for *Humanity as their Profession-sake*, fell presently to ast in order to her Recovery. First, having caus'd her to be held up in the Coffin, they wrench'd open her Teeth, which were fast set, and pour'd into her Mouth some hot and cordial Spirits; *whereupon she rattled more than before*, and seem'd obscurely to cough: then they open'd her Hands (her Fingers also being stiffly bent) and order'd some to rub and chafe the extreme Parts of her Body, which they continu'd for about a quarter of an Hour; oft, in the mean time, pouring in a Spoonful or two of the Cordial Water; and besides, *tickling her Throat with a Feather*, at which she open'd her Eyes, but shut them again presently. As soon as they perceiv'd any Heat in her extreme Parts, they thought of letting her Blood; and no sooner was her Arm bound for that purpose, but she suddenly bent it, as if it had been contracted by a Fit of the Convulsion: The Vein being open'd, she bled about five Ounces, and that so freely, that it could not easily be stoppt. All this while her Pulse was very low, but otherwise not much amiss. Her Arm being bound up again, and now and then a little Cordial Water pour'd down her Throat, they continu'd rubbing her in several Places, caus'd Ligatures to be made in her Arms and Legs, and

then order'd her to be laid in a Bed well warm'd: Then they caus'd her Neck, and also her Temples to be anointed with comfortative Oils and Spirits, and so likewise the Bottoms of her Feet; and upon this she began to open her Eyes, and to move the lower Parts of her Body. About this time came in Mr. Bathurst of *Trinity College*, and Mr. Clerke of *Magdalen College*, whose Advice and Endeavours were then and all the time afterwards concurrent with those of the other two above-mention'd. Then they apply'd a Plaster to her Breasts, and order'd an heating odoriferous Clyster to be cast up in her Body, to give Heat and Warmth to her Bowels: After that, they persuaded a Woman to go into Bed to her, and to lie very close to her, and gently to keep rubbing her. After all which, she seem'd about Noon to be in a Sweat. Her Face also began somewhat to swell, and to look very red on that side on which the Knot of the Halter had been fastened.

Whilst the Physicians were thus busy in recovering her to Life, the Under-Sheriff was soliciting the Governor, and the rest of the Justices of Peace, for the obtaining her Reprieve, that in case she should for that present be recover'd fully to Life, she might not be had back again to Execution. Whereupon those worthy Gentlemen, considering what had happen'd, weighing all Circumstances, they readily apprehended the Hand of God in her Preservation; and being willing rather to co-operate with Divine Providence in saving her, than to overstrain

strain Justice by condemning her to double Shame and Sufferings, they were pleas'd to grant her a *Reprieve* until such time as her Pardon might be compleatly obtain'd.

All this while she had no sooner open'd her Eyes, but presently she shut them again; and being call'd upon to try whether she could hear or speak, there appear'd no sign that she could do either. Soon after, they made Trial again; bidding her, if she understood them, to move her Hand, or open her Eyes: Whereupon she obscurely open'd her Eyes. The Physicians fearing lest her Face might swell more and more, and a Fever come upon her, by reason of the former Suffocation, took from her right Arm about nine Ounces more of Blood, and then order'd her a Julep, and other Cordial Things to be administred upon occasion, and so left her for that Night: and about two Hours after she began to speak many Words intelligible.

On Sunday the 13th about eight in the Morning they return'd, and found her much amended, being able to answer to any Question propounded unto her. She then complain'd of her Throat (but not much of any other part) whereunto they order'd a Cataplasm to be apply'd; after which, she complaining of Drought, a Julep was offer'd her, which she first took with difficulty, and at last refus'd: Warm Beer being given her, she disrelisht it, but of cold she drank and thank'd them.

All this while she lay often sighing and talking to her self, as if she had been still to suffer.

About Noon she felt an extreme Soreness in her Breast and Sides, but there appear'd nothing discoloured or like a Contusion: That Night they order'd her a *Clyster*, and a *Cataplasm* to be apply'd to her Breasts and Sides, with other means to prevent what Evil might ensue by reason of contus'd Blood, and so left her to rest. About nine of the Clock she laugh'd and talk'd merrily, looking fresh and of a good Colour, being a little feverish, her Tongue not furr'd nor clammy.

Monday the 16th, they found that she had taken some Rest, and her Fever not much increas'd: they then took from her left Arm about six Ounces of Blood more; she fainted not, but talk'd very chearfully, complaining somewhat of her Neck, Stomach and Throat.

But before they let her Blood, having first caus'd all to depart the Room, except those Gentlemen that were of the Faculty, they ask'd her of her Sense and Apprehension during the time of her Suffering. She answer'd, That after she put off some of her Clothes, bequeathing them to her Mother (which was early in the Morning before her Execution) and heard some one say that one of the Prisoners was let out of the Chain to put her to Death; she remembred nothing at all that had been done unto her, and that she knew not when her Fetters were knock'd off, or how she came out of Prison, or that she had been upon the Gallows; neither could she remember that any Psalm had been sung, or that she said any thing there: notwithstanding those that were present do testify that she spake very sensibly; only about a Fortnight after, she seem'd

to remember somewhat of a Fellow wrapt up in a Blanket, which indeed was the Habit of her Executioner.

It is observable also, that when she came to her self again, she fell into the like Speeches as she had us'd in Prison before the Execution; seeming there to go on, where she had so long time left off, like to a Clock whose Weights had been taken off a while, and afterwards hung on again.

That Night she was fomented about the Sides and other contus'd Places, her Neck being very sore, especially on the right Side, where it was all black, and began to blister; there appear'd also divers Spots of settled Blood on her right Cheek.

Tuesday the 17th in the Morning they found her Pulse slow, but very unequal; her Tongue not very dry nor rough: the Night before she slept well. In the Morning she arose, but her Head was so light that she could hardly stand upright: she now complain'd of Pain beneath the Pit of her Stomach; she complain'd also of a Deadness in the Tip of her Tongue, thinking she had bitten it in the time of her Suffering. She call'd this day for some Bread, which she did eat, being first roasted and moistned in Beer. At Night, when they visited her again, the Pain of her Neck and Throat was decreas'd, the Spots of settled Blood about her Cheek and Neck lessen'd, but the Deadness of her Tongue still remain'd. That Night she slept six or seven Hours, and on the 18th in the Morning had no Fever; her Pulse was much amend-ed, all Symptoms lessen'd, the

Pains in her Breast seem'd to descend into the Region of the Belly, being (as 'twas conceiv'd) not in the Bowels, but only in the muscularous outward Parts.

The 19th she was up, and did eat part of a Chick. All Symptoms decreas'd, yet could she not go, without the help of somewhat to uphold her; her Neck still sore, but mending; the Deadness of her Tongue lessen'd: That Night she slept well. About four or five Days after, being hard frosty Weather, there appear'd a Blackness over the lower part of her right Arm, and upon her Flanks on the same side; which by degrees wax'd yellow, and in four or five Days vanish'd.

By this time, the Care of the Physicians was well over; the Pains in her Breast and Side when she drew in her Breath, as also the Inequality of the Pulse (which caus'd a suspicion of a Contusion and extravasated Blood spilt on the Lungs) being now fully ceased; the Deadness of her Tongue and Soreness of her Neck quite gone; there remain'd only a Giddiness in her Head when she walked or stirr'd her Body, which in a short time likewise left her. And now being able to walk about the Town, eat, drink and sleep, as well as before this Accident had befallen her, she had liberty to repair (and is since gone) unto her Friends in the Country, taking away with her the Coffin wherein she lay, as a Trophy of this her wonderful Preservation.

Thus, within the space of a Month, was she wholly recover'd; and in the same Room where her Body was to have been dissected for the Satisfaction of a few, she be-

came a greater wonder, being reviv'd, to the Satisfaction of Multitudes that flock'd thither daily to see her.

One thing more I had almost forgotten; that when the Numbers of People still pressing into the House began to be too impetuous, and the Physicians had obtain'd of the Governor to have a Guard plac'd at the Door; yet because those of the better fort could not altogether be deny'd Admissiion, they thought it a seasonable Opportunity, for the Maid's behalf, to invite them either to exercise their Charity, or at least to pay for their Curiosity. And therefore (themselves first leading the way) they commended it to those that came in, to give every one what they pleas'd, her Father being there ready to receive it. After a few days, the Governor (a Gentleman as much to be belov'd for his Courtesy, as he is honor'd for his Prudence) coming himself to see her, did not only contribute to her in a liberal manner, but also improv'd his Charity with many pertinent and wholesom Instructions. By this means there was gather'd for her to the Sum of many Pounds, whereby not only the Apothecary's Bill, and other Necessaries for her Diet and Lodging were discharg'd, but some Overplus remain'd towards the suing out of her Pardon.

And now, having done with the Sufferings and the Cure, it will not be amiss to look back, and take a Review of the Cause of them, or matter of Fact for which she suffer'd; which (as I have said) was the suppos'd Murder of her own Infant.

There are two things, very considerable, alledg'd on her behalf, and that may seem to clear her Innocence as to that Business.

The first is, that the Child was Abortive or Stilborn, and consequently not capable of being murder'd. The other, that she did not certainly know that she was with Child, and that it fell from her unawares, as she was in the House of Office.

As for the first, it is evident that the Child was very unperfect, being not above a Span in length, and the Sex hardly to be distinguish'd; so that it rather seem'd a Lump of Flesh, than a well and duly form'd Infant. The Midwife said also, That it had no Hair, and that she did not believe that ever it had Life. Besides, her Fellow Servants do testify, that she had certain Issues for about a Month before she miscarry'd, which were of that Nature (Physicians say) as are not consistent with the Vitality of a Child. Lastly, it is not likely that the Child was living, the Mischance happening not above seventeen Weeks after the time of her Conception.

For the second, that she might not know certainly that she was with Child, it is not improbable; for she was not ten Weeks without the usual Courses of Women before she had those continual Issues which lasted for a Month together; which long and great Evacuation might make her judg, That it was nothing else but a Flux of those Humors which for ten Weeks before had been suppress'd; and that the Child which fell from her unawares, was nothing

but a Lump of the same Matter coagulated.

Add to all this, that at her Trial she ingenuously confess'd as much as was alledg'd by the Witnesses, and continu'd in the same Assertions, *not only before, but at her Execution*, the last suppos'd minute of her Life; and the *very first Words*, after she came to her self again (which certainly were not spoken with Design or Purpose to deceive) confirm'd the same.

There is yet one thing more which hath been taken notice of by some, as to the Maid's Defence; That her Grand Prosecutor, Sir Thomas Read, died within three days after her Execution, even almost as soon as the probability of her reviving could be well confirm'd to him. But because he was an old Man, and such Events are not too rashly to be commented on, I shall not make use of that Observation.

Perhaps it may be expected by some (and 'tis pity I can give them no better Satisfaction) that I should here relate some fine Story (like those of Orpheus or Aeneas in the Poets) of what Visions this Maid saw in the other World; what Celestial Musick, or Hellish Howling she heard; what Spirits she convers'd with, and what Revelations she brought back with her, concerning the present Times, or the Events of Things to come. But for such Matters the Reader must rest contented, since she (as you have heard) was so far from knowing any thing whilst she was dead, that she remembered not what had happen'd to her even when she was yet alive. Her Spirits, at that time, being ei-

ther so fix'd or benum'd with Fear, as not to admit of any new Impressions; or otherwise so turbulent and unquiet, as presently to discompose and obliterate them. As we often see it fares with Men that are buzzed in the Head with Drink, or transported with Madness, who, tho they seem sensible enough of every present Object that moves them, yet after they recover can own but little of what they did or said before.

And this Account of what happen'd to Ann Green, from her Execution at Oxford, to the Time of her perfect Recovery, is further confirm'd by Dr. Plot in his [History of Oxfordshire] which take in his own Words, viz. 'After some time Dr. Petty hearing she had discours'd with those about her, and suspecting that the Women might suggest unto her to relate something of strange Visions and Apparitions she had seen during the Time she seem'd to be Dead (which they had already begun to do) telling about that she said she had been in a fine Green Meadow, having a River running round it, and that all things there glitter'd like Silver and Gold: He caus'd all to depart the Room but the Gentlemen of the Faculty, who were to have been at the Dissection, and ask'd her concerning her Sense and Apprehensions during the time she was hang'd.

To which she answer'd at first somewhat impertinently, talking as if she had been to suffer: And when they spake unto her concerning her miraculous Deliverance, she answer'd, That she hop'd God would give her Patience, and the like. Afterward when

when she was better recover'd, she affirm'd *That she neither remembered how the Fetters were knock'd of, how she went out of the Prison, when she was turn'd off the Ladder, whether any Psalm was sung or not, nor was she sensible of any Pains that she could remember; what is most observable, is, that she came to her self as if she had awaked out of a Sleep, not recovering the use of her Speech by slow degrees, but in a manner all together, beginning to speak just where she left off on the Gallows.*

Being thus at length perfectly recover'd, after Thanks given to God, and the Persons instrumental in it, she retir'd into the Country to her Friends at Steeple-Barton, where she was afterwards marry'd, and liv'd in good Repute amongst her Neighbors, *having three Children afterwards, and not dying (says Dr. Plot) as I am inform'd, till the year 1659. Which Occurrence was thought worthy of Remembrance by the Author of the Continuation of the History of the World, who esteem'd it no less than the Finger of God pointing out the Maid's Innocency; and by Mr. Heath, who thought fit to transmit it to Posterity, for God's Glory and Man's Caution in judging and punishing.*—Thus far Dr. Plot.

Having here done with the Story of Ann Green, I cannot but reflect upon the generous Attempt of those Gentlemen that freely undertook, and have so happily perform'd the Cure. That whilst they missed the Opportunity of improving their Knowledge

in the Dissection of a Dead Body, they advanc'd their Fame by restoring to the World a Living One, who now (deservedly) accounts it her Happiness to have fallen into such courteous and skilful Hands; not only for their successful Endeavours used in her Recovery, but for being a means to vindicate her from that foul Stain of Murder, which, in most Mens Judgments, was so harshly charg'd upon her.

Having done with the Narrative of Ann Green, from her Execution at Oxford, to the time of her Coming to Life, perhaps it will be ask'd in this Place, *Pray tell us what is Death?* seeing that (tho nothing else can do it) will open the Door to the other World, and give us a Prospect of Heaven or Hell,

To this I answer, That Death (as seen by the Relation of Ann Green) is no more than a soft and easy Nothing. Should you ask me then, *What is Life?* I'd answer with Crates, who being asked this Question, *said nothing, but turned him round and vanish'd,* and 'twas judg'd a proper Answer. But whatever it is to live, sure I am (if you credit Seneca) 'tis no more to die than to be born, we felt no Pain coming in to the World, nor shall we in the Act of leaving it; we see this verified in ANN GREEN: So that Death is but a Ceasing to be what we were before we were; we are kindled and put out; to cease to be, and not to begin to be, is the same thing.

There have been Men that have tried, even in Death it self, to relish and taste it, and who have bent their utmost Faculties of Mind

Mind to discover what this Passage is, but there are none of them come back to tell us the News.

— No one was ever known to wake,
Who once in Death's cold Arms a Nap did take.

Lucul. Lib. 3.

Canius Julius being condemned by that Beast *Caligula*, as he was going to receive the Stroke of the Executioner, was asked by a Philosopher, *Well Canius* (said he) *whereabout is your Soul now? what is she doing? what are you thinking of?* I was thinking (replied *Canius*) to keep my self and the Faculties of my Mind settled and fixt, to try if in this short and quick Instant of Death, I could perceive the Motion of the Soul, when she starts from the Body, and whether she has any Resentment of the Separation, that I may afterwards come again to acquaint my Friends with it. So that I fancy there is a certain way by which some Men make Trial what DEATH is. *John Smith* who was executed at *Tyburn* the 12th of Decemb. 1705. and afterwards brought to Life again, had an Opportunity for this Trial; for Mr. Ordinary tells us, That he was carried to the Place of Execution, where (before he was turned off the Ladder) he desired that all would take warning by his untimely Death, which none but himself had brought himself to by his Sins. After this Mr. Lorain commended his Soul to the Divine Mercy, and then (as his dying Speech tells us) he was turned off, while calling upon God in these and such like Ejaculations, *Lord have Mercy upon me! Dear Jesu I come, I come.* But *Smith* liv'd after his Execution;

for (Mr. Ordinary tells us) ' When he had been hanging almost a quarter of an Hour, as I can judg, they cry'd, *A Reprieve.* Upon which he was taken off the Tree, and carried to the House hard by; where being presently let Blood, he came to himself again. I hope that he, who was just now warning others from Sin, will take Warning himself, and never forget how near Death he has been; and that he will carefully imploy that Life to the Glory of God, which he has now receiv'd as by Miracle; for had the Reprieve come *Ten Minutes later*, I do believe it would have been an impossible thing to have restored him to this Land of the Living. And therefore let me beseech him here, as I intend to do elsewhere, that he would forsake all evil Ways, and become in every respect a good Christian and godly Liver. And that it may prove so, is the most hearty Prayer of

Paul Lorain,

Ordinary of Newgate.

Thus far Mr. Lorain; then judg whether *Smith* was not able to give us a better account of Death than even *Canius* the Philosopher, as he had actually tasted what Death was, which *Canius* had not. But perhaps you'll still object,

object, *The Smith hang'd a quarter of an Hour, yet he was not actually dead;* therefore neither *Smith, nor Green,* as they had breath left, could give us any certain Account what Death is. To this I answer, I own in all the Enterprizes we take in hand in this Life, we have the Satisfaction of *Reflection, and a Review* when

they are past; but *Dying* deprives us of knowing what we are doing, or what other State we are commencing. *'Tis a Leap in the Dark,* not knowing where we shall light, as a late Naturalist * (to say no * *Hobbs,* worse of him) told his inquisitive Friend when he was going to die.

I.

*It must be done (my Soul!) but 'tis a strange,
A dismal and mysterious Change;
When thou shalt leave this Tenement of Clay,
And to an unknown Somewhere wing away:
When Time shall be Eternity, and thou
Shall be thou know'st not what, and live thou know'st not how.*

II.

*Amazing State! no wonder that we dread
To think of Death, or view the Dead;
Thou'rt all wrapt up in Clouds, as if to thee
Our very Knowledg had Antipathy.
Death cou'd not a more sad Retinue find,
Sickness and Pain before, and Darknes all behind.*

III.

*Some courtcois Ghost, tell this great Secrecy,
What 'tis you are, and we must be;
You warn us of approaching Death, and why
May we not know from you what 'tis to die?
But you, having shot the Gulph, delight to see
Succeeding Souls plunge in with like Uncertainty.*

IV.

*When Life's close Knot by Writ from Destiny,
Disease shall cut, or Age untie;
When after some Delays, some dying Strife,
The Soul stands shivering on the Ridg of Life;
With what a dreadful Curiosity
Does she launch out into the Sea of vast Eternity!*

V.

*So when the spacious Globe was delug'd o'er,
And lower Holds cou'd save no more,
On th' utmost Bough th' astonish'd Sinners flood,
And view'd th' Advances of th' encroaching Flood,
O'ertopp'd at length by th' Elements Encrease,
With Horror they resign'd to the untry'd Abyss.*

However some Persons (such as Green and Smith) have advanced so far towards actual Dying, that they have walked at least half thro the Valley of the Shadow of Death (Psal. 23. 4.) and such Persons, I verily think, can tell us what Death is. And I the rather assert this, as I had (said Mr. Sault a Member of Athens) the Curiosity to visit two certain Persons, one had been hanged, and the other drowned, and both of 'em very miraculously brought brought to Life again.— I asked what Thoughts they had, and what Pains they were sensible of? The Person that was hang'd, said, He expected some sort of a strange Change, but knew not what, but the Pangs of Death were not so intolerable as some sharp Diseases; nay, he could not be positive whether he felt any other Pain than what his Fears created. He added, That he grew senseless by little and little, and at the first his Eyes represented a brisk shining red sort of Fire, which grew paler and paler, till at length it turned into a black: After which he thought no more, but insensibly acted the part of one that falls asleep, not knowing how or when.— The other gave me (almost) the same account, and both were dead (apparently) for a considerable Time. Thus far Mr. Sault.— These Instances are very satisfactory in Cases of violent Death; and for a natural Death, I cannot but think it yet much easier: Diseases make a Conquest of Life by little and little; therefore the Strife must be

less, where the Inequality of Power is greater.

I have met with one * arguing thus: Death, which is accounted the most dreadful of all Evils, is nothing to us (saith he) because while we are in Being, Death is not yet present. So that it neither concerns us as Living nor Dead; for while we are alive, it hath not touched us; when we are dead, we are not.— Neither need they fear the Consequence of Death, who have lived a Godly Life: 'Tis true, Conscience makes Cowards of us all (Lewis XI. King of France, when he was sick, forbade any Man to speak of Death in his Court) but there's nothing in Death it self that can affright us; 'tis only Fancy gives Death those hideous Shapes we think him in. 'Tis the Saying of one, I fear not to be dead, yet am afraid to die. There are no Po-niards in Death it self, like those in the Way or Prologue to it. Then who would not be content to be a kind of Nothing for a Moment, to be within one Instant of a Spirit, and soaring thro Regions he never saw, and yet is curious to behold?

Thus far we may venture to speak of our Passage to the other World, and of Death that sets us ashore; but further I dare not wade; for by venturing (in PARADOX) beyond our Depth, we are liable to all the Dangers that are out of Ken.

Paradox XIV.

The Queendom, or a Paradox proving none but Women are fit to Govern.

I Stick not to affirm, that Domination and Government is not only lawful and tolerable in Women, but justly, naturally, and properly theirs.

First then, tho some crazy Philosophers, drunk and besotted with *Aristotelism*, have endeavoured to devance them from the same Species with Men; and others, madder than they, to deny them Souls; yet when we shall oppose Holy Scripture, which makes Man the Consummation of the Creation, and them the Consummation of Man, if we would cite those high Attributes the Rabbins ascribe unto 'em, or instance those particular Indulgences of Nature which Agrippa reckons unto them, or those peculiar Advantages of Composition and Understanding, which Zacutus Lusitanus ascribes them, not to mention that of *Trismegistus*, who calls them *Fountains and Perfections of Goodness*; nay, and shall add to this that which must even stop the mouth of *Barbarism* itself, to wit, the high Estimation put upon them even by the *Mahometans*, who in them place the greatest Pleasures of their *Paradise*; it must needs be acknowledged, that those Assertions are as irrational as may be, and consequently consonant to that *Philosophy*.

And indeed, this is a Quarrel wherein Nature hath declared

her self a most interested Party, that we need go no farther than the Judgment of our Eyes to decide the Controversy. For whom can we imagine to be so insensible, as not to be presently touched with the delicate *Composure* and *Symmetry* of their Bodies, the *Sweetnesses* and killing *Languishments* of their Eyes, the *Harmony* of their Colours, the *Happiness* and *Spirituality* of their Countenances, the *Charms* and *Allurements* of their Mein, the *Air* and *Command* of their *Smiles*? So that it is no wonder if *Plato* said, *That Souls were unwilling to depart out of such fair Bodies*: whereas Men are mere rough-cast, bristly, and made up of tough *Materials*; and if they approach any thing near Beauty, do so much degenerate from what they are.

This gains us our main Topick. For if the Majesty or Comeliness of the Person of a Governor gain so much upon the People, as Politicians have observed, and Experience teaches it doth, what advantage have they in magically chaining and winning the People given them by Nature, which the other cannot obtain by Art?

That this is a Truth, needs so little Demonstration, that looking but into any Story, you shall find, even the greatest Conquerors, lusty and proud in their *Triumphs*, humbled and brought on their

their *Knees* by some fair *Enchantress*. This we account admirable in *Alexander* and *Scipio* that they could avoid; in *Cesar* and *Mark Anthony* we pardon it, in respect of the Greatness of their other Actions.

But a *Martial Man*, you will say, is a *savage* brutish thing, a thing that knows how to run into *Dangers* and to *despise* them, one whose Thoughts are always at *random*, and abroad, seldom

withdrawn and upon their *Guard*; and therefore it is no wonder if such Men be easily surprized with such *dazling* Trifles. But when a Man tells you, that even the *wisest* Men have been strange Doaters on this Sex, and absolutely given up to them, it will change the Case. I suppose there is no Man thinks *Solomon* a *Fool*, and it is well known how these *white Devils* seduced him.

Yes! Beauty, with a bloodless Conquest, finds
A welcome Sov'reignty in rudest Minds,
And Female Rulers are what Heaven designs.
With gay and vigorous Youth their Eyes are crown'd,
Sweetness and charming Graces, all around
Their noble Form do make their bright Abode,
Like Beams of Lustre, circling in a God.
Love in their Looks so plays, that they might move
Fear e'en in Friends, and from an Enemy Love.
Not purple V'lets, in the early Spring,
Such graceful Sweets, such tender Beauties bring;
The Orient Blush, which do their Cheeks adorn,
Makes Coral pale, vies with the Rosy Morn.
Cupid has took a Surfeit from their Eyes,
Whene'er they smile, in Lambent Fire he fries;
And when they weep, in Pearls dissolv'd he dies.

Yes, *Augustus*, that was certainly one of the steddier Men in the World, one that in his *Youth* outwitted the hoary *Senate*, was all his Life-time led by one *Livia*, who had that great Power over him, that he by her means disposed the Succession of the *Empire* upon a Son of her Womb by a former Husband, tho he had nearer Kindred of his own. But to make this yet plainer, Age we say begets Wisdom: now how general the Affection of old Men is to Women, needs no proof; especially the older they grow, some of *Threescore* marrying *Girls*

of *Sixteen*: and therefore it is a clear Argument of the Truth of this Point, and of the Wisdom of those reverend *Seniors* that proceed accordingly.

Besides, as certainly there wants not its reason in *Philosophy*, that all *Virtues* are of this we plead for; so we may, in the perusal of *History*, find as many fair and brave Examples of *Virtue* given by *Women*, as there have been by *Men*. Look over the Roll of them, and you may easily fill each of them into a sufficient common Place, where many things put down as nobly done by

by Men, it may be, are either *Brutish, Heady* or *Passionate*; whilst in the Woman things appear more smooth and temperate. Or if there be any thing of *Passion* or *Exorbitancy*, it is but an Addition of *Lustre* to their Sex; as a Blush, or glowing in the Face sets off their Beauty.

Now if it be necessary, that *Governours* should be of good Entertainment, affable, open of Countenance, and such as seem to harbour no crooked or dark Design, no Men can be so fit for Government as Women are. For besides their natural Sweetness and Innocency, their Talk is commonly directed to such things, as it may easily be infer'd, that their Heads are not troubled about making of Wars, enlarging of Empires, or founding of Tyrannies. So if we consider both what hath been said, and that even those Attributes, which are to be most wish'd for in a Governour, are in them, we shall clearly gain our Desire. What greater Happiness to a People than to have a Governour that's Religious? Now all Philosophy and Experience teaches us, that the softest Minds are most capable of these Impressions, and that Women are for the most part more violently hurried away by such Agitations than Men are. How few Men Prophets do Histories afford us, in comparison to Prophetesses; and even at this day, who such absolute Followers of Priests as the Women are? If you wish them merciful, these are the tenderest things on Earth. They have Tears at command; and if Tears be the Effect of Pity and Compassion, and Pity and

Compassion be the Mother of Virtue, must we not think that Mercy rules most in them, and is the soonest expected from them? If you wish Affection to the Country, where can you better have it? Have not the Women many times cut off their Hair, to make Ropes for Engines, and Strings for Bows? Have they not given up all their Rings and Jewels to defray Charges? And how great would this be, if a Woman looks upon herself as the Mother of her Country? What Tenderneess would she not have towards the People her Children, when you see private Women sometimes shew such extraordinary Effects thereof, that it comes near Dotage or Madness?

Thus were this Noble Sex restor'd to that Right which Nature hath bestowed on it, we should have all Quiet and Serene in Commonwealths. Courts would not be taken up with Factions and Underminings, but all would flow into Pleasure and Liberty. Instead of molding of Armies, we should be preparing of Masks; and instead of depressing of Factions, we should have Balls and Amorous Appointments. So that Men might follow their Handicrafts, Oxen might plow, Mill-horses drive about the Wheel; whilst all this Labour and Sweat should serve but for the Furtherance and Ease of the Court.

Neither for several Emergencies have they wanted their Active Valour, whereof they want not their several Instances. Nay, some Nations have unanimously grown up into it, as the Amazons of old; and I believe, were

it not for the Usurpation of Men at this day, we might have seen something modern very like them; and Sir *Walter Raleigh* needed not have been at the trouble to have fetcht them from *Guiana*.

Withal we know how necessary it is in every *Statesman* to be Master of all the *Artifices* and *Slights* that may be, to gain upon them he deals with. Now if any can be fitter for this than Women, I am much deceived. For by reason of their *Importunities*, *Glances*, *Trains*, *Slights*, *Ambushes*, *Artifices*, and little *Infidelities*, it is impossible to escape them.

But I see a *Volley* of *Objections* coming on, but yet such, as I shall easily escape unhurt. You will say they will be *Inconstant*; fitter they for all occasions of Business. They can turn and tack about according as the Wind serves, and so will never shipwreck; whereas many Princes have split themselves and their Posterity by being too obstinate in one course. You'll say, they will be proud. But what more proper than Majesty and high Deportment in a Governour? Without *Pride* how should there be Reverence, and without Reverence how should there be

Subjection? You'll say they are *Talkative*. So much the better for the People; whereas dark and obscure Princes, that either mean nothing, or ambiguously, leave the People in suspense, and make Liberty either dangerous, or thro Flattery misconstrue it. You'll say they'll be *Cruel*. I would fain know what King, take the wisest or the best, ever boggled much if a Head or two were in his way. And therefore why should we condemn them for what is so usually practised? And lastly, you will say, they are *Unwise*. But I pray you how many *Sots*, and *Naturals*, and *Changelings*, by virtue of *Succession*, have mounted the Throne?

We must therefore conclude, that as Women bring forth Children into the World, as they multiply themselves into these visible and corporeal Souls, and after they have brought them forth, are most tender and careful to bring them up; so it is most fitting, having all these *Preheminences* and *Indulgences* of Nature, that when they are brought up, they should also have the Government of them. For a Potter would think it hard measure, if after the Pitcher were made, it should fly in his face.

Paradox XV.

That no Man can see the same Particle of an Object with both Eyes at once; nay, not with the same Eye, if the Level of its Visive Axe be chang'd.

TH E Visible Image, tho' really diffused thro' the Space of the Medium within the Sphere of Projection, is notwithstanding neither total in the total Space, nor total in every Part thereof, as is supposed: but so manifold, as there are Parts of the Medium from which the Object is adspectable.

Here may we introduce a Paradox, which yet doth not want a considerable Proportion of Verisimilitude to justify the Sobriety and Acuteness of his Wit, who first started it; which is, *That of divers Men, at the same time speculating the same Object, no one doth behold the same Parts thereof, that are beheld by another: nay more, that no Man can see the same Parts of an Object with both Eyes at once: nay more, not the same Parts with the same Eye, if he remove it ever so little, because the Level of the visive Axe is varied.* This may be verified by a single Reflection on the Cause hereof, which is the Inequality or Asperity of the Superfice of Bodies, seemingly most politè: for in respect of that, it is of necessity that various Rays proceeding from the various Parts thereof, variously convene in the Parts of the Medium; and inasmuch as each of those Rays doth represent that Particle only, from which it was effused, and no

other, in their Concourse they cannot but represent other and other Parts, according to the respective Places or Regions of the Medium, in which the Eye is posited that receives them. However, we shall familiarize it by Example. Let two Men at once behold a third, one before, the other behind; and both may be said to behold the same Man: but truly not the same Parts of him; because the Eyes of one are obverted to his Anterior, and those of the other to his Posterior Parts. Take it yet one Note higher. Let the Face of a Man be the Object, on which tho' divers Persons gaze at the same time, one on the right, a second on the left side, a third confrontingly, a fourth and a fifth obliquely betwixt the other three; and all may be said to have an equal Prospect of the Face: yet can it not be asserted, that they do all see the same Parts thereof, but each a particular Part. Whence it may be inferred, that albeit we may allow them all to behold his Forehead, Eyes, Nose, Cheek, Mouth, &c. yet can we not allow them all to see the same Parts of Forehead, Eyes, Nose, Cheeks, &c. because of their unequal Situation, which causes that the whole Species prodient from the Face, does not tend into the whole Medium,

but into various Parts of it, respective to the various Faces of the deradient Parts. Moreover, because this presumed Inequality is not competent only to the greater Parts of the Face, such as the Eyes, Nose, Mouth, Chin, &c. but as justly considerable in the very Skin, which hath no designable Place, wherein are not many smaller and smaller Eminences and Depressions, deprehenfible (if not by the Opticks of the Body, yet) by the Acies of the Mind : hence it is, that having imagined the Eyes of the five Spectators to

move their visive Axes from Part to Part successively, and as slowly as the Shadow of the Gnomon steals over the Parts of a Dial, until they have ranged over the whole Face ; we may comprehend the Necessity of the Discovery of a fresh Part by every new Aim or Level of each Eye, and the baulking of others ; as if in Particles of devex Figure, no Particles can be detected a-new, but as many of those formerly discerned must be lost, and as many, nay more, remain concealed.

Paradox XVI.

Proving 'tis a Happiness to be in Debt.

Reader,
YOU see by this Paradox, 'tis a very strange case which can find no Advocate. What is it that Fancy cannot put a varnish on ? A poison'd Pill may be gilded over, as well as that which is wholesom. The Foul Disease hath not wanted a Pen to excuse and commend it : Others have made a very bad Wife the Subject of their Commendation, because (they say) she brings a Man to Repentance. But of all barren Subjects that have been yet writ upon, this of proving 'tis a Happiness to be in Debt, I judg, will be most surprizing. 'Tis true, for my own part I'd rather sell my Coat from my Back than owe any thing : and 'tis my Advice to every Citizen (that is in Debt) that he pays every Man

his own, tho he leaves himself not worth a Groat ; or if he compounds to pay a part, nevertheless let him resolve to satisfy all to the full, if his Endeavours and God's Blessing ever again enable him. If our Citizen acts thus—By suffering he shall conquer. The Romans overcame, sitting still. 'Tis a comfort to remember Job's Beginning and Ending. Tribulation refines the Understanding. Hannibal deservedly boasted of himself, Age, Prosperity, and Adversity have so instructed me, that I had rather follow Reason than Fortune. He had never attain'd this pitch of Discernment, had not his declining Fortunes oblig'd him to surmount all Difficulties by his Conduct. The rich Chabot would be symboliz'd by a Ball with this In-

scrip-

scription—Being smitten, I rise higher—Men in Prosperity are seldom Religious. But no Whip is more likely to reform the Unfortunate, or gives a shreuder Lash, than the Labels of a Bond, or Obligation with a Noverint Universt. He therefore, and only he, gets by his breaking, who is more humble, pitiful, mortified, given to Prayer, &c. Thus, Reader, having first told you my Notions of Justice, I hope I may now, without offence to those few I'm engaged to, prove — 'Tis a Happiness to be in Debt, and most live as if they believed as much— For to run in Debt now-a-days is the Fashion from the Lord to the Cobler: 'tis become a Saying, *He pays like Quality*; that is, he is Dun-proof, and thinks it a mean thing to pay his Debts.

I'm sure the Earl of — was of this Opinion: for Mr. Grange dunning often for the Mony he ow'd him, it came at last to my Lord's Ears, who ordered his Steward to send Grange to his Chamber the next time he came for his Mony. Grange being admitted to the Earl's Presence, he spake to him in this manner: *Mr. Grange, my Steward tells me you have call'd often for the Mony I owe you, and having a particular Kindness for you, I was willing to see you now, to inform you I will never pay you a Farthing; which will save you all future Trouble of coming for it: But there's a Company of Dogs now dunning below for Mony, for whom I have no Kindness, and for that reason I don't tell 'em they shall never be paid; but Grange, I have a kindness for you, and*

therefore tell you I'll never pay you, to prevent your Loss of any more time.

Grange having dun'd for his Mony several Months, return'd his Lordship his hearty Thanks for the particular Kindness shew'd him in this matter; and so departed as well contented, as a Man disappointed of a just Debt can be suppos'd to be.

But this despising of Creditors is not only the Practice of some rich Men (for the greatest part are of a nobler Principle) but also of the poorer Gentry. Mr. Marshal of B—mer told me yesterday of a Gentleman that drop'd 2 s. 6. d. as he was mounting his Horse, the Hostler stoop'd for it, and would fain have given it him; Prithee, Friend, take it, said the Gentleman, for 'twan't worth my stooping for; when at the same time he owed more than he was worth. Sure such as these think 'tis a Happiness to be in Debt, or they'd never be thus prodigal! But I wonder how they can sleep in quiet that are thus injurious to others; and I find Augustus Caesar of the same mind: for hearing it talk'd in his Court what a huge Sum of Mony a certain Knight in Rome ow'd at his Death, and that all his Goods were to be sold to make Payment of his Debts, he commanded the Master of his Wardrobe to buy for him that Bed wherein this Knight used to lie; for, says he, *If I cannot sleep soundly in that Bed wherein he could sleep that owed so much, than surely I shall sleep in none.*— Yet some have not been so forward to run in Debt, but others have been as forward to punish

their Injustice— The Debt being confessed (*among the Romans*) thirty Days were allowed the Debtor for the Payment of the Money. The Money not paid, the Debtor was delivered up as a Servant to his Creditor; he was sometimes cast into Prison, and unless the Creditor were in the mean time compounded with, he remained *threescore days in Prison*; and *three Market-days* being brought before the Judge, the Debt was solemnly proclaim'd, and upon the third Market-day he was either sold to Foreigners for a Slave, or else was punished with Death; each Creditor being suffered, if he would, to cut a piece of his dead Body instead of

Payment (a)—
(a) Roman *Apychis* made as
Antiquities. odd a Law against

bad Debtors: it was, That the dead Bodies should be in the Creditors keeping, till the Debt were paid; and I'm told, 'tis common in England to arrest the Corps of a Debtor as 'tis carrying to the Grave.

But one would admire that Men (*who stand in need of Mercy themselves*) should be thus sharp upon their poor Debtors. For in the whole Course and Frame of Nature we see that nothing is made for it self, but each hath a Bond of Duty, of Use, or of Service, by which it is indebted to others. The Sun by his Splendor to enlighten all the World; by his Warmth and Heat to cherish and comfort each living and vegetable Creature.— Yea, even Man (*the Lord of the Creation*) is so framed of God, that not only his Country, his Parents, and his Friends, claim

a Share in him, but he is also indebted to his Hound and to his Ox, the one for hunting for his Pleasure, and the other for labouring for his Profit; and therefore a good Man is merciful to his Beast. His Judgment, Wit, Discretion, he hath them for others as much as for himself: and as to his Wealth, he *hath't a Penny but what he is accountable for*. But such is the Mystery of this Stewardship (*where even God himself is Debtor, and Man Creditor*; for is it not said, *He that hath pity on the Poor, lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again?* Prov. 19. 17.) that present Payment is the least and worst; the Lender oweth more than the Receiver; the Poor (*whose Prayers are heard*) bestowing more than he receiveth; and *his Box is more the rich man's Treasury than his own!* Then would we have a Policy on Heaven (of our uncertain Riches) we must make the Poor our Insurers. Sure I am, every Man stands in need of this Advice; seeing, had he the Riches of Solomon (*whose Wealth was so great, that it would puzzle our Accomptants to find new Names for Sums*) of all we may say as he said of the Ax-Head that fell off, to *Elisha* the Prophet, 2 Kings 6. 5. *Alas, Master, it is but borrowed*. Do you count such a one rich, saith Seneca, because of his rich Sumpter Horse, or because he has a Plough going in every Province, or for his large Account-Book, or such large Possessions near the City! When you have said all, he is poor. But you will say why? Why because he oweth all; unless you make a difference

ference between borrowing from Men, and from Providence.—

Then let not him that has lost an Estate mourn, for another lost it before he had it; perchance if he had not lost it now, it had lost him for ever: and therefore in such a case as this, let us rather think what we have escaped than lost, and what we owe, rather than what we are.

Even Kings owe Protection to their Loyal Subjects, and their Subjects of all Ranks owe Allegiance to their Sovereign Lord. Our Lands and Lives (if we are Loyal) are the Queen's, and nothing can we call our own, but Death.—

Then again let us look into our selves, and see how our constitutive Parts are Debtors each to other. The Soul doth quicken and give Life to the Body, and the Body like an Automaton (as one expresses it) doth move and carry it self and the Soul.—

Again, if we survey Man in his Parts, the Eye sees for the Foot, the Foot standeth for the Hand, the Hand toucheth for the Mouth, the Mouth tasteth for the Stomach, the Stomach eateth for the whole Body; the Body repayeth again that Nutriment, which it hath received, to all the Parts, discharging the Recrements by the Port Esquiline; and all this (as an Eminent Physician observes) in so comely an Order, and by a Law so certain, and in so due a

time, as if Nature had rather Man should not have been at all, than not to be a Debtor in every Part of him.

The Alchymists who promise to themselves to turn Tin into Silver, and Copper into Gold, how will they be transported out of themselves with Joy, if they should but see a happy Issue of their Attempt? How much more a Creditor, when he shall recover a desperate Debt? It is like the Joy of a Father that receives his lost Child.

Again, he that is in Debt hath this great Privilege above other Men, that his Creditors pour out hearty Prayers for him; they wish that he may live, thrive, prosper, and grow rich. And for all they are so often put to their shifts, I must say this, to the honour of Debtors, that they have a great Influence over their Creditors, they become in a manner their Land-Lords, to whom they cringe, kneel, as if they did owe them all imaginable Service; and are as ambitious of their Debtors Favours, as they who in King Charles's Reign did care for the Royal Misses to attain the Lives of their condemn'd Friends, or some Place at Court.—

Without Debt and Loan, the Fabrick of the World will be disjointed and fall asunder into its first Chaos. I might first instance in what it owes for Drink: For, as Cowley tells us,

*The Thirsty Earth soaks up the Rain,
And drinks, and gapes for Drink again;
The Plants suck in the Earth, and are
With constant Drinking fresh and fair:
The Sea it self, which one would think,
Should have but little need of Drink,*

Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,
 So fill'd that they o'erflow the Cup.
 The busy Sun (and one would guess
 By's drunken fiery Face no less)
 Drinks up the Sea; and when h'has done,
 The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun.
 They drink, and dance by their own Light,
 They drink and revel all the Night.
 Nothing in Nature's sober found,
 But an Eternal Health goes round.

And if the World runs thus in Debt for Bub, what does it owe for its other Supports? Or rather what does it not owe? For first as to the Beauty of the Stars, what would it be but Vastness and Deformity, if the Sun did not lend 'em Light? The Earth would remain unfruitful, if it did not borrow refreshing Dews from the watery Signs and Planets. The Summer is pleasant, and promiseth great Hopes of Plenty; but it is because it taketh up much upon Trust from the friendly and seasonable Temperament of the Elements. And to say the Truth, there is Nothing Good, or Great in the World, but that it Borroweth something from others to make it Great, or lendeth to another to make it Good.——

The Elements, which are link'd together by a League of Association, and by their symbolizing Qualities, do barter and truck, borrow and lend one to another, as being as it were the Royal Exchange of Nature. They are by this Traffick and Intercourse the very Life and Nourishment of all sublunary Bodies.

Well, if it be such a Happiness to be in Debt, and every thing lives under a Necessity of owing something——Then farewell Dio-

genes, thou surly Clown; for who ever lived more like a Souc'd Mackerel, amongst Men, barrelling up thy self in a Tub, like a Kegg of Sturgeon; and this because thou hadst not Soul enough to treat thy Friends, or to live in Debt?

I also bid farewell to Coke, Littleton, Shephard, and other Lawyers, and Molesters of Causes, who accounted (as their surviving Brethren do to this day) being in Debt a very great Evil.——

I also pity Zeno's Weakness, who blush'd to borrow——Crates's Pride, for scorning to be trusted——and do as much despise that Poet Laureat, who forfeited his Wreath of Bays, rather than owe a Farthing; and afterwards made Prayers to his Purse to supply his Wants: tho, as I've proved,——'Tis a Happiness to be in Debt.—— But let Men that either will not, or cannot be trusted, act as they please; for my own share, whilst I live, I am willing to live in Debt.—— In Debt to the Creator of all things, for his so curiously framing me in my Mother's Womb, Psal. 139. 13, 15. In Debt to Christ, for hopes of a blessed Resurrection: And as I owe, so I will be ever ready to lose my Life

Life for my Country's Service.— I have left to pay ; and for
 I will also owe, and be ever that reason I'm still learning the
 paying Love and Tenderness to Art of *Living Incognito* : For as
 my very Enemies, and a hearty *Philostratus* lived seven Years in
Reconciliation whenever they de- his Tomb to acquaint himself
 fire it.—And e'er long I shall with Death, so I shall pray that
 pay my Great Debt unto Nature, my Private Life may have the
 which is the most difficult Debt same effect.

Paradox XVII.

In Praise of a COW's TAIL.

THOU who didst round *Cetropian* Pastures rove,
 Turn'd Bull, an *horny* and an *hairy Jove* !¹
 (Tho sure that Shape had better serv'd than now,
 When beauteous *Io* was transform'd to *Cow*)²
 Who a mere *Brute* didst of mere *Thunder* make,
 A *Four-legg'd Lover* for *Europa's* sake ;
 And when thy Purchase was from Shore convey'd,
 (The shining *Cargo* of a *Royal Maid*)
 Didst to a *Rudder* turn thy well-hung *Tail*,
 Whilst her loose flowing *Garments* serv'd for *Sail* :
 Pilot my tottering *Bark* with Aid Divine,
 Vent'ring thro Seas far more unknown than thine !
 Help me in my *Cow's Tail*, the rest shall be
 Part of a grateful *Hecatomb* to Thee.³

The *Tail* full oft above the *Head* prevails,
 And *Heaven* and *Earth* resound the Praise of *Tails*.
 See where in *Heaven* the *Dog's* bright *Tail* does shine,
 A *Cynosure* not half so long as mine :⁴
 On *Earth* walk where you will, in every place,
 One *Tail* or other, flaps you o'er the Face.
 The *Kingly Lion* whirls his *Sceptral Train*,
 Roaring at the encountring *Gnat* in vain ;
 The *Victor Gnat* in the next *Fight* does fail,
 And drops beneath the *Cow's* all-conquering *Tail* ;
 That *Tail* which kills whate'er its Force withstands,
 As sure's a *Club*,—in *Hercules's* Hands.
 When the *mad Dog-star* scatters sultry *Beams*,
 And drives the *tossing Herd* to *Shades* and *Streams* ;
 Armies of *Flies*, of different *Notes* and *Wings*,
 Goad 'em all o'er with their vexatious *Stings* ;
 Vainly does now the *bare-dockt Horse* complain,
 And wish for his dismember'd *Tail* again ;

Who of his Freedom tis'd before to boast,
 Then gain'd, when such a Burden he had *lost*.
 (So the fly *Fox* who of his *Tail* could make
 Hook, Net and Line, at every Brook and Lake ;
 And when too faint he the hot Hunter flies,
 With *pissen Tail* strike out the *Terrier's* Eyes :
 When not so well he from the *Trap* had fled,
 But with his *Tail* compounded for his Head ;
 To 'scape his salt Companions Mockery,
 He'd have 'em *Tail-less* all as well as he.)⁵

But now the *Cow* with brandish'd *Tail* falls on,
 Proclaiming open War with *Accaron* ;
 Millions of *Insect-Warriors* at her fly,
 Millions of *Insect-Warriors* murmuring die.
 So falls a murdering *Chain-shot* whizzing round,
 (Amazing, like less dreadful *Thunder's* sound)
 When thro a Troop of *Iron Horsemen* born,
 Beneath the Reaper's Hook so drops the Corn.
 So when the scaly Lord of Fruitful *Nile*,
 The dreadful Spear-contemning *Crocodile*,
 Is by his trembling Enemies beset,
 Trusting in vain a feeble Dart or Net ;
 With his *Tail's* Whisk he long long Ranks o'erthrows,⁶
 And stalks in Triumph o'er his prostrate Foes.

The *Turks* when they'll their Enemies assail,⁷
 For a Red Flag hang out an Horse's Tail :
 Unjustly done, when it must be confess'd
 From this, the *Cow's* the far more valiant Beast.
 But if from cloudy Wars we start away
 To downy Pleasure's happy *Sunshine* Day,
 There the *Cow's* Tail does other *Tails* surpass,
 As far as the brisk Horse the lazy Ass.
 This the Sage Priests of mighty *Apis* knew,
 Where'er the rude unthinking *Vulgar* do.
Apis is gone ; hark ! the lamenting Croud
 Raving about, bellow his Loss aloud :
Apis is gone, nor can their Tears prevail ;⁸
 Yet they'd not care, had he but left his Tail.⁹
 Priests, Prince and People search the Stalls around,
 Until the happy, happy Tail is found ;
 Whilst every trembling Son of *Nile* prepares
 To adore the Sacred Tail with two white Hairs.¹⁰
 Nor less should th' *Indian* this blest Relique prize,
 Without whose kind Support, he sinks and dies.
 Where *Orellana's* Sea-like Waters lave¹¹
 The steepy Banks with a resounding Wave,
 Or *De-la-plata's* headlong Floodgates roar,¹²
 Rolling fresh Oceans down each mouldring Shore ;

Where

Where no proud Bridge dares the wild River ride,
At a *Cow's Tail* the Indian stems the Tide ;¹³
Ferry'd without Expence of Coin or Breath
Safe, tho but a hair's length 'twixt him and Death :
Safer than *Damocles*, when at the Board¹⁴
A single Hair sustain'd the shining Sword.

Ladies by the soft Magick of their Eyes,
Like Angels, wafting thro the scattering Skies,
Weak prostrate Mortals dazle and surprize.
From head to foot, their Charms, their Port and State,
A *Cow's Tail* to the life does imitate.

Have you e'er seen a Nymph at some bright Hall,
In a Triumphant Masquerade or Ball,
Move soft and smooth like Gales of Western Wind,
Whilst her loose flowing *Train* sweeps far behind ?
Even so believ't, the *Cow's Tail* dangles down,
Like supernumerary piece of Gown :

The Antients or Historians Lies have told,
¹⁵ Pure *Carrots* call'd pure Threds of beaten Gold :
Tho Goats *Pulvilio's* hardly ranker smell,
Nor any wrizzled *Succubus* of Hell:

But all which to our nicer World appear
For Marks of Beauty, all concenter here ;
The Tail's Complexion is a lovely Fair,
Shaded around with charming *Cole-black* Hair.

Now, *Tail Right Worshipful* ! I'll lead thee home,
As great as conquering *Scipio* entring *Rome* ;
Thee to a Place of Rest I'll calmly bear,
Like *Turky Rams* in a triumphant *Carr*.¹⁶
For such as Faults with my *Cow's Tail* have found,
Here's a fair Rump ;—Genteels, you're welcom round.
Hur *Cow* shall now with any *Cow* compare ;
Let any say *hur Cow is burs, that dare*.¹⁷

Notes on the foregoing Paradox.

¹ [Turn'd Bull, an horny and an hairy Fove.]

See the Tale of Jupiter's transmogrifying his Divinity into a Bull for the Love of Europa, at every *Posidamber's* in Town !—but rarely well describ'd in *Lucian*, in a Dialogue between *Norus* and *Zephyrus*. Quare, in this case, as was said in another of the fighting Bishop ; If a Butcher had here saucily knock'd down the Bull, what had become of the Godship ?

² [When beauteous *Io* was transform'd to *Cow*.]

Related in the authentick Chronicle of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*.—The Chapter and Verse you may find at your leisure.

³ [Part of a grateful *Hecatomb* to thee.]

This—*Hecatomb* is a hard Greek Word usually taken for a *Satirist*

fice of a hundred Oxen.——But tho mine be a Cow; every body won't see the Bull in the case.

⁴ [A Cynosure not half so long as mine.]

The Constellation call'd the little Bear, in Greek is Cynosura, which is in plain English, Dogs-Tail.

⁵ [Proclaiming open War with Accaron.]

The God of Flies——The same with Belzebub in Sacred, and Muiy-oïdes and Jupiter Apomuyus in Profane Authors. Vid. Cowley's Annotations on the Plagues of Egypt, p. 82.

⁶ And Accaron, the Airy Prince, led on their various Host.

⁷ [With his Tail's Whisk he long long Ranks o'erthrows]

That Creature is reported to have a prodigious Force in his Tail, with which he sweeps down whate'er comes near.

⁸ [The Turks, when they'll their Enemies assail,

For a Red Flag, hang out a Horse's Tail.]

This is a Custom common with them to the Tartar, and many other of those barbarous Nations. If I misremember not, they deduce this Custom from their great Ottoman, the Top of the Oguzian Family.

⁹ [Apis is gone, nor can their Tears prevail,]

¹⁰ [Yet they'd not care, had he but left his Tail.]

The Egyptians worshipping an Ox, is notorious; nay, that was one of their Dii majorum Gentium; their Saints and little sucking Gods, were Rats, Birds, Cats; and Leeks, Onions, (Welch Deities). But the manner of Devotion to their Oxe, under the name of Apis, Serapis, Isis, Oliris,——made even that too as extravagant as all the rest. Among other Perquisites necessary for the Election of a new God, which was every year after they had drown'd the old; one indispensable was,——Two peculiar Hairs, and no more, on the Tail——But why no more nor less, as Dr. Fuller says, the Devil knows. This too explains the following Verse;

¹¹ [I adore the sacred Tail with two white Hairs.]

¹² Ovellana and ¹³ De-la-plata, two famous Rivers in the Indies.

¹⁴ [At a Cow's Tail the Indian stems the Tide.]

Thus Peter Martyr in his Decads——He says, 'tis common with the Indians to tie a Stick cross-ways at the Tail of a Cow, and seating themselves thereon, drive her into the Water; who being used to the Sport, swims very faithfully with the Cargo behind.——If any doubt of the Truth on't, 'tis but stepping over for a day or two to the Indies, and they may be speedily satisfy'd.

¹⁵ [Safer than Damocles, when at the Board,

A single Hair sustain'd the shining Sword.]

Damocles one of Dionysius's Flatterers, admiring the Tyrant's Felicity, was by his order to taste what 'twas, adorn'd with Royal Robes, and waited on as a Prince: but for the sharp Sauce with his sweet Meat; when thus in all his Grandure at Table, a naked Sword was hung over his Head, ty'd only by a Hair, which soon spoil'd his Sport, and made him glad of Liberty again.

¹⁶ [Pure Carrots call'd pure Threds of beaten Gold.]

Tellow Hair was accounted a great piece of Beauty, not only by the old Romans, and that part of the World; but here in England too: Among other Receipts for finifying the Face, &c. in an old English Book, there's a way to make the Hair Tellow.

¹⁶ [Like Turkey Rams in a Triumphant Carr.]

Mr. Sands and others that write of the Eastern Countries, describe a kind of Sheep there, whose Tails weigh forty pound apiece, and are always drawn after 'em by a little Cart.

¹⁷ [Let any say *hur Cow is hurs, that dare.*]

*Alluding to a Story of a Welchman who stole a Cow with a cut Tail, and brought it to Market, but artificially sew'd on another Tail. — The Owner sees it at the Market, looks wistly on't, and concludes, if it had not a Tail too much, he durst swear 'twas his own: At this *hur Welch Plud* draws *hur Knife*, cuts the Tail off above the Place where 'twas sew'd on, throws t'other piece into the River, and bids him now own it if he dar'd.*

Paradox XVIII.

Being a Satyr upon Honour; in a Letter to a Person of Quality that has lost his Place and Dignities at Court.

Worthy Sir,

I Have been at a long Debate with my self, First, *Whether* I should write unto you; and then *What* I should write: To condole you, had been dangerous; if Grief had possessed your Mind already, it would have increased its Strength; if it had not, it would have given it a Beginning. To comfort you, raised these Doubts within me; either there were Reasons for so doing, and then it would have been supposed, that I had done it long since; or there were no Reasons, and then it would have been an Undertaking as unnecessary in the one Case, as fond and vain in the other; *you have lost your Dignities*, nay you lost none, if your Virtues adhere to you; and they do so, if you can despise and scorn that which sticks not to you.

'Tis true, nothing charms us like Titles of Honour, which feed our two darling Sins, *Pride and Revenge*; for by them we may take place of those who have affronted us, and look down on them at a distance. Honour sets the Stamp on us, and distinguishes us from the common Clay of the World. *It gives us the Familiarity of the Great, and the Adorations of the Vulgar*; makes our Healths, Sleeps, and Dreams enquired after: It enhanceth our Virtues, and casts a Veil over our Vices; *nay, turns our Vices into Virtues*: It gives us the Encomiums of the Poets whilst living, and brave Epitaphs when dead.

But

But supposing all this were true, yet consider (*my noble Friend*) as long as you continued in your *High Place and Dignity*, that *Circle of Friends*, that did compass you round and applaud you, were so many *Enemies*; they rather besieged you and laid wait for you: *The Friends of Honours* swarm to the place where they reside, because they affect those Honours; they hate those that do enjoy them, because they would enjoy them themselves.

———Honour's

*A painful Burden which great Minds must bear,
Obtain'd with Danger, and possess'd with Fear.*

He that feels the weight of Honours, thinks them insupportable, and too heavy for him; and he that feels them not, is insupportable to them: He that is not burdened with them, is a Burden to them; should a Courser that is deck'd with Trappings of Gold and Purple, and carries a General in Triumph to the Capital, take a Pride in the Arches, the Shouts and Acclamations of the People? or rather complain of his Accoutrements, which are a Burden rather than an Ornament unto him; when Gold as it is glorious, so it is ponderous too. Alas! there are few that talk with you, but with your Fortune only; few that make Obeisance to you, but to the Dignities (a) which you bear; and therefore no share remains to you, no more than to the Steed, but the Pains and the Burden.

*Happy the Man, whom bounteous Gods allow,
With his own Hand Paternal Grounds to plow!
Like the first golden Mortals happy he,
From Business and the Cares of Money free.
No humane Storms break off at Land his Sleep,
No loud Alarms of Nature on the Deep;
From all the Cheats of Law he lives secure,
Nor does th' Affronts of Palaces endure.
Oh happy! if he knew his happy State,
The Swain, who free from Business and Debate,
Receives his easy Food from Nature's Hand,
And just Returns of cultivated Land.
No Palace, with a lofty Gate, he wants
To admit the Tides of early Visitants;
With eager Eyes devouring, as they pass,
The breathing Figures of Corinthian Brasts:
But easy Quiet, a secure Retreat,
A harmless Life, that knows not how to cheat;
With homebred Plenty the rich Owner blest,
And rural Pleasures crown his Happiness;*

(a) *Pauca Reges non regna colunt, Sen. Herc. Ost.*

*Unwea'd with Quarrels, undisturb'd with Noise,
The Country King his peaceful Realm enjoys.*

If by the Divine Goodness and Clemency, Ambition were once quite exterminated or rooted up out of the Hearts of Men, it would be a greater difficulty (I doubt not) to persuade Men to bear rule, than to obey: O unhappy and wretched Command then, that is thus fool'd by Ambition, which makes Men believe that they command others, when themselves are Slaves both to it and others! He that commands, commands only for to (b) serve, and to serve those who stoop to him, only that they may command him. Behold the Shepherd, who is an Emblem of him that governs People; and tell me whether the Flock serves him, or he the Flock. To squeeze their Milk, and their Wool, doth not make him not to be a Servant; it makes him not to be a free noble Servant, but a mercenary one. If a Man must seek out dainty Viands for Food, if he must be clothed with Gold and Purple, if armed with Sword or Firebrands, he hath no cause to complain of Nature, that she hath left him (alone) among all Creatures, as it were without Clothes, or Food, or Arms. But if he would bear Rule and Dominion over Men, he hath some Cause to complain of her, because to him (alone) of all other Creatures, hath she assigned Dominion and Sovereignty over all other Creatures. Have you lost your Dignities? you have not lost them, but (c) surrendered them; they are the Favours of Fortune, being seldom Characters of Merit, but of Audacity. What other Goodness have they in them, but what he stamps on them that doth enjoy them? if he be not good, they are not Dignities but Indignities; you have not then lost your Dignities, but they have lost him that gave them that Denomination, and made them (d) Dignities.

Some Men are born to command, and some to obey. Principality should be measured by the Intellect, not by Cities and Provinces: He is not always a Master of others, that hath others under him; it is Fortune that confounds the Works of Nature: our Lord God hath stamp'd the Character of the worthiest Man in the noblest and worthiest part of Man. In a Play, the Actors Habits and Disguises may well deceive those Spectators that are below, but not those that see them near hand. The wise Man was upon the Stage to behold the Comedy, when he said, *Prov. 10. 17. I see the Master walk on foot, while the Servants ride on Horse-*

(b) *Magna servitus est magna fortuna; ex quo Caesar orbi terrarum dedicavit sibi eripuit.* Sen. Consol. ad Polyb.

(c) *Laude manentem fortunam, si celeres quatit pennas resigno quæ dedit.* Horat. od.

(d) *Epaminondas honores ita gessit, ut ornamentum non accipere sed dare ipsi dignitati videretur.* Just. l. Hist.

back.

back. Our World here below is (for the most part) Antipodes, or counter to that of the Intelligences; there they argue the greatest Dignity from the greatest measure of Knowledge, and here he hath the greatest Dignities (often) who hath the least portion of Knowledge: When a Man is born in a higher Degree or Condition, and is inferior in Brain, he is an Error or Oversight of Nature, a Monster; or if so be she had an Intention to make him such, it was either to chastise, or to instruct, to shew that all that are born in this World are not born for the World.

Would you know what kind of things those Dignities were which you enjoyed? Consider what those are that do enjoy them: With how many, would

you change Conditions, if you were to change Persons withal? wherefore they are not good of themselves, since they do (e) not make Men good. I have seen them more apt to corrupt Goodness, than to beget it: our Nature is too frail to attain to Perfection in Goodness. It is rashness to seek an Augmentation of Virtue from Temptation; for they do (oftentimes) change it, but always impair it. To subdue our own Affection is a difficult Task: but to vanquish both our own and others too is almost impossible. What Mind will bound its Contentment with a little that enjoyeth much? what Humility that meets with Obsequiousness and Homage, doth not turn to Pride? So that Honour

*Is Pride's Original, but Nature's Grave,
The Hero's Tyrant, and the Coward's Slave;
Born in the noisy Camp, it lives on Air,
And both excites by Hope and by Despair.
Angry whene'er a Moment's Ease we gain,
And reconcil'd at our Returns of Pain.
It lives when in Death's Arms the Hero lies,
But if his Safety he consults it dies.*

Dignity is like a Purple Attire, which doth embellish Dirt, because it hides the Ugliness of it; but disgraceth Gold, because it hides the Splendor of it. Every thing is bright where the Sun shineth; but a Carbuncle, if you will have it glitter and sparkle, place it in the Dark; remove it out of another Light, if you will see its own. Virtue desires to

be naked, despoiled of Dignities, and sequestred from Wealth; it is a Gem that shews all its Worth, when it is all discovered; it cannot be so neatly enchas'd, but the Beauty of that part will be concealed that is enchas'd.

You are come down from the Hill, not thrown down thence; and now since we are all upon the Plain and Level, we will measure

(e) *Quicquam ne bonum est, quod non eum qui possidet mellorem facit.* Cic. parad. 1.

them together. The Distance of the Eye deceiveth it: in Figures that are handfom, it perceives not all the Beauty of them; and in those that are mishapen, it discovers not all their Defects. A little Statue becomes not greater by being placed on a Hill, nay Statues being placed on high do lessen, or (at least) seem lesser to the Eye of him that beholds 'em, tho not to him, who, taking the Basis with the Statue, doth measure both together.

Men are not therefore nearer Heaven because they are advanced above us: he that mounts higher hath the more need to descend; the way to climb high, is not to climb: you may see one exalted upon the Throne above others, who is far below others. The Thoughts of that Man who seems to you to touch the Stars, are oftentimes as low as Hell: that Body which you see is not the Body of him you see, it is his Carcase (f), there Man is where his best part resides; or if he be not there, he shall go thither.

Heaven is made for humble Men, not for the great ones; he that is sometimes nearest unto it, sees it least; he that stands on the top of a Mountain, sees nothing else but the Sun; whereas he that is in the bottom of a Well, can thence number the Stars also. You may (perhaps) be aggrieved that your Command is taken from you: Nature, which hath planted in Man that most (g) ardent de-

sire of Command, would have shew'd her self an envious Mother, if she had not also given something to command. There is no Man but hath a Kingdom within himself, and he is not worthy to be a King over others, that is not first a King over himself: rejoice that you are a Commander over your own Affections, to see your Passions so good Subjects. This Harmony brings you to hear that of the Spheres, and to contemplate that of God himself; and in this most delightful Symmetry, you shall taste that Peace and Tranquillity of Mind, which was by ancient Sages reputed the Felicity of the Blessed. If you may not come in place to right the Oppressed, and do them Justice, yet you may procure it to be done: if you have nothing left to relieve Men withal, yet you have whereby to pity them, and that Poverty which you cannot relieve, you can support and bear. In all Places there is a Place for the Exercise of Virtue, for one that would exercise Virtue and not Ambition; and there it appears greatest, where the least Reward is expected by it.

What avails it a Man to be a Commander over others, if he be (h) a Slave to his own Passions? What availeth it to dwell in Palaces (to whose sumptuous Fabrick even the remotest Provinces of the World are Tributary) if in the mean while the

(f) Scito te mortalem non esse, sed corpus hoc: nec enim is es quem forma ista declarat; sed mens cujusq; is est quisque. Cic. in Somn. Scip.

(g) Cupido dominandi cunctis affectibus flagrantior. Tacit. 2. Hist.

(h) Si vis omnia tibi subjici, teipsum subjice rationi. Sen. lib. 1. Ep. 36. Multos reges si ratio te rexerit. Idem.

Soul inhabits a sordid nasty Body? What Harmony can recreate that Man that is composed of nought but Discord within himself? And what Food can nourish him that labours with a thousand Diseases, and is upon the Rack of Torments? Is not this Body of Clay enough to press down the Soul, except we clog it also with the weight of Cities, and Provinces and Kingdoms? The Greatness of Dignities is a Circumstance which doth always add weight unto our Faults, but never to our Services; and this is sometimes Mens Reward in the World, that have deserved well of it. It is very true that this Transition from a Place of eminent Command, unto a private Life, is not easily (i) concocted, except only by those, who do not change their Intellect by changing their Condition. If a Painter blot out a Picture that was drawn in a Table, and makes a new one in its Place, that Table is not the same tho it be the

same; because the Table doth not give the Name to the Picture, but the Picture to it: our Understanding is a (k) *sheene Tablet* wherein no Lines are drawn; the Pictures and *Phantasms* of great ones, which are imprinted in it, are not the same with those of private Men; therefore the same Man's Intellect, is not the same when he becomes a private Man: The Change of a Man's Condition is the Death of one Man, and the Generation of another; and a good Death it is, if it be the Generation of a good Man. Troubles, my Friend, are (when we err) the Rewards of our Errors; and when we do not err, an Augmentation of our Merit; either they abate and expiate the Ill, or augment the Good. They are always Good themselves, because he is always Good that sends them; if they appear Evil, it is because he is Evil that suffers under them. Thus

*Honour is like that glassy Bubble,
Which finds Philosophers such Trouble:
Whose least part crackt, the Whole does fly,
And Wits are crackt to find out why.*

But you are not unfortunate because you have lost your Dignities; rather you are happy if you look not after them: he obtains enough who obtains this, even to desire nothing. Those Men are happy from whom Fortune cannot take away, not they on whom she may bestow. She is not un-

pleasing but to him, who was too much pleased with her: She cannot take away but from him that was her *Almsman*: we call her unjust, when we our selves are so. We complain of her for taking that which she had bestowed, instead of giving her Thanks that she had bestowed it.

(i) *Infeliciſſimum infortunii genus eſt aliquando fuiſſe felicem.* Boetius de Conſol. l. 2.

(k) *ἡ ἀνοπτερά γραμματεῖον, velut tabula rafa.* Arist. 3. de anima. She

She doth not rob, but re-assume: our worldly Felicities are but borrowed; when they are not restored back, they leave us of themselves. Death is a Minister of (*l*) Fortune; and see what Arrears of Debts are unpaid unto this, they will be exacted of that other.

He that (in misfortunes) looseth not the String of Virtue, is like an Arrow which (when it looseth not the String of the Bow) doth fly so much the more forward, by how much the more it was drawn backward. Fortune doth not retreat with an Intention to forsake, but to prove us; and where it finds great Spirits, there it returns with the greater Equipage. He deserves not to entertain Fortune at her best, when he cannot bear her Company at the worst: whilst we seek her unseasonably before the time, we oftentimes meet our Death; and whilst she returns to us at her own leisure, she doth often find us dead. He that hoisteth Sails, and displays them upon the Sailyards, when the Sea is rough and boisterous, either sinks the Vessel or splits it; we must be content to keep below when our being higher may endanger our Sinking. He that cannot obtain a Calm, and yet by all means will needs sail in a Tempest, doth not sail, but run a ground, and

doth (many times) make himself unfit to entertain calm Weather when it comes and smiles upon him, because it finds him either already split or drown'd. Adversity hath not the power to disturb much, but such a (*m*) Mind as was enervated by Prosperity. If the *Stoicks* had not confounded together the Pains of the Body with the Passions of the Mind, they had not (perhaps) fancied an Impassibility, when they fancied an Indolency: for as in one Case, it cannot consist with a sound Mind; so in the other Case, it may be imputed (perhaps) to the Greatness of Wisdom. Disasters are light or (*n*) heavy, as we are pleased to make them; for they have no other Being or Existence than in Opinion; if they were (*o*) real things, they would be alike in all.

Consider in your Case how many Men there be who have not those Dignities which you possess, and yet do not complain. If you reply that they do not complain for not having them, because they have not had them; you complain (it seems) not for what you are, but for what you have been, and so you grieve for Good, and not for Evil. Nay tell me also how many infirm Men, how many Beggars and other sorts of People would deem them-

(*l*) He means Fate or Providence.

(*m*) *Quem res plus justo delectavere secunda, mutata quatient.* Horat. Ep. l. i.

(*n*) *Ad opinionem dolemus, tam miser est quisq; quam credit.* Sen. Epist. 78. lib. i.

(*o*) *Nemo aliarum sensu miser est.* Salvian. de provid. lib. i.

selves (p) happy, if they were in your Condition: And do you call it an Unhappiness to be that which so many Men would account Happiness to arrive at? If you be upon those Terms (which I scarce believe) you are no way unhappy, but that you understand not your own Happiness.

All Estates and Conditions of Men in the World are (q) equal: If a Man will not change Crosses with any other when he sees what comes to every Man's Lot and Share; much less will he change Felicities with any: for those also are equal, if not in the Scales of Weight, yet (at least) in the ballance of Justice: and if (at any time) the Freshness or Novelty make a Difference, it is the Difference but of a few Days; Asluefaction will presently produce it to a Geometrical Equality. The Felicities of this World are not in things themselves, they subsist in Opinions only, and so become great or small, according as they are apprehended; and they have the greatest share of them, that believe they have it. Sovereignty is like a Mountain which seems to the Subjects (who are at the foot of it) with its towering Head to touch the Sky; but to those that are at the top, it seems with its Basis to reach Hell.

There is no Degree or Condi-

on of Man but is subject to Satety: we ever desire what we do not possess; and our Will (since it lives under those Spheres, which are in perpetual Motion) can never be at rest. Private Persons do envy the Greatness of Princes, and Princes do envy the quiet Repose of (r) private Persons; yet they will never descend or reduce themselves to this state of Life, but rather still fear what they sometimes desire; as tho they are asham'd to become such as they wou'd seem to desire to have been at first. Be not therefore troubled that you are arriv'd at that state of Life, which you have often envy'd in them that did enjoy it. There are some sort of Maladies incident to Men, that the Party must be well beaten before he can be cur'd. What things do Men use to wish to Souls departed, that they may be happy? Not incessant Motion, surely, but everlasting Rest. Behold you are this day invested in that Bliss which you shall enjoy in Eternity, if you can bear it well in this temporal Life. Every Man that hath his Quietness is not at Ease: but as that Motion is best, the Author and Cause whereof is ever quiet; so that Quietness is worst, which hath within it an active Principle that loves no Rest.

(p) *Nullam tam miseram nominabis domum quæ non inveniatur in inferiore solatium.* Sen. Conf. ad Marciam, cap. 12.

(q) *Mihi videtur rerum natura quod gravissimum fecit, commune fecisse: ut crudelitatem fati consolaretur æqualitas.* Sen. Conf. ad Polyb. cap. 21.

(r) *Si non essem Alexand. Diogenes esse vellem.* Plut. de Fortuna Alexand.

Rest

Rest you quietly, my Friend, under the cover of that Harbour to which that Wind of *Envy* hath driven you, with thought to drown you; avoid the angry and unquiet Ocean, that Sea which hath swallow'd even *Palinures* and expert *Pilots*, or when they could not break them with a Storm, have lull'd them fast asleep. You have already bury'd *Envy* under your Ruins, and over them you may build *Colossuses*, or Monuments of Glory; you are not fallen, you have only laid your self down, not by any Fever or Malady, but with a purpose to take your Repose. *Envy* is left behind to wait upon those Dignities which you enjoy'd; which are no way good if they be envy'd: *Envy* is a Worm which breeds only among Corruption; it doth not fly at true Worth and Goodness, if it doth not find it wrapt in secular Affairs, which are attended with Profit and Glory.

There is no other way of Goodness than to be good in God's Eyes; and he that is such, is so secure from *Envy*, that he oftentimes falls within the Compass of Compassion. Consider those who live like wild Beasts among craggy Rocks, and horrid Woods, who being full of Grace and celestial Virtues, and being seque-

stred from Men, do mix Conversation with the Angels in the Contemplation of their Creator: and then tell me, I pray you, whether any doth envy their Condition? either they are pity'd or commended. Moreover let us regard those Virtues rather, which make a Man good, than those which make a Man great; so we should live safe from the *Envy* of Men, who measure Goodness by Greatness, and think him the better Man who is the higher. Leave, Friend, these Walls which hinder your Prospect, and contract your Horizon; these Walls which take away the Prerogative which God gave unto Man, to contemplate Heaven, without discomposing his Head: What other thing doth those black Habits import (which at first entrance do greet our Eyes) than Grief and Sorrow, for the Loss of Liberty which unawares they are depriv'd of? To live in a great City, what is it but to live in a spacious Prison, where Men are so wretched and lost, that they know not their own natural Necessities, except the senseless Clock (which is in perpetual Motion) put them in mind of them? as tho all things here depended upon the Wheel of Fortune, or of the Clock.

Oh let me in the Country range! ———
Nature makes Arbours here, and ev'ry Tree
Disposes all its Boughs to favour me;
Here warbling Birds in airy Raptures sing
Their glad Pindaricks to the welcome Spring:
The Valleys too, here Echo's do repeat,
Here gentle Winds do moderate Summers Heat;
Clear is the Air, and verdant is the Grass,
My Couch of Flowers, the Streams my Looking-glass.

*The beauteous Scene of aged Mountains,
Smiling Valleys, murm'ring Fountains;
Lambs in Flow'ry Pastures bleating,
Eccho our Complaints repeating;
Bees with busy Sounds delighting,
Groves to gentle Sleep inviting;
Whispering Winds the Poplars courting,
Swains in Rustick Circles sporting;
Birds in chearful Notes expressing
Nature's Bounty and their Blessing.*

*These afford a lasting Pleasure,
Without Guilt, and without Measure.*

Then, my Friend, leave these Walls, which can never so defend you, but they, at the same time, may oppress you with their Fall. Come with me under the cool shades of Cedars and Beech: come where no other Inchantment shall fill your Ears, than the chanting of the Nightingal, nor any other Murmurs than that of the chrystal Brooks; where all Favours and Benefits are expected from the Bounty of Heaven, not of Men. Here you shall see the *Philomel* innocently displaying her Wings, and freely roving in the Woods from Tree to Tree, and with the Air of her Wings,

mingle the sweet Air and warbling Notes of her Voice: not like the *City Birds* which are constrain'd to make their Voices mercenary, to beg their Meat in Tune, and earn it with a Musick Lesson; so that I know not whether these Prisoners (being also bewitch'd with these Walls) do lament or sing the Loss of their own Liberty. But in the Country, — 'Tis there we breathe, 'tis there we live! — Then who would live in the City that has a *Coach or Legs* to carry him out of it; or seek *Honour*, except it dwells in a Grove, or a Country Village?

*Hail old Patrician Trees ! so Great and Good,
Hail the Plebeian Underwood !*

Where the Poetick Birds rejoice ;

*And for their quiet Nests and plenteous Food,
Pay with their grateful Voice :*

Hail the poor Muses, richest Mannor Seat !

Ye Country Houses and Retreat !

Which all the happy Gods so love,

That for you oft they quit

Their bright and great Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a House for me erect,

Nature the wisest Architect !

Who those fond Artists does despise,

That can the fair and living Trees neglect,

Yet the dead Timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft Winds above me flying;
With all the wanton Birds dispute,
And the more tuneful Birds to both replying;
Nor be my self too mute,

A Silver Stream still rous his Waters near,
Gilt with Sun-beams here and there,
On whose enamel'd Bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile, and hear
How prettily they talk.

O Fountains ! when in you shall I
My self, eas'd of unpeaceful Thoughts, espy ?
Oh Fields ! Oh Woods ! when, when shall I be made
The happy Tenant of your Shade ?

Here's the Spring-head of Pleasure's Flood,
Where all the Riches lie

That she has coin'd and stamp'd for Good.
Pride and Ambition here

Only in far-fetch'd Metaphors appear;
Here nought but Winds can hurtful Murmurs scatter,
And nought but Echo flatter.

The Gods, when they descended hither
From Heaven, did always chuse their way;
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the way too thither.

Then farewell Honours ! Fare-
well Courts and Cities ! for what
are these (not worth naming) if
compar'd with the Pleasures and
Innocence of a Country Life ?
'Tis here the Waters run under
the harmless Laurel with chaste and
undefil'd Beauty, and sometimes
running gently out of their
Channels, leaving Pearly Drops
upon the golden Flours, and
sweetly kissing the enamel'd Herbs,
do make them teeming fertile
with their amorous Embraces :
There (in the Cities) you may

see them forc'd from their natu-
ral Course, and deflower'd, and
(being convey'd thro close Pri-
sons and Channels) taught to as-
pire proudly towards Heaven, to
fall afterwards more violently
to the Earth. See how these
Matters do instruct us, that in the
Cities Men cannot, in their own
natural state, be advanc'd, that
have not first lost their native
Liberty ; and that the end of
their Exaltation and Mounting
up, is to (s) fall with the greater
Precipitation.

(s) Tolluntur in altum, ut casu graviore ruant. Claud.

PARADOX XIX.

The Restor'd Maidenhead: or, a Paradox proving, A marry'd Woman may be twice a Virgin—Occasion'd by Madam W—n's being unmarried by Act of Parliament, &c.

Ye spiteful Powers (if there can be
That boast a worse and keener Spite than I)
Assist with Malice, and your mighty Aid,
My sworn Revenge, and help me, rhyme her Dead.
Oldham's Satyr.

Mulieri ne credas, ne mortua quidem—

Horat.

THE PREFACE to the following PARADOX.

IT would be almost a ridiculous Excuse for a (Paradoxical) Satyr, that it is rough and undress'd, since in my Judgment that is one of the principal Characters of that way of Writing. At least, what Spencer says of Love, is true of Grief, that 'tis nothing nice; and the more carelessly the Flowers are strow'd on the Herse of the Deceas'd, the more natural and gracefully they'll appear. Were I in a humour to make Excuses, the next should be, for some strokes here, severe enough on the fair Sex; for which they may, if they please, be angry without weighing the high Occasion: But for those who are so just to do so, I shall be so civil to own I except them out of those general Rules hereafter deliver'd.

As for those concern'd; if they are angry, I'm glad on't; if they rave, 'tis what I desire; and if they hang themselves, 'twould be the best Action they ever did in their Lives; and, I believe, the only good one. Friends or Enemies be they, I'll detain 'em no longer in the Preface, but finish that, and fall to work on the main Business.

As Sir John J——n (who was hang'd for it). contriv'd the Wedding of Madam W——n, who is here unmarried (or rather restor'd to her Maidenhead by Act of Parliament) 'tis necessary this generous (but unfortunate) Gentleman should lead the way in this fatal Paradox.

BRAVE Man ! the Sacrifice of *Female Spite*,
 In *Tears* or *Blood* thy loud-tongu'd Wrongs we'll write ;
 Whilst e'en thy *Step-dame*, *England*, pities thee,
 Whilst thy distracted Mother *Albany*
 Her dear lov'd Son's untimely Fall laments,
 His sudden Loss, and too hard Fate *resents*.
 Her Groans are heard to both her distant Seas,
 From the *Pilts* Wall to frozen *Orcades* ;
 Nor shall she mourn alone, nor shall he go
 All unreveng'd to th' empty Shades below.
 Her *Fame*, t' appease our murder'd Hero, dies,
 We'll on his Herse her *Honour* sacrifice ;
 All her bewitching Charms just Victims made,
 Expiring round the Tomb t' atone his Shade.
 Nay, her whole treach'rous perjur'd *Sex* comes in,
 Those Serpents made to tempt the World to Sin ;
 Then damn 'em, and despise 'em for't— O why,
 (Might we thus reason with the Deity)
 Are the less harmless *Fiends* in Darknefs chain'd,
 While *Woman*, subtler *Woman*, free remain'd.
 How blest were *Man*, how free from Pain and Vice,
 And all the Earth e'en yet one Paradise ;
 Had not hard Fate, for the alloy of Life,
 Doom'd him to that *Familiar Devil*, Wife ;
 Woman ! There's Ropes and Daggers in the Name,
 The Dregs of the Creation, Nature's Shame :
 Yet *This* is worse than all, if worse can be,
 They're the *Epitomy* of Hell, and she
 Is all her Sexes curs'd *Epitomy*.
 Poor harmless *Infant* ! I her Fate deplore,
Fourteen Hands high the *Beast*, nor less, nor more ;
 Scarce large enough, alas ! to make a W——
 Weak new-spawn'd *Toad*, innocent pretty thing,
 Young *Viper* ; who wou'd think it yet shou'd sting ?
 Or *Scorpion* rather, for her *Venom* lies
 Not in her Mouth (*tho wide*) nor in her Eyes :
 Tho, like a *Basilisk's*, they the Heart assail,
 The *Scorpion* bears its Poison in its *Tail*.
 In her swol'n *Veins*, Hells of hot *Sulphur* roll,
 Some lustful Devil supplies the place of *Soul* :
 Of nobler humane Off-spring name her not,
 By salt *Asmodeus* on a She-Goat got ;
 Yet saltier than the Linage whence she came,
 See how she do's e'en her black Parents shame,
 She's ten times hotter than her Sire or Dam.
 She who was by lost *Anthony* ador'd,
 That *Queen of Whores* her self scarce earlier whor'd :

Tho in her *Leading-strings* 'tis thought she stray'd,
 And e'er she learnt her *own*, forgot the name of *Maid*.
 Nor with the Brand of *Common Fame* content,
 She's a *State-W*—— by *Art* of ——
 For tell me that wise *Oedipus* that can,
 What is she else, who having *tasted Man*,
 Tasted, and gorg'd her self, and pleas'd to th' *Life*,
Is neither Widow, Ravish'd Maid, nor Wife ?
 This monstrous Sight (expos'd to publick View,
 An odder, fruitful *Africk* never knew)
 Wou'd raise her Fortune soon, and make it more
 Than those vast Sums which damn'd her deep before !
August Assembly ! might the Muse presume,
 With rude unhallow'd Feet, your Sacred Room
 T' approach and view, she'd search a-round and try
Where the miraculous secret Power did lie :
 That Power by which you what you please effect,
 And, like the *Guardian Minds* above, direct
 Our Under-World : But as my Reason may
 Th' Eternal Law-Giver's just Dictates weigh,
 Before I this believe, or that obey ;
 Fate cannot, what is lost, the *same* restore,
 Nor all the *Wit* and Power on Earth do more,
 What's past is past——a *W*—— is still a *W*——.
 The nimble God may argue while he will,
 Yet spite of's Wit, *Sofia is Sofia still*.
 How long soe'er he drub him, still's the same,
 And keeps the *Person*, tho he lose the *Name*.
 Poor modest Creature ! must thy wish'd *Escape*
 From jealous *Guardian Dam* be call'd a *Rape* ?
 How oft hast thou been *ravish'd* thus before ?
 How oft the same sweet Peal rung o'er and o'er ?
 The first blest Night, by the most blest of Men,
 All Bridegrooms such be sure are reckon'd then,
 How often didst thou wish the same again ?
 What *tickling Pleasure*, mounted to the height,
 Swum in thy *foolish Eyes* that fatal Night,
 And did the eager Youth to thy hot Arms invite ?
 Thus *Helen* ravish'd was, when *Theseus* bore
 The *willing Plunder* from the *Grecian Shoar* :
 She cry'd, but *softly* 'twas—quite dumb with Fear—
 Poor cautious Fool—lest any one shou'd hear.
 And when the dreadful *Warrior* had convey'd
 To some convenient Place the trembling *Maid*,
 She bore, or else the Poet says not true,
 His *Amorous Rage* as peaceably as you.
 She's ne'er the worse, fair *Helen's Helen* still,
 These Fortunes ever may do what they will ;

A Bride for *Menelaws* as compleat,
As you for the next Plier in the Street.

But if no Rape's i'th Case, 'tis yet confess
By all, the Fact was Felony at least.

O Crime abhor'd ! no sign of Discontent,
No least Effort the Robbery to prevent,
Surely he stole her with her own Consent.

Others with higher Crimes *Lysander* load,
'Twas as flat *Robb'ry* as any o'th' Road.

But that he bid her *stand*, she dares not tell,
For e'er he drew his Pistol, *down she fell*.

Tho down she fell she was not baffled quite,
But on all four, like *Venner's Gang*, did fight;

Aloud the subtle Frigate Quarter roar'd,
Till with th' Assailant she was board and board :

Broadside for Broadside then so briskly fir'd,
That *Man of War* sheer'd off and first was tir'd :

So greedily the hungry Bride fell to,
The Bridegroom's haste could hardly hers out-do :

She almost curs'd the *Parson* to his Face,
For bantring 'em with such a *tedious Grace*.

But never did that *Tail-less Fox* accuse

For knitting 'twixt 'em both the fatal *Noose* :

That curs'd enchanted Knot of Hand or Heart,
Death and the P——t alone cou'd part.

(Tell me ye shackled Mortals ! is't not true ?)

The happiest Law that ever *England* knew :

That those who Nature's *Freeborn Subjects* join
In Matrimonial Twist —————

Lose all their Rights both Humane and Divine :

(Invent a heavier Sentence he that can !)

At once degraded both from *Priest* and *Man*.

Could I believe there was no *After-Doom*,

But all were endless Sleep beyond the Tomb ;

As *Malmsbury* the ravish'd Sparks wou'd tell,

The rest o'th' Doctrine I cou'd credit well,

And think a *married Life* the only *Hell*.

Wou'd the kind *Man in black* but go quite thro',

And those whom he has marry'd, bury too,

The Knot h' has ty'd wou'd he but strait undo :

'Twou'd be so very good, and very kind,

We wou'd forget he bound, wou'd he unbind,

And frankly cancel all the Scores behind.

If not, the *gentler Hangman* shou'd supply

His vacant *Cure* ; for easier 'tis to die

In one half Hour, than rack'd with Cares and Fears,

For twenty, thirty, forty tedious Years,

Hang'd

Hang'd up in *Marriage-Chains*, and Hour by Hour
 Have some sharp rav'nous Wife the mangl'd Corps devour.
 Who in his Wits at least that wou'd not choose,
 Before he thrust his Head in that curs'd Noose,
 That *Matrimonial brake*, the Bridal Bed,
 Whence he ne'er draws his Horns without his Head:
 Who wou'd not rather to the World commend
 That brave, that generous, God-like thing — *a Friend*?
 A Friend — there's every thing contain'd i'th Name,
 A *Second Self*'s too narrow — 'tis the *same*:
 Two Lutes in one Angelick Confort join'd,
 Two Bodies mov'd by one harmonious Mind,
 Pure all their Pleasure, noble and refin'd,
 It leaves no Guilt, nor Stain, nor Sting behind:
 No dirty base *alloy* of Shame or Sin,
 Here no unlucky *Sex* comes *stealing* in.
Flattery, the greatest Plague by Hell design'd
 To ruin Mortals next to *Woman-kind*;
 That noble *Link* does neither twist nor break,
 In Friendship's Language *Things* not *Words* they speak,
 If one of these can an ill Action do,
 Or suffer ill, the other feels it too.
 Two *Unisons*, so even and so like,
 This gently trembles if on that you strike:
 Rude Hands in vain to murder one pretend,
 A *Friend* is still immortal in his *Friend*.

Thus, Ah! in vain we our wild Griets express,
 But can't thy miserable Fate redress.
 In vain the World thy Worth and Thee commends,
Stiles thee the Bravest and the Best of Friends.
 What then remains, but with new Rage to fall
 On that accursed Sex that caus'd it all;
 Th' Eternal Springs of Murder, Mischief, Strife,
 Th' Inquisitors, the Racks, the Plagues of Life.
 What Place, what Cavern, subtle Nature knows,
 Does not hard Fate to the curs'd Sex expose?
 Not only they, while here on Earth rebel,
 But make as bad Disturbance e'en in Hell.
 Grim *Pluto* can't his Iron Scepter sway,
 But *Proserpine* must strive to snatch't away,
 And make the Ghosts their Sovereign disobey.
 Ah poor *Belphegor* — did the black Divan
 Order thee to indue the Form of Man,
 To taste the Sweets and Bitterness of Life,
 And bless and double damn thee in a Wife!
 Nor have they pester'd Earth and Hell alone,
 Since from the Sex *Jove* scarce secures his Throne;

With Fear and Awe do's his dread Scepter hold,
 For reverence of his immortal Scold.
 Her Tongue outdoes his feebler Thunder's Sound,
 And shakes scar'd Nature's universal Round.
 His dreadful twy-fork'd Bolt not nimbler flies,
 Nor Sheets of Flame wide-wasting thro the Skies,
 There is no Lightning like her Hands and Eyes.
Juno does his illustrious Tresses tear,
 Twists her long Fingers in his Beard and Hair,
 And throws the precious Spoils around the Air.
 Hence bearded Comets thro the Clouds are hurl'd,
 And dreadful hairy Meteors fright the World,
 Portending Battel, Murder, every Woe,
 Poor sympathetick *Husbands* feel below :
 O Emblem of a Wife, as curs'd as proud,
 As restless, fierce, unconscionable, loud !
 What Cyclops wou'd within her hearing venture,
 She out- roars *Mars*, as far as *Mars* did *Stentor*,
 And with her very Whispers shakes the Center.
 These and a thousand more, which Stories tell,
 The Plagues of groaning Earth, of Heaven and Hell ;
 I'd honour, dote on, idolize, commend,
Before the Wretch who ruin'd such a Friend.
 Nor shall she, tho so fain she wou'd escape,
 And louder than before cries out a *Rape* !
 Is this the *Thing* for which *Lysander* dy'd ?
 This *Bubble* of ill Nature, Lust and Pride ?
 Since *Fate* foresaw she was for *Mischief* born,
 Why was she not expos'd to Want and Scorn ?
 Why did it not those *Weapons* from her take,
 Which her curst *Sex* so formidable make ?
 Well it begun the Work, but did not hold ;
 It gave not *Beauty* ; Ah ! why gave it *Gold* ?
Gold ! which so high can raise the amorous Fire,
 And more than *Wine* it self inflame Desire.
Gold ! which like *Thunder* breaks, like *Lightning* flies,
 And pierces deeper far than *Silvia's* Eyes.
 More fair than the fair *Sex*, to give't its due,
 Far the more lasting *Beauty* of the two.
 Twenty or thirty Years make Women old,
 But who finds fault with bent *Jacobus Gold* ?
Gold ! which can make a *Virgin* of, a W———
 And stranger yet, can Maidenheads restore :
 For here's an Act that has a *Virgin* made,
 That was a Wife (or W———) as some have said :
 But had she wanted Mony, or been poor,
 What Act cou'd pass ? She still had been a W———,
 If you shou'd ask me what's a *Maidenhead*,
 I know not, but as *Madam W——n* said,

' A Thing I have long * enjoy'd, if that I may
 ' Be said t' enjoy a Thing I wish'd away ;
 ' And the first Knowledge of it that I boast,
 ' Is that I know my valu'd Trifle's lost.
 The Morning after Marriage, thus she cry'd,
 (At least her Actions with these Words did fide)
 And Sir John F——n for her *L U S T* has dy'd.
 But lo ! the modest Creature having Store
 Of Gold, she wou'd her *Maidenhead* restore,
 And now by *ACT*, she's neither Wife, nor W ——
 Ah ! had she been but despicably poor,
 No Wealth nor Quality to lard the W ——
 But for a *Bottle* and a *Supper* ply'd
 At Court or Play-house, *Fleetstreet* or *Cheapside* ;
 The worst she e'er had done, or e'er cou'd do,
 Had been t'have *Clap'd* an eager Fool or two ;
 Then sent 'em home, their *Veins* and *Pockets* drain'd,
 To boast of what they *lost* and what they *gain'd*.

* i.e. *About*
14 Years.

But since, poor Wretch, she has been *wrong'd* before,
 Let's use her tenderly, for yet she's *sore*,
 And wish she never may be *ravish'd* more.
 May that fair *Reputation* you possess,
 Ever remain: Still may the People bless
 Your Memory, Madam, as they yet have done,
Stark mad for Love and *Admiration* run ;
 And wish, tho they despair t' obtain the Grace,
 To view a little nearer your sweet Face,
And get a Look, a Kiss, or an Embrace ;
 Supply your abdicated *Drudges* room,
 E'er some foul Sin your nauseous Corps consume.

Parador XX.

That Inconstancy is a most commendable Virtue.

ALL Things must obey this fatal Law of Change ; not to mention more remote Instances, I'll go no farther than your self, Reader, who've no doubt chang'd from Infancy to Youth, and 'tis to be hop'd have chang'd your Ignorance to a little Understanding, and it may be, a *Hobby-horse* for a *Mistress*, your Innocence for some experienc'd Evil, your Money for many changeable Trifles : nay, to shew you how impossible 'tis to avoid Change, consider but your *Respiration*, you'll find every puff of Breath you send out changes *Atoms* with what we receive. And now, I hope, I've said enough for your Conviction, let me, pray, but recommend one Change

Change to you, which will be much for your Ease, do but change from a ——— to a wise Man, and then I'll ingage the Inconstancy of Men will never trouble you, nor of Women neither: for, Reader, before I prove Inconstancy a Virtue, I'll prove the Women as inconstant as the Men.

——— Yes Ladies, so various you are, that it can't satisfy you to change Servants, Humours, Lovers, Fashions, Complexions, Eyes, Teeth, and Hair, nay, your Religion (if one knew what 'twas) but you must sometimes take a *Fegaty* to change even Sexes too, and really transform your selves into ours, on purpose to disgrace it. For we have several modern Instances, which satisfy us, the Story of *Tiresias* was more than Fable. See but to what a Condi-

tion your *Levity* exposes both your selves and us: We can never be sure of you, you are the *Moral* of *Proteus*; and how sadly wou'd it scare any poor Husband (as who knows whose *Case* it may be next) to go to Bed with a smooth soft Wife, and when he turns about the next Morning, shou'd find her perfectly alter'd, a huge *Hee-Face* and *brawny Shoulders*, ten times worse than the bare-fac'd Lady?

What is there to which you are ever true and constant, so much as Fortune her self, to your own Inconstancy? for if you ever happen to remain five long Minutes in the same Mind, 'tis purely out of Crossness, and for the sake of dear Variety. You will, you will not, you doat, you scorn, you hate, you love by turns, and all in a quarter of an hour.

For as a Pythagorean Soul
Runs thro' all Beasts, and Flesh, and Fowl,
And has a Smack of e'ery one;
So Love does, and has ever done.
And therefore, tho' 'tis ne'er so fond,
Takes strangely to the Vagabond.
'Tis but an Ague that's revers'd,
Whose hot Fit takes the Patient first;
That after burns with Cold, as much
As Ice in Greenland does the Touch.
Melts in the Furnace of Desire
Like Glass, that's but the Ice of Fire:
And when his Heat of Fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.

Those who compare you to the Moon, are hardly so near the Truth as she is to the Earth; for she changes but once a Month, and we know when to expect it: but your Circle is much shorter, and all the *Flamsteeds* in the World cou'd never give us your exact Theory. One great Benefit howe-

ver this is to Mankind, that you can scarce be resolv'd, even in Mischief; at least Variety pleases there too, and you are in search of another, before you've finish'd the former. 'Tis said, our Nation is richer in Humour than any in Europe; and tho' the Stage has large Supplies from it, yet it can never

never be exhausted. If it be so, Ben. Johnson stands fairest for Treasurer, tho he need not have gone farther than any one of his *Merry Wives of Windsor* to have employ'd him all his Life: He needed but have shown one Face in one Play to have had sufficient Variety. The Vulgar are apt to stare at strange Customs and Habits; and shou'd there happen to meet in the Exchange but one Person of every several Dress in the World, 'twou'd be thought a very odd medley. There's this and more in Women, they are all Rain-bow in their Minds, whatever Colour their Faces; or rather it's a Scandal on that more beautiful and stable Meteor to be compar'd with them, for that remains fix'd as long as the Sun and Clouds that make it: Nay, tho the Rain is but successive, and new Drops are still a falling, that unites it self with them all, and is still immovable; nor does it so much as shift its Colours, but the Blue, and Red, and Green, and Yellow, and that lovely mixture of them all, which we can scarce describe, remain in the same Order, when it begins to faint and wither, as they did when it first appear'd or shin'd in its greatest Glory. But what's all this to Women? Truly not much, for they are quite the contrary. They are all shift and alteration; have the perpetual Motion in their Minds as well as Heads, and think it as ridiculous to stay long in the same Opinion as in the same Gown or Toppings, or to have the same Lover.

And there indeed is the Cream of your Constancy, for you are as

remarkable for your stability in Love, as you are in Vertue. Forsaken Lovers, we are to believe, are only Tales invented by the Malicious, the Unfortunate, and the Undeserving. So that we durst not think so unworthily of your Sex, as that you'd suffer a Person of Merit to languish, or that any of you cou'd prove false to him, or forsake him, had we not almost as many Instances of it as we have of such Lovers, who after all perhaps ought to be made Examples, because by their own they infect others with the same Folly. She that has not a new Amour to appear in once a Month, is as melancholy as a poor Girl at a Country Wake, that's taken out to dance without a new Waistcoat. 'Tis well the World is not now much in the Humour of dying for Love; if it were, what wou'd you have to answer for? and how many Graves wou'd you tread on of your own making? and how many Lovers Ghosts wou'd haunt you, and upbraid you with your Infidelity and their Ruin?

Having shewn (what every one finds) the Inconstancy of both Sexes, I'm next to prove Inconstancy (which every one thinks a Vice) a most commendable Virtue in all, but more especially in the fair Sex.

That Women are Inconstant, I with any Man confess; but that Inconstancy is a bad Quality, I against any Man will maintain: For every thing as it is one better than another, so it is fuller of Change.

There's no such thing as Constancy we call,
Faith ties not Hearts, 'tis Inclination all;
Some Wit deform'd, or Beauty much decay'd,
First Constancy in Love a Virtue made;
From Friendship they that Landmark did remove,
And falsly plac'd it on the Bounds of Love.
The World's a Scene of Changes; and to be
Constant in Nature, were Inconstancy:
For 'twere to break the Laws her self has made,
Our Substances themselves do fleet and fade:
The most fix'd being still, does move and fly
Swift as the Wings of Time 'tis measur'd by.
T' imagine then that Love shou'd never cease,
Love! which is but the Ornament of these,
Were quite as senseless as to wonder why
Beauty and Colour stay not when we die.

The Heavens themselves continually turn, the Stars move, the Moon changeth, Fire whirleth, Air flieth, Water ebbs and flows, the Face of the Earth altereth her Looks, Time stays not; the Colour that is most light, will take most Dyes: So in Men, they that have the most Reason are the most inalterable in their Designs; and the darkest or most ignorant, do seldomest change; therefore Women changing more than Men, have also more Reason. They cannot be immutable like Stocks, like Stones, like the Earth's dull Center; Gold that lieth still, rusteth; Water corrupteth; Air that moveth not, poisoneth: Then why should that which is the perfection of other Things, be imputed to Women as the greatest imperfection? because thereby they deceive Men. Are not your Wits pleas'd with those Jest, which cozen your Expectation? You can call it Pleasure to be beguil'd in Troubles, and in the most excellent Toy in the World, you call it Treachery: I wou'd you had your Mistresses so constant, that they would never change, no not so much as their Smocks, then shou'd you see what a fluttish Virtue Constancy were. Inconstancy is a most commendable and cleanly Quality, and Women in this Quality are far more absolute than the Heavens, than the Stars, Moon, or any thing beneath it; for long Observation hath pick'd Certainty out of their Mutability. The Learned are so well acquainted with the Stars, Signs and Planets, that they make them but Characters, to read the meaning of the Heaven in his own Forehead. Every simple Fellow can bespeak the Change of the Moon a great while before hand; but I wou'd fain have the learnedst Man so skilful, as to tell when the simplest Woman meaneth to vary. Learning affords no Rules to know, much less Knowledge to rule the Mind of a Woman: For as Philosophy teacheth us, that light Things do always tend upwards, and heavy Things decline downward; Experience teacheth us otherwise, that the Disposition of a light Woman, is to fall down; the nature

ture of Women being contrary to all Art and Nature. Women are like *Flies*, which feed among us at our Table, or *Fleas* sucking our very Blood, who leave not our most retir'd Places free from their Familiarity, yet for all their Fellowship will they never be tam'd nor commanded by us. *Women are like the Sun, which is violently carry'd one way, yet hath a proper Course contrary*: so tho they, by the mastery of some over-ruling churlish Husbands, are forc'd to his Bias; yet have they a Motion of their own, which their Husbands never know of. It is the nature of nice and fastidious Minds to know things, only to be weary of them: Women by their sly *Changeableness*, and pleasing *Delusions*, prevent even the dislike of those, for they can never be so well known, but that there is still more unknown. *Every Woman is a Science*; for he that plods upon a Woman all his Life long, shall at length find himself short of the Knowledge of her; they are born to take down the Pride of Wit, and Ambition of Wisdom, making *Fools* wise in the adventuring to win them, *wise Men* Fools in conceit of losing their Labours; witty

Men stark mad, being confounded with their Uncertainties. *Philosophers* write against them for spite, not desert, that having attain'd to some Knowledge in all other things, in them only they know nothing, but are merely ignorant. *Active and Experienc'd* Men rail against them, because they love in their lifeless and decrepit Age, when all Goodness leaves them. These envious *Libellers* write against them, because having nothing in themselves able to deserve their Love, they maliciously discommend all they cannot obtain, thinking to make Men believe they know much, because they are able to dispraise much; and rage against *Inconstancy*, when they were never admitted into so much favour as to be forsaken. In my Opinion such Men are happy that Women are *inconstant*, for so may they chance to be belov'd of some excellent Women (when it comes to their turn) out of their *Inconstancy* and Mutability, tho not out of their own Desert. And what reason is there to clog any Woman with one Man, be he ever so constant? But to the *Honour of Inconstancy*, there is no such thing as a *constant Man*.

*I never yet cou'd see that Face,
Had not a Dart for me
From Fifteen Years to Fifty's space,
They all victorious be.
Colour or Shape, good Limbs or Face,
Goodness or Wit in all I find;
In Motion or in Speech a Grace,
If all fail, still 'tis Womankind.
If Tall, the name of Proper slays;
If Fair, she's Pleasant as the Light;
If Low, her Prettiness does please;
If Black, what Lover loves not Night?*

*The Fat, like Plenty, fills my Heart,
The Lean with Love makes me so too;
If Streight, her Body's Cupid's Dart,
To me if Crooked, 'tis his Bow,
Nay Age it self does me to Rage incline,
And Strength to Women gives, as well as Kine;
Him, who loves always one, why shou'd we call
More constant, than the Man loves always all?*

And for the Women they had value Female Charms, are those
rather, and it is far better and that have not Soul enough to
more agreeable, to enjoy all the comprehend their Excellency;
Virtues in several Men, than but Women being the most excellent
some of 'em in one; for otherwise Creatures, in that Man is able to
they lose their Taste, like divers subject all things else, and to
sorts of Meat minc'd together in grow wise in every thing, but
one Dish: and to have all Excel- still persists a Fool in Woman?
lencies in one Man (if it were The greatest Scholar, if he once
possible) is Confusion and Diversi- take a Wife, is found so un-
ty. Now who can deny but such learned, that he must begin his
as are obstinately bent to under- Horn-book, and all is by Inconstancy.

*All my past Life is mine no more,
The flying Hours are gone,
Like Transitory Dreams giveth o'er,
Whose Images are kept in store
By Memory alone.
Whatever is to come, is not;
How can it then be mine?
The present Moment's all my Lot,
And that as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is wholly thine.
Then talk not of INCONSTANCY,
False Hearts and broken Vows;
If I by Miracle can be
This live-long Minute true to thee,
'Tis all that Heav'n allows.*

To conclude therefore, this Name to Variety; for the which the
of Inconstancy, which hath so World is so pleasant, and a Wo-
much been poison'd with Slan- man for that the most delightful
ders, ought to be chang'd in- thing in this World.

Paradox XXI.

That Content is the greatest Misery.

THERE is no one Question which hath so violently tortur'd the Moralists, or variously divided them than that of a *chiefest Good*, which they could never yet so determine, but that it lies open to further Objections, and begets new Doubts: they might (methinks) with more Ease have consider'd the variety of Mens Complexions, and neglecting the search of an Universal Happiness, have affirm'd that the *Summum bonum* was only that which the particular Fancy and Humour of every Man wou'd be pleas'd to make it; for so long as their Temperature, Clime, Education, Custom and Interests are so different, 'tis impossible to bring them to a Conformity.

Or if they were all agreed, there cannot be a greater Plague to Man, nor can Fate more completely punish him than by resigning him over to the Injoyment of his own Wishes.

*Content is Wealth, the Riches of the Mind,
And happy he who can that Treasure find;
But the base Miser starves amidst his Store,
Broods on his Gold, and griping still for more,
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor:
Th' unhappy Man, Slave to his wild Desire,
By feeding it foment the raging Fire.
His Gains augment his unextinguish'd Thirst,
With Plenty poor, and with Abundance curs'd:
Sour Discontent that quarrels with our Fate,
May give fresh Smart, but not the old abate.
Th' uneasy Passion's disingenuous Wit,
The Ill reveals, but hides the Benefit.*

Or put the Case a Man shou'd enjoy his own Wishes, since he is so stupid that he cannot wish any thing truly good, he did but please himself under his Burden, and deceive his Understanding with glittering Misery; and then what better were he than some jovial Madman, who imagines himself to be some great Prince amidst his Fetters and Straw? but in case he miss, and shou'd sit down without murmuring, is not that Man miserable, who is frustrated of his Riches and dearest Aims, and is forc'd cowardly to undergo the contrary Wants? 'Tis true,

*Content is all we aim at with our Store,
And having that with little, what needs more?*

But put the Case that some few Men arrive at *Wealth*, or any of those dull Complacences which most do so studiously court, what one Condition wants its Sting and Venome? *Wealth* cannot make a Man invulnerable; *Honour* cannot make a Man secure, but it raises up a multitude of Enemies; *Fame* can neither ren-

der a Man more strong or wise, yet it is easily blasted, and when once it declines brings double Ignominy; *Health* may render a Man active, and save a Groan or two, yet at such a state it may arrive that it may prove a Sickness; or suppose it ever so constant, one poor Sciletto can in an instant destroy it.

Then Oh Contentment! —

I.

Spark of pure Celestial Fire,
Port of all the World's Desire,
Paradise of Earthly Bliss,
Heaven of the other World, and this;
Tell me, where thy Court abides,
Where thy glorious Chariot rides?

II.

Eden knew thee for a Day,
But thou wouldst no longer stay;
Outed for poor Adam's Sin,
By a flaming Cherubin;
Yet thou lov'st that happy Shade
Where thy beauteous Form was made,
And thy Kindness still remains
To the Woods, and flow'ry Plains.

III.

Happy David found thee there,
Sporting in the open Air;
As he led his Flocks along,
Feeding on his Rural Song;
But when Courts and Honours had
Snatch'd away the lovely Lad,
Thou that there no room cou'dst find,
Let him go and staid behind.

IV.

His wise Son, with Care and Pain,
Search'd all Nature's Frame in vain;
For a while Content to be,
Search'd it round, but found not thee;
BEAUTY own'd she knew thee not,
PLENTY had thy Name forgot:
MUSICK only did aver,
Once you came and danc'd with her.

*All the World still hunt about,
 Happy be that finds thee out;
 Some have dream't thou still dost sit
 Circled round with Mirth and Wit,
 In a Cloister or a Pew :
 Others, always seek for you;
 But their Search alike is vain,
 These Morose, and those Profane.*

VI.

*Mothers with indulgent Care
 Hug their Child, and find thee there;
 Kiss it while asleep it lies,
 And upon it feast their Eyes;
 When the little Bantling came,
 Just to lisp its Mother's Name,
 All her airy Hopes are fled,
 There it dies, and leaves her Dead.*

Oh then Contentment!

*Since thy Throne thou dost not place
 In a Palace, or a Face;
 Since thou coyly passest by
 Pleasures, Riches, Harmony;
 Since we cannot find thee out
 With the Witty or Devout;
 Since I here of thee despair,
 I'll fly to Heaven and find thee there.*

But for *Earthly Contentment*,
 who in his Senses wou'd be con-
 tented with it; for 'tis infected
 with such bitter Ingredients as
 make it the *Greatest Misery*; so
 that our Contentment is only ima-
 ginary, whilst our Miseries are
 real.

But we'll suppose that *Worldly*
Contentment cou'd be enjoy'd with-
 out their inherent Evils, yet sure-
 ly a consideration of the Uncer-
 tainty of all sublunary Things,
 might now and then suggest a
Possibility of surviving them; and
 then what more hideous Misery
 than to have been fortunate?
 And since Death must either sur-

prize all Men, or overcome all
 Men, and his Stroke is as uncer-
 tain as inevitable; what Man can
 fully please himself with that
 which he is not certain to enjoy a
 minute?

But suppose a man were in-
 tirely posses'd of a Happiness,
 such a one as were perfect in it self,
 and he might perpetually enjoy with-
 out the least fear of Loss: If it
 were but single, and such a one
 as runs in one continu'd Current,
 Time wou'd make it burdensom,
 and Repetition loathsom; for
 that Eternity is but Durance, that
 is not diverted by Change. Who
 wou'd not rather chuse the Rack

at length, than perpetual Repose upon a Bed of Roses? *What Taste wou'd not be soon weary of the sweetest Delicacies?* Among all the Terrors of Men, Death is the sharpest; of all their Desires, Life the strongest: Yet we see *Tython* after he had obtain'd a petty Immortality, grew weary of himself, and after a great many Wishes, was very glad to shrink into a Grasshopper.

But suppose this Happiness were chequer'd with *Variety*, and that there wou'd be ever new Entertainment, and new Diversions, this were not *CONTENT*, but rather a Transportation: And how can we say the Soul is satisfy'd, when she is ever labouring of new Desires, and ever strok'd with fresh Entertainments, which if ever they come to repetition, grow much more wearisom, and much more gall and spurn her? Thus have we seen many Persons great and glorious in their several Ages, tir'd with the Formality of their Greatness, and willing to fall back even to Solitude and Ease. Thus did *Lucullus* surfeit on *Asiatick* Victories, and providently retire to a strange and unheard of Luxury. Whence we may deduce, that as the most capacious Souls are the most eager in their Delights, so are they the least satisfy'd with them, and have the most violent Appetitions of Change; and *what is this but to hate Content, which is nothing but a tame Slavery, under the Tyranny of one Condition?*

Nay, were it possible, that *Variety* cou'd be endless and infinite, yet this Variety wou'd be so troublesom, that a Man wou'd naturally grudge and decry an in-

ordinate Flux and Change, and bless those Lives as happiest, that regularly over-acted the same things, and spent every minute according to Rule and Prescript.

And if we look somewhat more nicely into the thing it self, we shall find that the *suggish* name of *Content* never came from any other Forge than the dull multitude, who tho they be Masters of Words, are commonly Enemies to Reason.

For alas! what is *Content*? *hath it not a sound of Restraint and Sufferance?* and doth it not rather imply a Lethargy, than any actual Pastime? Joy it doth not amount unto, but rather a heavy privation of Joy. It signifies Rest, and imperfect Acquiescence: but Joy is quickned by perpetual Motion, and tickl'd with change of Pastimes, and may be content, tho not happy; but Joyfulness immediatly includes Happiness. Now what a contemptible Condition is that, wherein a Man must be patient without either? And how can that Man not be weary of himself who wants that sweet Charm, that bewitches Man's Life into all that is lovely, *Joy*? And if he wants Joy, he wants Happiness.

Besides, *Content* is a mere Mortification and Eradication of the Passions, those excellent Wings and Engines of the Soul; but *Joy* doth both enliven and heighten them, she both stirs them up and tutors them, whereas the other mangles and fetters them. And whereas *Joy* is like an Itch, which spreads further by that delightful Madness of Rubbing and Chafing; *Content* merely mortifies the Mind, and so brings in a

Gangreen, and a Gangreen, is follow'd with no milder Attendants, than *Cutting and Burning*.

But suppose you miscall Happiness *Content*, yet were there no such thing in nature. For as Boetius hath demonstrated, *There is but one great Happiness, and that made up of a compleat Variety of those things, whose shadows we so much adore; and that no Man can be happy till he be made in some measure a Deity*. And how far we poor Pismires that crawl upon this Hill, are from it, let any body judge. Some Emperors indeed, drunk with their Prosperity, have and still assume this Title, yet they die like Men. Nor indeed if we shou'd feign a reality in such a Conceit, is the Soul capable of receiving it. For as she hath a kind of *circumscrib'd Ubiquity* within her self, so hath she a limited, as I may say, Imensity; and therefore is restless and extravagant in her Appetitions and Desires, and like the Hea-

ven from whence she first came, is carry'd on in a perpetual Motion, which *Content* endeavouring to stop, doth but in a manner stifle her.

Since it is thus, it easily follows what an unworthy thing it is in Man to set up his rest upon any of these Toys, and to dote upon one particular shadow in a broken Mirror, where he cannot see that Face which wou'd irradiate one intire Image in the whole: for since all Pleasures here are but petty Frustrations, and Parcels of the Whole, and therefore have lost of its nature, like Chrystal beaten to pieces, being Opaque, which otherwise wou'd have been diaphanous; 'tis but a Folly to look after them, since we can never find them all, or if we wou'd, cannot unite them. But tho' it appears by this that *Content* is the greatest Misery (and next to impossible to be attain'd on Earth) yet 'tis a Comfort to think

*We to our selves may all our Wishes grant;
For nothing coveting, we nothing want;
They cannot want, who wish not to have more,
Who ever said an Anchoret was poor?
Forgive the Gods the rest, and stand confin'd
To Health of Body, and Content of Mind.
A Soul that can securely Death defy,
And count it Nature's Privilege to die;
Serene and manly, harden'd to sustain
The Load of Life, and exercis'd in Pain:
Guiltless of Hate, and Proof against Desire,
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire.*

Paradox XXII.

*That a Black-a-moor Woman is the greatest Beauty ;
in a Letter to a Lady exceeding Fair.*

Madam,

TAKE 'em as they come, for I don't pretend Power of *Creation*, and none who is without it can bring any *Order* out of a *Sex* that's all *Confusion*. This *Bomb* is level'd directly against one *Angle* of your *Pride*, and I hope will lay it low enough. You generally show that *Judgment* for which some so much admire you, in being most pleas'd with the *vainest* and most *ridiculous* things you can think of, among which I may justly reckon your *Complexions* : I call 'em *yours* on supposition you came *honestly* by 'em, and that they were fairly *bought* and *paid* for : But supposing for once you shou'd be beholden to *Nature* only for 'em, and *Art* had nothing to do in their *Composition*, han't you, pray, great reason to be *proud* of what a *Tulip* enjoys in so much greater *Perfection*, and yet a *stinking* *useless* *Flower* after all, good for nothing, but like your selves, to be set a top of a *Clipboard*, or adorn a *Chimney* ? *Nature* has however in one thing been so *civil* to *Mankind*, that we can't but admire both her *Kindness* and her *Justice*. She has generally given

you a *Mark*, that tho you flatter yourselves, you may not be able to *deceive* us ; and the *Fairer* you are—I'll only say, we know you are *not the wiser*. But after all, since there will be some *womaniz'd* *Fools* of our own *Sex*, that can't be kept from running mad for the *outside* of a *Skin*, and doating on a *fine* *Complexion*, I shall prove this *Paradox* to mortify their *Pride* and yours, that a *despis'd* *Moore's* is really a greater *Beauty* than all your *finical* *chalky-fac'd* *European Ladies* : The *Sun* has but *half-bak'd* you, you are not arriv'd to the perfection of *Mulattos*, much less are such *finish'd* *Pieces*, such double-refin'd *Earthen Ware* as the charming *Negro Ladies* ?

D'ye start at the very thoughts of such a *Comparison*, and pray what reason ? You are all *Blacks* as soon as the *impartial Night* has drawn her *Veil* over the *World*, and clapt her *Velvet Mask* on the *Face* of *Nature*. And who knows whether you are not so by *day* too ? Nothing more deceitful than *Colour*, your *Hearts* are hardly greater *Cheats* than your *Faces*.

*Beauty, thou wild fantastick Ape,
Which dost in every Country change thy Shape ;
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white,
Thou Flatterer, who comply'st with e'ery Sight ;*

Who hast no certain what nor where,
But vary'st still, and dost thy self declare
Inconstant, as thy *She Professors* are;

The Cause of Love can never be assign'd,
'Tis in no Face, but in the Lover's Mind,

Madam, you more properly appear to be, than are; and all your Red and White may have no more reality than the gaudy Colours of the Rainbow: And wou'd you be persuaded to part but with as much of your Skin, as you cover with one indifferent Patch; I can't tell but a good Microscope wou'd show so much Deformity in't, that it might almost make you out of Love with your self. How Yellow and Tawny might it appear? What an odious Scurf upon it? How many Armies of Living Creatures might we there discover? Most of which Inconveniences 'tis very probable a darker Face never has, for 'twou'd be but black still, and perhaps much smother and softer than yours. If you don't in your own Judgment give the Garland to a black Beauty, why are you all so fond of Patches? If 'tis an addition to your Charms to have a part of your Face of that Colour, must you not yield to theirs who are so all over? 'Tis true, they have some among 'em, born much after the same manner that you are dress'd, some motly fac'd Creatures, with sick unwholesom Complexions; but then these are hated and abhor'd amongst them. They reckon that the Leprosy or the Plague, which you affect and admire: They make these their Conjurers and Witches, and with Congruity enough to their Opinion, that the Devil himself is White, and ac-

cordingly they paint him in that manner; and I believe all our European World are so far of their Mind, that they believe there's more danger in white Witches and white Devils (tho old Wives say, nothing that's hurtful can appear in that Colour) than in the blackest, ugliest, smoke-dry'd Hag or Fiend, that ever yet frighted the World.

Nor can you deny, that their Complexion is infinitely more lasting than yours, the consequence whereof seems to be that 'tis also more perfect. A *Fright*, a *Fit of Sickness*, a *Cold*, an *Ague*, changes yours, disturb'd and alter'd like these lower Regions, while theirs are, like the pure *Aether* above, free from all Storms and Alterations; or rather like the Space beyond the World, there's something in it that's venerable and almost divine, and it remains undisturb'd in the Serenity of Darkness.

But surely there are the Beauties of the Mind too, as well as of the Body, and those as much more charming, as well as lasting, than the other, as you think your Faces beyond a Negro's: But if you once come to a Comparison there, *Paris* himself wou'd give it against you. What is there that makes a Wife handsomely humor'd, but Industry, Fidelity, Humility and Obedience? And where can Europe show us any thing of these, like what we find in the African Ladies?

Even

Even the poor Slaves enjoy these Virtues to Admiration. One of 'em shall be more useful, and do more work than a whole Sezaglio of lazy white-liver'd Europeans. Indeed they are good Slaves, and consequently answer the end for which Nature invented their Sex, will patiently endure Hunger, Cold, or any Hardship. No Gossipings to torment ye, no costly Lyings-in, or Churchings to plague and ruin ye; but as soon as Pickaninny's born, and soundly

souc'd in the next cold Water they meet with, up it goes upon the Mother's Back, and no further trouble about it.

Then they are the humblest, dociblest, most obedient Creatures; Oh that every English Lady Wife had one of 'em in her House for an Example, or wou'd but often look upon Behn's Imoinda for the same reason. But Oh Imoinda! how can they look upon you, for

I.

Those Heavenly Attractions of yours, your Eyes
And Face, that all the World surprize,
Do dazle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other Ladies tawny,

II.

Imoinda's sparkling Wit and Eyes
United, cast so fierce a Light,
As quickly flashes, quickly dies;
Wounds not the Heart, but burns the Sight;
Love is all Gentleness, all Joy,
Smooth are his Looks, and soft his Pace;
Her Cupid is a Black-guard Boy,
That runs his Link full in your Face.

Then, Madam, wou'd you gaze more on our Black-a-moor Beauties, it may be it might work some good upon ye, and the poor Heathens might shame ye into Duty and Obedience. When, I wonder, shall we see one of you so meekly, so gently hold out your Necks, like innocent Lambs, when your Lord and Husband intimates his Will and Pleasure, that you shou'd resign your Lives to his Disposal? But I can't tell how far such bright Examples may work upon ye: You may have something of Generosity, some Sparks of noble Emulation yet remaining, and I'll not yet despair of ye, but that in time you may all come to be Imoinda's, in every thing but her End.

Paradox XXIII.

That a Hangman is the most Honourable Calling; in a Letter to the most redoubtable Executioner of High Justice, Jack Ketch Esq;

Noble Sir,

THIS is certainly the first Paradox that hath been dedicated to you, and you look on a Present of this nature to be so rare, its Novelty will surprize you. You will possibly fancy I go about to court your good Opinion, as all Authors do by their Dedications; but I assure you there is nothing of it: I neither have nor desire to have any Obligation to you. This is the first *Paradoxical Dedication* that was ever made without Interest; by so much the more valuable, in that it contains neither disguis'd nor corrupted *Conceptions*. I have been long weary of seeing Authors sacrifice to such as perhaps came short of you in Merit, allur'd by hopes of *Pensions* and *Recompences* they scarce ever attain to; nay they seldom acquire such *Favours* as cannot with *Justice* be refus'd them: and it is not long since I saw a deserving Person purchase at a very dear rate a place under a pretended *Maecenas*; yet was excluded by the *Intrigues* of a prating *Parasite*, that had made a Party amongst his *Servants*. Having heard so many Rascals in the Equipage of great Persons, and so many great Persons that have the Souls of Rascals commended, I was strangely tempted to do the like for you, and certainly with

no less reason than such Flatterers. How many of those they so highly vaunt, will never rightly understand themselves, till they come under your hands? They are not so honest in their *Profession* as you in yours, none more punctually executing the *Orders of Justice*, whose principal Pillar you are. I do not go about to maintain a Paradox; nor with *Isocrates* and other Orators, commend a *Busir*, the *Gout*, or a *Tertian Ague*. It seems to me that you may be very conscientiously applauded, if for no other reason, that you bring many into the right way, and open them the Gates of *Paradise*, according to the Proverb, *That more go thither from the Gallows than from the Churchyard*. Now to shew that your Employment is not ignoble, is there not a Country in *Asia* or *Africk* (I know not whether) where the King thinks it an honour to hang his Subjects with his own hands, and takes this to be so inseparable from his Crown, that any that shou'd go about to concern himself in it, wou'd be punish'd as a Traitor? When the Holy Fathers call'd *Attila*, *Saladin*, and so many other Princes, the Executioners of *Divine Justice*, did they not assign you illustrious Companions? Neither is your Dignity a little manifested

by your Train; for at performance of the Functions of your *Magistracy*, you are attended by Guards and a multitude of Followers. How many *Officers* are there that labour only for you, and to give you Employment? How happy wou'd it be, were they faithful to you? *Your Wealth* were without end, could you get into your Clutches all that of right appertain to them, notwithstanding whose Frauds it is very considerable. No Revenues are certainer than yours, being settled on the wickedness of Mankind, that increases daily: you ought yet to act with moderation, because it is in your hand to extend your Fortune without Limits. He that is in an extraordinary manner happy, is said to carry about him *a piece of the Rope in which a Man hath been hang'd, and who can have more of these than you?* Your Merit of late comes to be so far own'd, that Persons of Quality are no more scrupulous of keeping you Company, nor of drinking with you; your Wine being reputed excellent. Let none therefore admire to see you insensibly crouded in amongst *Hero's* and *Mæcenas's*, in which rank Flatterers and Hyperbole's having of late plac'd so many Thieves and Murderers, I know not why you shou'd be excluded, whom I take for one of

their best Friends; I am sure I have seen you give them very close Embraces. It is true indeed, that soon after you use them ill. But do not Courtiers and Great Men the like? nay at the same time that they kiss and complement, betray and precipitate? If any reproach you that you strip Men, you do it not till they are dead; but how many Lawyers and Usurers suck the Marrow out of their Bones and flea them alive? In a word, all things consider'd, I find your Merit a *Paradoxical Panegyrick*, as well as many others. I shou'd yet apprehend this wou'd scarcely pass for one, did I not beg something; I therefore beseech you not to deny your Friendship to certain poor Authors, that stand in need of your charitable Assistance: for the Injustice of the Age is arriv'd to such a height, that many of the best qualify'd, forsaken by their *Mæcenas's*, starve; and unable to support Contempt and Poverty, are reduc'd to Despair. Now these wanting the Courage of Judas to hang themselves, you, by taking that Pains, might ease them of a great deal of Misery. Neither can they be (justly) angry at this Hint, for I have prov'd A Hangman a most honourable Calling, and shall prove Hanging a necessary Thing.

For in the World all things so hanged are,
That any thing unhang'd is strange and rare;
Earth hangs in the Concavity of Water,
And Water hangs within the Airy Matter;
The Air hangs in the fiery Continent,
Thus Element doth hang in Element:
And to prove Hanging natural, I'll prove
We in a Hanging World do live and move.

Man is a little World, wherein we see
 The great World's Abstract, or Epitomy;
 And if we note each Lin'ament and Limb,
 There are not many Parts unhang'd of Him:
 His Hair which to his Head and Beard belongs,
 Hangs, if not turn'd up with the Barber's Tongs:
 His Arms, his Hands, his Legs and Feet, we know,
 Do all hang pendent downwards as they grow;
 There's nothing of him that doth hanging skip,
 Except his Ears, his nether Teeth, and Lip:
 And when he's crost or sullen any way,
 He mumps, and lowres, and hangs the Lip we say.
 Then World to World, and Man to Man, doth call,
 And tells him, Hanging is most natural;
 The Word Dependant doth inform our Reason,
 That Hanging will be never out of Season:
 All that depends doth hang, which doth express,
 That * Great Men are like Gibbets for the Less.
 It is an old Phrase, many years past gone,
 That such a Lord hath many Hangers on;
 Thereby describing that all Mens Attendants,
 As it were Hangers on, were call'd Dependants;
 And some spend all on Hangers on so fast,
 That they are forc'd to steal and hang at last.
 There are a many sorts of Hangings yet
 Behind, which I by no means must forget;
 One Hanging is a necessary thing,
 Which is a pretty Gambol call'd a Swing †.
 And Men of good Repute I oft have seen
 To hang, and stretch, and totter for the Spleen.
 Thus e'ery Morning, for a little spurt,
 A man may hang himself, and do no hurt.
 This hanging oft (like Tyburn) hath a Trick,
 Saves Charge of Physick, or of being sick.
 Besides, the word HANG is so much in use,
 That few or none will take't as an Abuse:
 It doth a Great Man's Kindness much approve,
 When he shall bid a man be hang'd in Love.
 And with some men 'tis common Courtesy
 To say, Farewel, be hang'd, that's twice Goodby.
 It is a good man's Life, and 'tis their Death,
 That rob and rifle men of Goods and Breath.
 I from the Hangman this Conclusion draw,
 He is the fatal Period of the Law:
 'Tis many Warnings mend them not, therefore
 The Hangman warns them, they offend no more:
 So he is one that cannot wanted be,
 But still God keep him far enough from me.

* Rich Men
 are poor
 Mens Gal-
 lows.

† A Swing or
 Stretch for Ex-
 ercise and
 Health.

Now, Sir Hangman, I would end here, did not one thing come in my head, that usually accompanies such *Encomiums* as are written in haste; I mean the Promise I should here make you of writing *A Hymn to Tyburn*; where I may properly bestow on you an ample Commemoration, and celebrate your Prowesses and memorable Actions. In the meantime believe, that as much as your Merit and Condition permits me, I am

Tours, &c.

Parador XXIV.

That the same Object speculated by the same Man, at the same distance, and in the same degree of Light, doth always appear greater to one Eye than the other.

HERE first of all occurs to our Consideration that curious PROBLEM, *Quomodo objecti distantia deprehendatur ab oculo*; How the Distance of the Object from the Eye is perceiv'd in the Act of Vision.

This would *Des Cartes* have solv'd, (1.) By the various *Figuration of the Eye*. Because in the Conspect of Objects remote, the Pupil of the Eye is expanded circularly, for the admission of more Rays, and the Chrystalline Humour somewhat retracted toward the Retina Tunica, for the Determination of the Point of Concourse in the same, which otherwise would be somewhat too remote: and on the contrary, in the Conspect of Objects vicine, the Pupil is contracted circularly, and the Chrystalline Lens protruded somewhat outwardly, for the contrary respects. (2.) By the distinct or confused Representation of the Object; as also the Fortitude or Imbecility of Light illustrating the same. Because things represented confusedly, or illustrated with a weak Light, always appear remote; and on the contrary, things presented distinctly, or illustrated with a strong Light, seem vicine.

But all this we conceive unsatisfactory. (1.) Because, unless the Variation of the Figure of the Eye were Gradual, respective to the several degrees of Distance intercedent betwixt it and the Object, it is impossible the Sight should judg an Object to be at this or that determinate Remotion: and that the Variation of the Figure of the Eye is not gradual respective to the degree of Distance, is evident even from hence, that the Pupil of the Eye is as much expanded, and the Lens of the Chrystalline Humour as much retracted toward the Retina Tunica, in the Conspect of an Object situate at one mile's distance, as of one at two, three, four,

four, or more miles ; there being a certain Term of the Expansion of the one part, and Retraction of the other. (2.) Because tho Vision be distinct or confus'd, both according to the more or less Illustration of the Object by Light, and to the greater or less Distance thereof from the Eye ; yet doth this Reason hold only in mean, not large Distance : since the Orbs of the Sun and Moon appear greater at their rising immediately above the Horizon, that is, when they are more remote from the Eye, than when they are in the Zenith of their Gyre, that is, when they are more vicine to the Eye ; and since all Objects illustrated with a weak Light, do not appear remote, nor *è contra*, as common Observation demonstrateth.

And therefore allowing the Acuteness of *Des Cartes's* Conceit, we think it more safe, because more reasonable, to acquiesce in the Judgment of the grave *Gassendus* ; who in *Epist. 2. de apparente Magnitud. solis humilis & sublimis*, most profoundly solves the Problem, by desuming the Cause of our apprehending the Distance of an Object in the Act of Vision, from a Comparison of the things interjacent between the Object seen, and the Eye. For tho' that Comparison be an Act of the Superior Faculty, yet is the Connexion thereof to the Sense necessary to the making a right Judgment concerning the Distance of the Visible. And most certainly therefore do two things at distance seem to be continu'd, because they strike the Eye with coherent or contiguous Rays. Thus doth the Top of a

Tower, tho' situate some miles beyond a Hill, yet seem contiguous to the same, nay to the visible Horizon ; and this only because it is speculated by the Mediation of contiguous Rays : and the Sun and Moon, both orient and occident, seem to cohere to the Horizon, because tho' the Spaces are immense that intercede betwixt their Orbs and the Horizon, yet from those Spaces doth not so much as one single Ray arrive at the Eye, and those which come to it from the Sun and Moon are contiguous to those which come from the Horizon. And hence is it, that the Tower, Hill, and Horizon seem to the Sight to be equidistant from the Eye ; because no other things are interpos'd, at least seen interpos'd, by the comparison of which, the one may be apprehended more than the other. Besides, the Distance of the Horizon it self is not apprehended by any other Reason than the diversity of things interjacent betwixt it and the Eye : for look how much of Space is possess'd by Valleys and lower Grounds interjacent, so much of Space is defalcated from the Distance ; the Sight apprehending all those things to be contiguous or continu'd, whose Rays are receiv'd into the Eye as contiguous or continu'd, none of the Spaces interjacent affording one Ray. Of which Truth *Des Cartes* seems to have had a Glimpse, when (*in Dioptrices*, cap. 6. sect. 15.) he concedes : *Objectorum, qua intuemur, pracedaneam cognitionem, ipsorum distantia melius dignoscenda intervinire* ; that a certain Precognition of the Object doth much conduce

to the more certain Dignotion of its Distance.

And on this Branch we may ingraft a PARADOX; *That one and the same Object, speculated by the same Man, in the same degree of Light, doth always appear greater to one Eye, than to the other.*

The Truth of this is evincible by the joint Testimony of those incorruptible Witnesses of Certitude, Experience and Reason. (1.) Of *Experience*, because no Man can make the Vision of both his Eyes equally perfect; but beholding a thing first with one Eye, the other being clos'd or eclips'd, and then with the other, the former being clos'd or eclips'd; shall constantly discover it to be greater in dimensions in the apprehension of one Eye than of the other: and *Gassendus* making a perfect and strict Experiment hereof, testifies of himself (*in Epist. 2. de apparent. Magnitud. Solis, &c. Sect. 17.*) that the Characters of his Book appear'd to his right Eye, by a fifth part greater in dimensions, tho somewhat more obscure, than to his left. (2.) Of *Reason*; because of all *Twin Parts* in the Body, as

Ears, Hands, Legs, Testicles, &c. one is always more vigorous and perfect, in the performance of its Action, than the other. Which Inequality of Vigour, if it be not the Bastard of Custom, may rightfully be father'd upon either this; that one Part is invigorated with a more liberal *Afflux* of *Spirits* than the other; or this, that the *Organical Constitution* of one Part is more perfect and firm, than that of the other. And therefore one Eye having its Pupil wider, or the Figure of the Chrystalline more convex, or the Retina Tunica more concave than the other; must apprehend an Object to be either larger in Dimensions, or more distinct in Parts than the other, whose Parts are of a different Configuration: either of these Causes necessitating a respective Disparity in the Action.

If this sound strange in the ears of any Man, how will he startle at the mention of that much more Paradoxical Thesis of *John Baptista Porta* (*lib. 6. de Refraction. cap. 1.*) *That no Man can see (distinctly) but with one Eye at once?* So that,

Paradox

Paradox XXV.

Is to prove that all Men see distinctly but with one Eye at once, contrary to that Eminent Optical Axiom, That the Visive Axes of both Eyes concur and unite in the Object.

THO this PARADOX is seemingly repugnant not only to common Persuasion, but also to that high and mighty Axiom of *Alhazen, Vitellio, Franc. Bacon, Niceron*, and other the most eminent Professors of the Opticks; *That the visive Axes of both Eyes concur and unite in the Object speculated*, is yet a Verity well worthy our Admission and Assertion. For the Axes of the Eyes are so ordain'd by Nature, that when one is intended, the other is relaxed; when one is employ'd, the other is idle and unconcern'd: nor can they be both intended at once or employ'd, tho both may be at once relax'd or unemploy'd; as is experimented when with both Eyes open we look on the Leaf of a Book, for we then perceive the Lines and Print thereof, but do not *distinctly* discern the Characters, so as to read one word, till we fix the Axe of one Eye thereon; and at that instant we feel a certain sudden Subsultation, or gentle Impulse in the Center of that Eye, arising doubtless from the rushing in of more Spirits thro the Optick Nerve, for the more efficacious Performance of its Action. The Cause of the Impossibility of the Intention of both visive Axes at one Object, may be demonstr'd from the *Parallelism* of the

Motion of the Eyes; which being most evident to Sense, gives us just ground to admire, how so many subtil Mathematicians and exquisite Oculists have not discover'd the Coition and Union of the visive Axes in the Object speculated, which they so confidently build upon, to be an absolute Impossibility. For tho Man hath two Eyes, yet doth he use but one at once, in the case of *distinct* Inspection, the right Eye to discern Objects on the right side, and the left to view Objects on the left: nor is there more necessity, why he should use both Eyes at once, than both Arms, or Legs, or Testicles at once. And for an Experiment to assist this Reason, we shall desire you only to look at the top of your own Nose, and you shall soon be convicted, that you cannot discern it with both Eyes at once; but the right side with the right Eye, and afterward the left side with the left Eye: and at the instant of changing the Axe of the first Eye, you shall be sensible of that Impulse of Spirits, newly mention'd. Nor indeed is it possible, that while your right Eye is level'd at the right side of your Nose, your left should be level'd at the left side, but on the contrary averted quite from it: because the Motion of the Eyes being conjugate

gate or Parallel, when the Axis of the right Eye is converted to the right side of the Nose, the Axis of the left must be converted toward the left Ear. And therefore, since the visive Axes of both Eyes cannot concur and unite in the Tip of the Nose; what can remain to persuade, that they must concur and unite in the same Letter or Word in a Book, which is not many Inches more remote than the Nose? And that you may satisfy your self, that the visive Axes do never meet, but run on in a perpetual Parallelism, i.e. in direct Lines, as far distant from each other, as are the Eyes themselves; having fix'd a Staff or Lance upright in the ground, and retreated from it to the distance of ten or twenty paces, more or less; look as earnestly as you can on it with your right Eye, closing your left, and you shall perceive it to eclipse a certain part of the Wall, Tree, or other Body situate beyond it. Then look on it again with your left Eye, closing your right, and you shall observe it to eclipse another part of the Wall; that Space being intercepted, which is call'd the Parallax. This done, look on it with both Eyes open; and if the Axes of both did meet and unite in the Staff, as is generally suppos'd, then of necessity would you observe the Staff to eclipse either both parts of the Wall together, or the middle of the Parallax: but you shall observe it to do neither, for the middle shall never be eclips'd; but only one of the Parts, and that on which you shall fix one of your Eyes more intently than the other. This

consider'd, we dare second *Gassendus* in his Promise to Gunners, that they shall shoot as right with both Eyes open, as only with one: for levelling the Mouth of the Piece directly at the Mark with one Eye, their other must be wholly unconcern'd therein, nor is it ought but the Tyranny of Custom that can make it difficult.

Here, to prevent the most formidable *Exception* that lies against this Paradox, we are to advertise you of two Considerables, 1. That as well Philosophers as Oculists unanimously admit three Degrees or gradual Differences of Sight. (1.) *Visus Perfectissimus*, when we see the smallest (visible) Particles of an Object most distinctly. (2.) *Perfectus*, when we see an Object distinctly enough, in the whole or parts, but apprehend not the Particles, or *minima Visibilia* thereof. (3.) *Imperfectus*, when besides the Object directly obverted to the Pupil of the Eye, we also have a glimmering and imperfect Perception of other things plac'd *ad latera*, on the right and left side of it. Secondly, that the Verity of this Paradox, that we see but with one Eye at once, is restrain'd only to the First and Second Degrees of Sight, and extends not to the Last. For Experience assures, that as many things circumvicine to the principal Object, on which we look only with one Eye open, present themselves together with it, in a confus'd and obscure manner: so likewise when both Eyes are open, many things, obliquely incident unto each Eye, are confus'dly and indistinctly apprehended. So that in confus'd and imperfect Vision, it may be

truly said, that a Man doth see with both Eyes at once; but not
in distinct and perfect.

Paradox XXVI.

The best Perfume, or a Paradox in Praise of Farting.

I SING the Praises of a Fart;
That I may do't by Rules of Art,
I will invoke no Deity,
But butter'd Pease and Furmity,
And think their Help sufficient
To fit and furnish my Intent.
For sure I must not use high Strains,
For fear it bluster out in Grains:
When *Virgil's* Gnat, and *Ovid's* Flea,
And *Homer's* Frogs strive for the day,
There is no reason in my mind,
That a brave Fart should come behind;
Since that you may it parallel
With any thing that doth excel:
Musick is but a Fart, that's sent
From the Guts of an Instrument:
The Scholar but farts, when he gains
Learning with cracking of his Brains,
And when he 'as spent much pain and toil,
Thomas and *Dun* to reconcile;
And to learn the abstracting Art,
What does he get by't? Not a Fart.
The Soldier makes his Foes to run,
With but the Farting of a Gun;
That's if he make the Bullet whistle,
Else 'tis no better than a Fizzle:
And if withal the Wind do stir up
Rain, 'tis but a Fart in Syrrup.
They are but Farts, the Words we say,
Words are but Wind, and so are they.
Applause is but a Fart, the crude
Blust of the fickle Multitude.
Fine Boats that lie the *Thames* about,
Be but Farts several Docks let out.
Some of our Projects were, I think,
But Politick Farts; soh, how they stink!
As soon as born, they by and by,
Fart-like, but only breathe and die.

Farts are as good as Land, for both
 We hold in Tail, and let them both:
 Only the difference here is, that
 Farts are let at a lower rate:
 I'll say no more, for this is right,
 That for my Guts I cannot write,
 Tho I should study all my days,
 Rhimes that are worth the thing I praise.
 What I have said, take in good part,
 If not, I do not care a *FART*.

Paradox XXVII.

There never was such a thing as a Cuckold.

THIS seems strange, but 'tis thing of it : Some think they are
 a Paradox easily prov'd. Cuckolds, but are not ; and
 'Tis true, the World is of ano- these are more miserable, than if
 ther Opinion, for that tells us, they were, and knew it not.
 some are Cuckolds, and know no-

*The greater Care, the higher Passion shews ;
 We hold that dearest, we most fear to lose :
 Distrust in Lovers is too warm a Sun,
 But yet 'tis Night in Love when that is gone :
 No sign of Love in jealous Men remains,
 But that which sick Men have of Life, their Pains.*

Again, if we believe Histories, Some Men are Cuckolds, and
 some are Cuckolds without their half see it, yet believe nothing
 Wives fault, who have mistaken of it, by reason of the good O-
 others for their own Husbands. pinion which they have of their
 Wives.

*False Women to new Joys unseen can move,
 There are no Prints left in the Paths of Love :
 All Goods besides by publick Marks are known,
 But that we most desire to keep, has none.*

Further, some assert they are hinder it. Such was *P. Cornelius*
 Cuckolds, but do all they can to and *Corn. Tacitus*.

*So Inquisitive do jealous Cuckolds grow,
 Rather than not be knowing, they will know
 What being known, creates their certain Woe.*

And some think they are Cuckolds, and suffer it, not being able to hinder it; and these are infamous, *were there such a thing as a Cuckold*, which (whatever jealous Men may think) I assert the e never was.

Cuckoldry is but an imaginary thing. He that is rob'd, not wanting what is stolen; let him not know't, and he's not rob'd at all. The Unchastity of the Wife cannot dishonour the Husband, considering that what is out of us and our power, does not any ways concern us; and it being impossible for the wisest Man in the world, by the consent of all, to hinder the Lubricity of an incontinent Woman. Now no body is oblig'd to what is impossible; and as a vicious Action ought to be only imputed to its Author, so ought the Shame and Dishonour which follow it; and 'tis as absurd to reflect it upon him who contributed not at all to the Crime, as 'tis to ascribe the Glory of a virtuous Action to him, who not only did nothing towards it, but withstood it as much as he could.

The Lawyers hold that a Contract made in secret; and without calling all the Parties who have interest in it, cannot prejudice them; so neither can what Wives do, without Privity of their Husbands, be any thing to their prejudice. So that, *were there such a thing as a Cuckold* (which I shall never grant) yet 'twere no Infamy to the Man that was made so; for *Horns* (the Hieroglyphick of a Cuckold) were always Badges of Grandeur and Power.

When one dreams that Horns are upon his Forehead, 'tis always a Prefage of Dignity. Thus at the Birth of *Cl. Albinus*, a Cow of his Father's having brought forth a Calf with two red Horns, the Augurs foretold the Empire to him; which accordingly came to pass. And to honour those Horns which had been the Omen of his Grandeur, he caus'd them to be hung up in *Apollo's Temple*. The Majesty of *Jupiter Hammon*, *Bacchus* and *Pan*, is represented by Horns, Plenty also is signified by a Horn fill'd with all sorts of Fruits.

*First Wheat and Barley shall be sown,
And sprout again on London-stone;
First Cure for Corns! i'th' Stillyard range,
And Thro-bridg Ho! roar round the Change;
And Guildhall Cross the Thames be born,
E'er I forget renowned Horn:
When late with Ribbons all bedress'd,
So gaudy at the Cockney's Feast,
Each little Master struts along,
Shouted by the Blue-apron'd Throng,
Which of the pretty Lads confess'd
Amongst 'em all their Father's Crest?
Tho many a one his Glory owes
Unto the Sweat of Mother's Brows;*

Who by the Childrens Looks could find,
She ever was to others kind?

(The Calf is still without it born,
Tho Parent Bull wears dreadful Horn)
His Wardrobe, when set out in State,
Drops from his Father's fertile Pate;
Which does whole Cornucopia's shed,
To signify him, round his Head.

What glorious Things! what Trinkets rare!
In Forest Cart, when jolted there,
Are yearly bought at Charlton Fair.
Horn-Fair that better Tricks can shew,
Than Greengoose, or than Bartholmew.
When Mistress drinks, and John does thank her,
At the King's-Head, or the Blue-Anchor;
How harmless does she smiling come,
To bring best Husband Fairings home!
Fairings to make him fine and gay,
Against next Training Holiday!

Which more than Silver Headpiece grace
His brazen Brow, and copper Face:
Natural Half-pikes, which more adorn,
Than that upon the Unicorn;
If one such famous Feats can do,
What Miracles are found in Two?
Two grafted in the place of Frontlets,
A Princely Pair of large Brow-antlers:
Which if the Herald plays his part,
And draws his Hatchment out with Art;
Tho Fields of Gules should overwhelm it,
Must peep at top of Argent Helmet:
The Motto——Decus & Tutamen,
(a) And I'll for Rhime, write under

——Amen.

After all I have said in Praise as a Cuckold; for if the Cuckold-
of Horns, I affirm there is no dom were real, it would be so
Cornuto, or such a horned Beast every where, and to all Men:

For Jealousy is but a kind
Of Clap, and Crincom of the Mind;
The natural Effect of Love,
As other Pains and Aches prove.

(a) If this seems a little of the dullest, consider what Muse I'm
thro all this Copy inspir'd with.

But Cuckoldom is no real thing, for there are whole Nations who account not themselves dishonour'd by the Business. The *Abyssines* take it not ill that their High Priests lie with their Wives on the Marriage-night, to purify them. The People of the *East-Indies* permit the Enjoyment of their Wives to those who give them an Elephant, being proud of having a Wife valu'd at so high a Price. The Romans, tho the most honourable of their time, were so little solicitous what their Wives did in their Absence, that returning out of the Country, they always us'd to send some body to advertize them of their Arrival; so afraid they were to surprize them. And indeed, *Pompey, Caesar, Augustus, Lucullus, Cato* (had they been Cuckolds as was never prov'd) were not the less esteem'd for having the *Bull's Feather* given 'em by their Wives.

Paradox XXVIII.

*'Tis much easier and pleasanter to be Honest and Chast,
than Leud and Wicked.*

I shall endeavour in this Paradox to clear, from Reason and Experience, that *Moral Virtue* is of less weariness, and suits better with our natural Inclinations, than Vice or Passion doth; or take the Paradox in these Words, *'Tis much easier and pleasanter to be honest and chast, than leud and wicked.*

All Creatures design Ease; and for this, not only Brutes do toil, but inanimate things likewise show for it so much of Inclination, that they will destroy all intermediate Objects, that hinder 'em from joining to their Center; to which they have no other tendency, but because there they find that Ease, which is desir'd by their Nature; and because all things find Ease in it, therefore all things flee thither, as to the loveliest of all Stations.

I do not ask thee, Fate, to give
This little Span a long Reprieve;
Thy Pleasures here are all so poor and vain,
I care not hence how soon I'm gone:
Date as thou wilt my Time, I shan't complain,
May I but still live free, and call it all my own.

II.

Let my Sand slide away apace,
I care not so I hold the Glass;

Let me my Time, my Books, my self enjoy,
 Give me from Cares a sure Retreat;
 Let no Impertinence my Hours imploy,
 That's in one word, kind Heaven, let me ne'er be great.

III.

In vain from Chains and Fetters free,
 The great Man boasts of Liberty:
 He's pinnion'd up by formal Rules of State,
 Can ne'er from Noise and Dust retire;
 He's haunted still by Crowds that round him wait,
 His Lot's to be in Pain, as that of Fools t' admire.

IV.

Mean while the Swain has calm Repose,
 Freely he comes, and freely goes:
 Thus the bright Stars, whose Station is more high,
 Are fix'd, and by strict Measures move;
 While lower Planets manton in the Sky,
 Are bound to no set Laws, but burnersoinly rove.

And that Happiness consists in Ease, is clear from this; that either we want what we need as the Accomplishment of our Nature, and then Nature most moves towards the Acquisition of what it wants; or else we want nothing, and then Nature will enjoy it self without any further Motion: *nam natura nihil agit frustra*; and it were most frustaneous for Nature to seek what it wants not. From which we may conclude, when we see any Creature restless and in Motion, that certainly it either wants something to which it moves, or is oppress'd by a surcharge of somewhat from which it flies. This hath made Philosophers conclude, that all Motion tends to some Rest; Lawyers, that all Debates respect some Decision; Statesmen, that all War is made in order to Peace; Physicians, that all Fermentation and Boiling of the Blood or Humors, betokens some Dissatisfaction in the Part affected (and to show how much Happiness they place

in Ease, they term all Sickness Diseases) which imports nothing more than the Absence of Ease, that happiest of States, and root of all Perfections. And that Divinity may sing a part in this Requiem, Scripture tells us, that God hallow'd the seventh Day, because upon it he rested from his Creation; and that Heaven is call'd an eternal Sabbath, because there we shall find Ease from all our Labours. That then wherewith I shall task my self in this Paradox, shall be to prove, *That Virtue is more easy and pleasant than Vice.*

For clearing whereof, consider, That all Men who design either Honour, Riches, or to live happily in the World, do either intend to be virtuous, or at least pretend it; those who resolve to destroy the Liberties of the People, will stile themselves Keepers of their Liberties; and such as laugh at all Religion, will have themselves believ'd to be Reformers: and of these two the Pretenders have

the difficultest part; for they must not only be at all that Pains which is requisite in being virtuous, but they must superadd to these *all the Troubles which Dissimulation requires*, which certainly is a new and greater Task than the other; and not only so, but these most over-act Virtue, upon design to take off that Jealousy, which because they are conscious to themselves to deserve, they therefore vex themselves to remove. *Moses* the first, and amongst the best of the Reformers, was the meekest Man upon the face of the Earth: But *Jehu*, who was but a counterfeit Zealot, drove furiously, and call'd up the By-standers to see what else he knew they had reason not to believe. And such is the Laboriousness of these *seeming Copiers of Virtue*, that in our ordinary Conversation, we are still jealous of such as are too studious to appear virtuous, tho we have no other reason to doubt their Sincerity, but what arises from their too great Pains. From which we may conclude, that those who intend to be virtuous, have a *much easier and pleasanter Task* than these Pretenders have, because they have not their own Conscience, nor the Jealousy of others to wrestle against; and which is yet worse, these want that habit of Virtue, which renders all the Pains of such as are really virtuous easy to them: and what is more difficult than for these to act against Custom, which Time renders a second Nature; and which, as shall be said hereafter, is so prevalent, as to facilitate to virtuous Persons the hardest part of what Virtue com-

mands? Besides this, *these Dissemblers have a difficult part to act*, seeing they act against their own Inclinations, which is to offer Violence to Nature, and is working not only without the help of that strongest of all Seconds, but the toiling against it, and all the Assistance it can give; which how great a torment it proves, appears from this, That those who have as much Generosity as may intitle 'em to the name of Man, will rather weary out the rage of Torture, than injure their own Inclinations. I imagine that *Haman* was much distressed, by being put to lead *Mordecai's* Horse in compliance with his Master's Commands; and one who is oblig'd by that Interest, which makes him dissemble, to counterfeit a Kindness for one whom he hates, or emit an Applause of what he undervalues, is certainly by that necessity more tormented a thousand Times, than such as intend upon a virtuous account to love the Person, and really to praise that in him which they are forc'd to commend; which is so far from being a Torment, when it is truly virtuous, that that real Love makes him who has it, desirous of an occasion to shew it, and to pursue all means for heightning that Applause, which torments the other. Consider what difficulty we find in going one way, whilst we look another, and with what hazard of stumbling that Attempt is attended, and ye will find both much difficulty and hazard to wait on Dissimulation, wherein we are ty'd to a double Task: for we must do what we intend, because of our Inclinations;

tions; and what we pretend, because of our Professions: and if we fail in either, which is more probable, than *where Simplicity only is profess'd* (two Tasks being difficulter than one) then the World laughs at us, for failing in what we propos'd; and we fret at our selves, for failing in what was privately design'd. And not only

does Dissimulation tie us to a double, but it obliges us to two contrary Tasks; for we needed not dissemble, if what we intend be not contrary to what we pretend: And thus Men in Dissimulation do but (like *Penelope*) undo in the Night, what they were forc'd to do in the day time.

Unhurt, untouch'd, did I complain,
And terrify all others with my Pain!
But now I feel the mighty Evil;
Ah! there's no fooling with the Devil.
So wanton Men, while they would others fright,
Themselves have met a real Spright;
Darts and Wounds, and Flame, and Heat,
I nam'd but for the Rhime, or the Conceit;
Nor meant my Verse shou'd raised be
To this sad Fame of Prophecy.
Truth gives a dull Propriety to my Stile;
And all the Metaphors does spoil;
In Things, where Fancy much does reign;
'Tis dangerous too cunningly to feign.
The Play at last a Truth does grow,
And Custom into Nature go.
By this curst Art of Begging I became
Lame, with counterfeiting Lame:
My Lines of amorous Desire
I wrote to kindle, and blow others Fire.
And 'twas a barbarous Delight
My Fancy promis'd from the Sight:
But now, by Love! the mighty Phalaris I;
My burning Bull, the first do try.

Dissimulation makes Vice like-wise the more difficult, in that Dissemblers are never able to recover the Loss they sustain by one Escape; for if they be caught in their Dissimulation, or found out to be Impostors (which they cannot miss, but by a more watchful Attendance than any that Virtue requires) then they of all Persons are most hated, not only by those whom they intend-

ed to cheat, but by all others, tho unconcern'd in the Crime; and both the one and the other do yet hate it, as what strikes at the root of all human Society.

Dissimulation is from this likewise more painful than the Virtue which it emulates; that the Dissembler is oblig'd not only so to dissemble, as that those whom he intends to cheat, may believe him serious; but so likewise,

wife, as that others may understand that he is not serious)

*Thou shalt not break yet Heart, nor shall she know
My inward Torment by my outward Show;
To let her see my Weakness, were too base,
Dissembled Quiet sits upon my Face:
My Sorrow to my Eyes no Passage find,
But let it inward sink and drown my Mind;
The spacious Tow'r, no Ruin shall disclose,
Till down at once the mighty Fabrick goes.*

Thus I have my self seen a Gentleman, who dissembled a Love and Fondness for one whom he was oblig'd to persuade that she was his Mistress, act so covertly that perfidious part, that his real Mistress was really jealous that he dissembled with her, and not with the other: and to remove this, put the Gallant to as much new Pains as the former Cheat had cost him. And I have heard of the like Accidents, tho in different Actions; as of a Rebel, who counterfeited Loyalty so, that his Complices did really distrust his fixedness to those damn'd Principles which he still retain'd. And in ordinary Conversation you will often find, that in dissembling with the one Party, you still lose the other; and it is impossible to regain them who are so lost, but by a shameful Discovery of the former Cheat: and after all that Loss, this Doubt is still left, *How can I know but this man dissembles with me, who is so exquisite in that Art,* as even to have made me jealous that his Dissimulation was not

counterfeit?

Let us a little consider how few Instruments Virtue requires, and we shall find it easy and pleasant to be virtuous: It requires no Arms, Exchequer, Guards nor Garrison; it is all these to it self, in every sense wherein it needs them; *whereas Vice is a Burden to its Votaries*, as well in the abundance of those Attendants which it requires, as in the difficulty of those Attainments which it proposes. And this is that happy Topick, from which our wise Saviour reprov'd *Martha*, when he told her, *That she weary'd herself about many things, whereas there was one thing necessary.* The ambitious Man is oblig'd to have his House planted with a Wood of Partizans, as well to secure that Condition which so many envy and rival, as to magnify himself by so unequal'd Attendance. This Desire to Command made *Hannibal* force a passage thro the rocky Alps; *Cesar* to commit himself to the mercy of a stormy Sea, and so many weary Journeys.

*Ambition's never safe till Pow'r be past,
As Men till impotent were seldom chaste;
One World suffic'd not Alexander's Mind,
Coop'd up he seem'd, in Earth and Seas confin'd;*

And struggling stretch'd his restless Limbs about
The narrow Globe to find a Passage out :
Yet enter'd in the Brick-built Town he try'd
The Tomb, and found the Freight Dimensions wide.
Death only this mysterious Truth unfolds,
The mighty Soul how small a Body holds :
Yet true Renown is still with Virtue join'd,
Tho Lust of Pow'r lets loose th' unbridl'd Mind.

So much doth Ambition tie its Depend-
ers to depend upon such Numbers, that tho those Armies of Lacquies which attend them signify no more than so many following Cyphers; yet the subtracting of any one of these, doth by so much lessen the value of what they follow. Doth not Pride require Flatterers? and those Flatterers Salaries? and the provision of these Salaries much Pains and Anxiety? Doth it not require Precedency, a suitable Estate and Applause? and are not these inattainable without more Toil and Fatigue than any thing that Virtue enjoins? Covetousness requires assiduous Drudgery, and Mines as bottomless as the Desires which crave them. Lust requires plurality of Women, abundance of Strength, numbers of Pimps, and much Money: whereas Virtue craves only what is fit, and persuades us to believe that only to be fit, which is absolutely necessary. *Cato's Table* is compleatly furnish'd with

one Dish, and his Body with one Vesture.

Enic Epule vicisse famem.

And the Philosopher going by well and rich furnish'd Shops, cou'd cry out with pleasure, *Oh! how many Things are there of which I stand not in need?* Not only are these many Instruments troublesome, because they are superfluous; but likewise because by their number they add to those natural Necessities, under which even virtuous Men are weigh'd as long as they are Men. Those who have so numerous Families, cannot remove when their necessity calls them, but they must expect till their *Retinue* be ready; and when these are prepar'd, it is no easy clog to draw so many after them; or when any Misfortune overtakes any of these many, they must suffer in these as oft as each of these suffers in themselves, and their Miseries are augmented by every new Increase that is added to their Fortunes.

I.

Well I have thought on't, and I find
This busy World is Nonsense all,
I here despair to please my Mind,
The sweetest Honey is so mix'd with Gall :
Come then, I'll try him, 'tis to be alone,
Live to my self a while, and be my own.

I've try'd, and bless the happy Change,
 So happy, I could almost vow
 Never from this Retreat to range,
 For sure I ne'er can be so blest as now:
 From all th' Alloys of Bliss I here am free,
 I pity others, and none envy me.

III.

Here in this shady lonely Grove,
 I sweetly think my Hours away,
 Neither with Business vex'd, nor Love,
 Which in the World bear such Tyrannick Sway.
 No Tumults can my close Apartment find,
 Calm as those Seats above, which know no Storm nor Wind.

IV.

Let Plots and News embroil the State,
 Pray what's that to my Books and me?
 Whatever be the Kingdom's Fate,
 Here I am sure I enjoy a Monarchy:
 Lord of my self, accountable to none,
 Like the first Man in Paradise alone.

V.

While the Ambitious vainly sue,
 And of the partial Stars complain;
 I stand upon the Shore, and view
 The mighty Labours of the distant Main:
 I'm flush'd with silent Joy, and smile to see
 The Shafts of Fortune, still deep, short of me.

VI.

Th' uneasy Pageantry of State,
 And all the Plagues to Thought and Sense
 Are far remov'd, I'm plac'd by Fate
 Out of the Road of all Impertinence:
 Thus tho my fleeting Life runs swiftly on,
 'Twill not be short, because 'tis all my own.

A great Treasure or high Post it is fitted for all Places and Oc-
 is not only an Inticement to casions; whereas Vice is stinted
 make its Master be assaulted or to select ones. One may be just
 betray'd, but it is likewise un- every where, but Bribing requires
 easy to be transported: And Cre- Opportunity, Mediation of o-
 sus's many Bags are overtaken, thers, and that those others be
 when money-less Solon escapes dextrous in the conveyance, and
 with Safety. I shall then con- close as to their Humour.
 clude, that Virtue is easier and Adultery must busy it self to
 pleasanter than Vice, because it re- find a convenient Room, it re-
 quires fewer Instruments. quires the Husband's Absence, a
 Virtue is likewise easy, because faithful, and yet a faithless Ser-
 vant.

want. And albeit with the course of these Provisions, it may attain its aim oftner than is fit, yet will it want that Satisfaction oftner than it wishes; whereas *Chastity is circumscrib'd by no such Limits*, but is as free as pure, depending upon nothing that is extrinsec, and Debtor for its Happiness to nothing that is not it self.

I cannot here but reproach Vice, for tying us not only to Place, Times, and Numbers of Instruments; but which is worse, for referring all our Endeavors to Designs, that are either *unfeasible in themselves*, or at best do become so, because of our Fancy or Excess. *Vanity is not satisfy'd without Applause from others*, which being an act of their Free-will who bestows it, doth therefore depend upon their Election; whereas Virtue is satisfy'd with its own Testimony, and is satisfy'd with nothing that others say, except it be bottom'd upon what they are conscious to themselves to deserve. O then happy Virtue! who art thy own Treasure and Expectation! thou alone may'st dote upon thy self without a Fault, and in thee only Self-love is no way criminal: Whereas Vice is uneasy, because it fetches its Satisfaction from abroad; and is barren, because it cannot find them at home. Covetousness must scorch its Suitors in the *Indies*, it must freeze them in *Nova Zembla*, it terrifies them at Sea, and shipwracks them upon the Shore: Whilst Virtue recommends to us to seek our Happiness in no foreign Pleasures. And *Diogenes* finds without danger in his Tub, what these Sailors

pursue in their dangerous Bottoms. But Vice might plead it self less guilty, if its Designs were only difficult; but Difficulty is not all: for Vice either requires what is impossible, or what, by not being bounded, may very easily become so. *Covetousness makes nothing enough*, and proposes not only what may satisfy; but what may be acquir'd. Ambition likewise will have every Man to be highest, which is impossible, because there cannot be many highests; and the first Attainer leaves nothing to his implacable Rivals, but the Impatience of being disappointed; which not only disquiets their present Ease, but begets in them Projects of attacking him by whom they conceive themselves vanquish'd.

Philosophers have divided all Vices into those which consist in Excess, and those which imply a Defect, the one shooting as far over the Mark, as the other comes short of it: and if we compare Virtue with either of these, we shall find it more easy and pleasant than either; for as to those which over-reach Virtue, they must be as much more uneasy than it, as they exceed it; for having all in them which that Virtue possesses which they exceed, they must require, either in Acquisition or Maintenance, all the Pains that the exceeded Virtue extracts.

Thus *Prodigality* requires all the Spending and Pains that Liberality needs; and running equally with it all its length, it begins to require more Pains and Travel where it out-shoots the other: and thus Prodigality bestows not only

only enough, as Liberality does, but it lavishes out more than is fit, taking for the standard of its Bounty all that it hath to bestow, and not either what it self can spare, or what its Object needs. *Jealousy* pains it self more than *true Love*, with all those Extravagancies which are so unsufferable to the Party lov'd, and so disquieting to the Lover himself, that Physicians have accounted this a Disease, and the Law hath made it a Crime.

*What State of Life can be so blest
As Love, that warms a Lover's Breast!
Two Souls in one: the same Desire
To grant the Bliss, and to require.
But if in Heaven a Hell we find,
'Tis Jealousy, thou Tyrant of the Mind!
All other Ills, tho sharp they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect Love:
In Absence or unkind Disdain,
Sweet Hope relieves the Lover's Pain;
But Jealousy, to do thee Right,
Thou art the Fire of endless Night,
The Fire that burns and gives no Light.*

But tho *Jealousy*, and other Vices, by being plac'd in defect, seem to require less Trouble than the *Virtue* they fall short of; yet so uneasy is Vice, that even those, tho they exceed not *Virtue* in their measures, do yet exceed it in their Toil. We see a Miser more tormented by his scanting Penuriousness, than a noble Person by his generous Liberality; for those are oblig'd to keep themselves out of these Occasions of spending (a Task great enough, because all Men endeavour, both out of Envy, and out of Humour and Sport, to draw them into these Snares) and when they are within their own Circle, they are forc'd by that restless Vice, to descend to thousands of Tricks, which are as wearying as unhandson.

Vice likewise is therefore less easy and pleasant than *Virtue* because *Virtue* proposes only one Aim, which is fix'd and stable, whilst Vice and Fancy leave us to an Indetermination, that is uneasy as well as dangerous. When it hath prest us to make Armies fall as sacrific'd to the Idol of our Ambition, and for humouring of that Passion, to bring Cities as well as Men level with the Ground; then it will in the next thought persuade us, even to laugh at our Ambition, and to exchange it for love to a Mistress or Companion, as it once serv'd the otherwise Great Alexander.

As *Virtue* makes good Neighbours, so all the *Virtues* are so far such amongst themselves, that not only they interfere not with one another, but the exercise likewise of the one facilitates the practice of the others: Thus whilst we practise Temperance, we learn to be just, because Temperance is the just measure of enjoying and using all Contingents; and we

we learn by it to be patient, *Patience being a Temperance in Grief, Sorrow or Affliction*. Patience is likewise the exercise of Fortitude, and Fortitude is a just proportion of Courage, and a temperate exercise of Boldness. And this occasion'd the Philosophers to term this noble Alliance, the *golden Chain of Virtue*, each being link'd with and depending upon its Fellow. But if we turn the Prospect, we shall find, that tho Dissension be a special Vice so character'd, yet all *Vices have somewhat of that ill-natur'd Humour in them, and agree in nothing but in this, that each of them doth disagree with each other*; which makes the practice of them both tedious and unpleasant: for all of them consisting, the one in Excess, the other in Defect, they cannot but disagree; Excess and Defect being in themselves most contrary. Thus *Prodigality* opposes *Avarice*, *Cowardliness* *Courage*, and *Fondness* *Hatred*: and as virtuous Persons have a kindness for one another, because the Object of their Love requires as well as admits Rivals; so *Vice, endeavouring to ingross what it pursues, makes Rivals altogether un-supportable*. Ambition incites each of its Dependents to be chief, and yet allows only one of these many to enjoy what it makes all of them desire. Thus *Avarice's* Task is to impropriate the possession of what it created, and is necessary to be distributed amongst many Thousands: And *Envy* will not only have its Master to be full of Applause, but will likewise starve the Desires and Merits of others, judging that it self cannot be happy, if others

be so. Vice then must be less easy and less pleasant than Virtue, because it hath more Enemies than Virtue, and because the Virtues are more harmonious amongst themselves than Vices are.

Vices not only make Enemies to themselves, but by a Civil War (as a just Judgment upon them) they destroy one another; Providence intending thereby to hinder the Growth of what, tho it prosper not well, yet is already too noxious to Mankind: And upon the same Principle of kindness to what bears his Image, God Almighty, and his Providence, do design the *Unsuccessfulness of Vice*, as being obstructive of his Glory, as well as destructive to his Creatures; being equally thereto ingag'd, by a love to his own Honour and Service, and by a Hatred as well to those who commit Vice, as to the Vice which is committed. Thus God confounded those Tongues which had spoke so much Blasphemy against him, whilst they were endeavouring to raise a Tower as high as their Sins.

The Law likewise by its Punishments, contributes all its Endeavours to crush Vice, and to hinder its Success, forbidding by its Edicts any Person to assist it: and making not only Assistance, but Counsel; not only Counsel, but Connivance; not only Connivance, but *Concealment of it*, to be in most Cases so criminal, that all the Honours which Vice promiseth, or the Treasures it gives, cannot be able to redeem those who are found to have slighted this Prohibition. *Must it not then be difficult to be Vitious?* where Assistants and Counsellors are so over-

over-aw'd; and the Intenders to terrify'd, that few will ingage as Instruments; and those who do, are so disorder'd by Fear, that vicious Projectors are as little to expect Success, as virtuous Persons are to wish it for them. And to evidence how much Opposition the Law intends for Vice, it not only punishes Vice with what it presently inflicts, but it presumes it still guilty for the future, *Semel malus, semper presumitur malus*. And upon that presumption, many vicious Persons have suffer'd for that whereof they were otherwise innocent. Tho' Rebellion hath promising Charms to allure the Idolaters of Ambition and Fame, yet the Law doth so far stand against it, that few will concur with the Contrivers, except such Fools as have not the Wit to promote it. Vice then must be uneasy, seeing the Law opposes it, and renders its Commission dangerous as well as odious.

Men likewise join with God and the Law in a Confederacy against Vice; and tho' they too oft approve it in the Warmness and Disorder of their Passions, yet in their Professions and Conventions they laugh at it, and inveigh against it; and tho' the Pressure of a present Temptation overcomes them so far as to commit what they disallow, yet they do it but seldom, and with so many Checks from within, as that its Commission cannot be thought easy. Consider, how amongst Men, we hate even those Vices in others which we are guilty of our selves, and how we even hate those Vices in others

by which we our selves reap no small Advantage. *Alexander* glory'd to destroy that base Person who had murder'd his greatest Enemy, *Darius*; and *David* is commended for having caus'd him to be kill'd, who but said, that he had kill'd *Saul*. Who will employ one who is perfidious? And so uneasy is Vice, that much Pains and Discourse will not persuade us to believe one who uses to lie, whilst we will soon believe what is really a Lie from one that uses not to abuse our Trust. Few Judges are so precisely just, as not to think that they may favor a virtuous Person. So that seeing Reward as well as Inclination, and Just Men as well as Unjust, advance Virtue and oppose Vice, Vice cannot but be more uneasy and more unpleasant than Virtue, which is all was to be prov'd.

I am, from reflecting upon the Progress and Growth of Vice, convinc'd very much of its *Uneasiness*: If we look upon Rebellion, Revenge, or Adulteries, we find them hatch'd in Corners, as remote from Commerce as those Vices are themselves from Virtue, and as black as the Guilt of their Contrivers, and almost as terrifying as the worst of Prisons are to such who are but in any measure virtuous. None of the Contrivers dares trust his Colleague; and which is yet worse, none of them have courage enough to reflect upon what he is to do; he must be too bad to be successful, who is so desperately wicked, as not to tremble at the Wickedness he projects, or that which his Conscience accuses him of.

Amidst your Train this unseen Judge will wait,
Examine how you came by all your State;
Upbraid your impious Pomp, and in your Ear
Will hollow Rebel, Traitor, Murderer;
Your ill-got Power, wan Looks and Care shall bring;
Known but by Discontent to be a King:
Of Crouds afraid, yet anxious when alone;
You'll sit and hood your Sorrows on a Throne.

And those very Blushings which Stains and Elemenishes, when they adorn the Face, when they are are sent there by Fear, or a troubled Conscience. the Motions of Modesty; become

Severe Decrees may keep our Tongues in awe;
But to our Thoughts what Edict can give Law?
E'en you your self, to your own Breast shall tell
Your Crimes, and your own Conscience be your Hell:
Seek not thy self without thy self to find,
For Conscience is the Test of every Mind.

And it is very pretty to observe, with how much Art and Pains, such as are guilty of Vice, endeavour to shun all Discourses that can renew to them the least Reflection upon their former Failings, and how they most oftentimes disoblige their own Envy and Malice, in not daring to vent or reproach others with that Guilt with might be easily retorted. And thus vicious Men have as many Masters, as their Vices have Witnesses; and tho they are bold enough to commit Vice, yet they oftentimes want the Courage to own it.

Another Argument to inforce that Virtue is more easy than Vice, is, That seeing Nature is the Spring of all Operations, certainly that must be most easy which is most natural; and when we would express any thing to be easy to a Person or Nation, we say, It is natural to them: and Miracles are uneasy and difficult, because they

run the Counter-tract of Nature; being either above, against, or beside its Assistance. But so it is, that Virtue is a more natural Operation than Vice, both because it less infests Nature than Vice does, and because Nature discovers more of a bent to act virtuously than vitiously; which are the only two senses in which any thing is said to be natural.

That Virtue of these two pre-judges Nature least, is clear from this, that Sobriety cherisheth it; when it is run down by Intemperance; Murder kills it, Gluttony chokes it; and Jealousy keeps it not alive but to torment it: and generally whenever Nature is distressed, it flies to Virtue either for Protection, as to Courage, Justice and Clemency; or for Recovery, as to Temperance, Industry and Chastity: Few grey Hairs owe their Whiteness, except to that Innocence whose Livery it is. Rapine, Oppression, and such other Vi-

ces, heightning their Insolence against Man to that point, that he must serve them in being his own Cut-throat, to be commended for nothing else, save that they rid the World of such, who came only into it to deface that glorious Fabrick, whereof the Almighty so much resented the pleasure of having created it, that he appointed a day of each seven to celebrate its Festivals. Are not some Sins said to be *Sins against our own Bodies*? Not because all are not so in some measure, but because some are so in so eminent a measure, that the Apostle, who knew much of all *Mens Inclinations*, thought that their being so much such, was enough to restrain such Persons from committing them, as were yet so wicked as not to obey a Saviour who dy'd for them. And why is it that Laws are so severe against Vice, but because it destroys and corrupts the Members of the Commonwealth? I have oft been driven to that Excess of Compassion for the state of vitious Persons, that I have no more remembered even the Wrongs that they have done me. To see the Pox wear out a Face which had been very Fair and Beautiful, and the Gout fetter Feer, that as the Psalmist says, *were swift to do ill*, are but too ordinary Encounters to excite Compassion: But to see the Wheel fatted with the Marrow of tortur'd Miscreants, is a great Instance how great an Enemy Vice is to Nature, under whose ill Conduct, and for whose Errors it suffers Torments, which are much sooner felt than express.

Since then Nature is so oppos'd

by Vice, it cannot be it self so unwise, in the lowest of these many degrees which we ascribe to many Creatures whom it makes wise, if it dispos'd not Mankind to entertain an Aversion to Vice, which is so much its Enemy. *Shall the Sheep, the silliest of all Animals; or the Earth, the dullest of all the Elements, flee from its Oppressors? And shall Nature, which should be wiser than these, because it bestows those Inclinations upon them which makes them pass for wise, be so imprudent as not to mold Men so as to incline them to hate Vice which so much hurts it? Is there any Vice committed, to which we may not find another impulsive Cause than Nature? And are not most Vices either committed by Custom, by being mistaken for Good, by Interest or Inadvertence, as shall be shew'd in the close of this Paradox? And seeing Nature designs to do nothing in vain, it is not imaginable that it shou'd prompt us to Vice, wherein nothing but Vanity can be expected, or from which nothing else can be reap'd.*

All Vices have their own peculiar Diseases, to which they inevitably lead; *Envy* brings Men to Leanness, as if it were fed with its Master's Flesh, as well as with its Enemies Failings; *Lust*, the Pox and Consumptions; *Drunkenness*, Catarrhes and Gouts; and *Rage*, Feavers and Phrenzies; which is a demonstration of their uneasiness and unpleasantness. And I might almost say, that those Vices are like Frogs, Lice, and other despicable and terrible Insects, generated and kneaded out of excrementitious Humors

Lust

Lust is occasion'd by the Superfluity and Heat of the Blood ; *Drunkenness* by a Driness of the Vessels, and *Rage* by the Corruption and Exuberancy of Choler. Consider how much the frowns of *Anger* disfigure the sweetest Face, how much *Rage* discomposes our Discourse ; and by these and its other Postures, ye will find *Vice an Enemy to Nature*. So that in all these Nature labours under some Distemper, and is distressed in its Operations, and acts them not out of Choice, but as sick Men rise to hunt for what their Physicians deny them. And from all this it follows, that *Vice* is neither natural or pleasant in its Productions, nor in its Tendencies ; not being design'd by Nature in the one, nor designing to preserve Nature in the other.

I confess there is a rank of Virtues, which are supernatural, such as *Faith, Hope and Repentance* ; but either there could be no contradistinction of these from such as I treat of ; or else these of which I here speak, must be natural. To deny our selves, if we will follow Christ ; and that Flesh and Blood did not teach *Peter* to emit that noble Confession of Christ's being the Son of the E-

ternal God, proves that some spiritual Truths are above the reach of Reason. Are not all Sins, even in the Dialect of Philosophers and Lawgivers, as well as in the Language of *Canaan*, term'd unnatural ? What is *Parricide, Ingratitude, Oppression, Lying, &c.* but the subversion of those Laws, whereof our own Hearts are the Tables ? Doth not Nature, by giving us Tongues to express our Thoughts, teach us, that to disguise our Thoughts, or to contradict them, is to be unnatural ? And seeing the not acknowledgment of Favours, obstructs the future relief of our Necessities, it must be as unnatural to be ungrateful, as it is natural to provide Supplies for our craving Wants.

I will not fully exhaust the Miseries that wait upon Vice, by telling you, that no Man who is *really vicious* sinneth without reluctance in the Commission ; but I must likewise tell you, that tho' all the preceding Disadvantages were salv'd, yet the natural Horror which results from the Commission of Vice, is great enough to render it a Miracle that any Man shou'd be vicious ; our Conscience can condemn us without Witnesses. 'Tis true,

*Nature has made Man's Breast no Windows
To publish what he does within Doors ;
Nor what dark Secrets there inhabit
Unless his own rash Folly blab it ;
And a large Conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none.*

No Remissions can secure us against all external Punishments, yet the Arm of that Executioner cannot be stop't ; and if you consider how Men become thereby

inconsolable, by the attendance of Friends, and the advantage of all exterior Pleasures, you cannot but conclude that *Vice* is to be pity'd as well as shun'd, and that

this alone makes it more uneasy than Virtue, whereby the greatest of Misfortunes are sweetened, and outward Torments, by having their Prospect turn'd upon *future Praise and Rewards*, render'd Pleasures to such as suffer them, and are look'd upon as Ornaments by such as see them inflicted.

Virtue afflicts at most but the Body, and in these Pains Philosophy comforts us; but *Vice afflicts our Souls*, and the Soul being more sensible than the Body, certainly the Torments of Vice must be greatest. And this seems the reason why our Saviour, in describing the Torments of Hell, placeth *the Worm which never dies*, before *the Fire that never goeth out*: And that the rebukes of a natural Conscience are of all Torments the most insupportable, appears from this, That albeit Death be the most formidable of all Torments, yet Men, in exchange of these, will not only welcome Death, but will assume it to themselves; adding *the Guilt and Infamy of Self-murder, the Confiscation of an Estate, and the infamous want of Burial*, to the horrors of an ordinary Death; and all this to shift the present Gnawings of a Conscience. The Horrors likewise of a guilty Conscience do in this appear most disquieting, that those who have their Conscience so burden'd, do acknowledg, *That after Confession, they find themselves as much eas'd* as a sick Stomach is reliev'd by vomiting up those Humors, whose Disquietness makes such as suffer'd them, rather sick Persons, than Patients: Whereas, *what-ever be the present Troubles which arise from Virtue*, yet if they

continue not, they are tolerable; and if they continue, Custom, and the Assistance of Philosophy, will lessen their weight; and at best, the Pain is to be but temporary, because the Cause from which they descend is but momentary. If they be not sharp and violent, they are sufferable; and if they be violent, they cannot last, or at least the Patient cannot last long to endure them: Whereas those Reflections that disquiet us in Vice, arising from the Soul it self, cannot perish whilst that hath any Being. And so the vicious Soul must measure its Grief by the length of Eternity, tho Vice did let out its Joys but by the length of a Moment, and did not fill even the narrow Dimensions of that moment with sincere Joy; the Knowledg that these were to be short-liv'd, and the Fear of succeeding Torment, possessing much of that little room.

The first Objection, whose Difficulty deserves an Answer, is, That Virtue obliges us to oppose Pleasures, and to accustom our selves with such Rigors, *Seriousness and Patience*; as cannot but render its Practice uneasy. My Answer is, That Philosophy enjoins not the Crossing of our own Inclinations, but in order to their Accomplishment, and it proposes Pleasure as its End, as well as Vice; tho for its more fix'd Establishment, it sometimes commands what seems rude to such as are Strangers to its Intentions in them. Thus Temperance resolves to heighten the Pleasures of Enjoyment, by defending us against all the Insults of Excess and oppressive Loathing; and when

when it lessens our Pleasures, it intends not to abridg them, but to make them fit and convenient for us: Even as Soldiers, who tho they propose not Wounds and Starvings; yet if without these they cannot reach those Laurels to which they climb, they will not so far disparage their own hopes, as to think they shou'd fix them upon any thing whose Purchase deserves not the suffering of these. Physick cannot be call'd a cruel Employment, because to preserve what is sound, it will cut off what is tainted; and those vicious Persons, whose Laziness forms this Doubt, do answer it when they endure the sickness of Drunkenness, the toiling of Avarice, the attendance of rising Vanity, and the watchings of Anxiety; and all this to satisfy Inclinations, whose Shortness allows little Pleasure, and whose Prospect excludes all future Hopes.

The Pleasures of Vice can have no room in any part of our time, beside the *Present*; which Present is by many Philosophers scarce allow'd the name of time, and is at best so swift, that its Pleasures must be too transient to be possesst. I confess that Revenge is the most inticing of all Vices, insomuch that a wicked *Italian* said, that God Almighty had reserv'd it to himself, because it was too noble and satisfying a Prerogative to be bestow'd upon Mortals; yet it discharges at once its Pleasure with its Fury, and like a Bee, languishes after it hath spent its Sting; and when it is once acted, which is oft in one moment, it ceaseth from that moment to be a Plea-

sure; and such as were tickled once with it, are afraid of its remembrance, and think worse of it than they did formerly of the Affront, to expiate which it was undertaken. Thirty pieces of Silver might have had some Litchery in them at *Judas's* first Touch; but they behov'd to have a very unressembling effect, when he took no longer pleasure in them than to have come the next Week to offer them back; and because they were refus'd, to rid himself of his Life and them together.

The Pains of Vice may be concluded greater than those of Virtue, from this, that virtuous Persons are in their Sufferings assisted by all the World; vicious Persons doing so, to expiate their own Crimes; and virtuous Persons doing the same, do reward the Virtue they adore: and if these Endeavours prove insuccessful, every Man by bearing a share in their Grief, does all he can to lessen it; but *vicious Persons have their Sufferings augmented by the Disdain,* and just Reproaches thrown upon them, by such as were Witnesses to their Vices; and such as had any Inclination for them, dare not appear to be their Well-wishers, lest they be reputed Complices of their Crimes.

What is more laborious than *Pride*? wherein, by robbing from others what is due to them, the Acquirers are still oblig'd to defend their new Conquests with more vigilance than Virtue needs. The proud Man must be greater than all others, and so must toil more than they all, his Task being greater than all theirs jointly. And the *jealous Man* must never

be satisfy'd till he know not only what is Truth, but what he fears to be so; being most unhappy in this, that if he get assurance of what he suspects, then he is made really miserable; or if he attain not to that assurance, *he must still toil for it*, and must make himself miserable by his Pains, till he become really so, by being inform'd of what at one instant he wishes to be false, and endeavours to make true. Revenge is most painful, both in persuading us that these are Affronts, which of their own nature are no Affronts, and then in bringing on us much more hazard than their Satisfaction can repay: For one word spoke to us, which (it may be) the Speaker intended as no Injury; how many have, by murdering the Speaker, or some such rash Attempt, depriv'd themselves of the Privilege of seeing their Friends without Horror, or of coming abroad without imminent Danger, skulking in Dens like Thieves, imprison'd for fear of a Prison, and dying daily to shun the Death they fear? Whereas Socrates, by laughing at him who spit in his Face, had then the pleasure to see himself at present satisfy'd, and did foresee the hopes of future Praises. And he acted as noble a Part, who, being kick'd on the Breech, was desir'd by his Friend to draw his Sword and revenge it, No, I wont, said the Person affronted, for what is this to a Man that hath read Seneca? But Guiltiness must search out Corners, it must at all rates secure Favourites, it must shun to meet with such as are conscious to its Guilt; and whenever two Men speak privately in Presence of such as are Vicious, they

persuade themselves that something is there spoke to their Disadvantage; and like one who labours of a Sore, they must still be careful that their Wound be not touch'd.

To conclude then this Period, consider, that every thing that is uneasy, must be unpleasant; and that Vice is more uneasy than Virtue, appears from the whole foregoing Paradox.

I hope the preceding Discourse hath clear'd off all those Doubts that can oppose this well-founded Paradox, leaving only this Objection here to be answer'd, *If Vice be less easy and less pleasant than Virtue*, why do the greater part of Mankind range themselves to its side, leaving Virtue as few Followers, as it professes to desire Admirers? In answer where-to, I confess that this Objection proves Men to be mad, but not *Vice to be easy or pleasant*; even as when we see Men throw away their Clothes, run the Fields over, and expose themselves to Storms, leaving their convenient Homes and kind Family; we conclude such as do so to be mad, but are not induc'd to believe that what they do is easy. And certainly *Vice is a Madness*, as may appear convincingly from this; That when we see others run to these Excesses (which we thought Gallantry in our selves, when we were acting the like) we ask them seriously, *What, are ye mad?* The Prodigal, when he freed himself from those vicious Rovings, is said to have come to himself; by which word Madness is usually express'd: Men are said to be mad, when they offer Violence to their Body; and it

is a more advanc'd degree of Madness to offer Violence to our Souls; which we then do (besides the ruining of our Bodies) when we are vicious. And to such as prefer their Bodies to their Souls, I recommend the Survey of such Bodies as have wasted themselves in Stews and Taverns, or have left Limbs upon the Field where they last quarrel'd after Cups for Vanity, or Mistresses. The second Answer is, that Men mistake oft-times Vice for Virtue, and are intic'd to it by an Error in their Judgments, rather than any Depravedness in their Affections. Thus Drunkenness recommends it self to us, under the notion of Kindness; and Prodigality, under that of Liberality. Complacency likewise is the great Pimp of much Vitiousness to well dispos'd Persons, and many are by it intic'd to err, to gratify a mistake in their Friendship; for they are persuad'd that Friendship and Kindness are so innocent and sweet Qualities, that they cannot command what are not just as themselves.

Custom also, as it is a second Nature, so it is a Step-mother to Virtue; and whilst we endeavour to shun the Vice of being vain and singular, we slip into those Vices which are too familiar to be formidable, and which we wou'd not have committed, if the Mode and Fashion had not determin'd us thereto against our first and pure Inclinations. But above all, want of Consideration is the frequent occasion of many of those Disorders; so that Virtue is not postpon'd by Choice, but by Negligence: Neither wou'd it be more difficult for us to be Virtuous

in many of our Actions, than it wou'd be for us to consider what we are about to do.

It is indeed hard for one who is drunk to stand upright, or for one who hath his Eyes cover'd with Mire to see clearly: and yet Standing upright, or Seeing clearly, are not in themselves difficult Tasks. Just so Virtue is easy and pleasant in it self, tho our pre-engagement to the contrary Habit, rather than to the Vice it self, renders its Operations somewhat uneasy: whereas, if we had once imbu'd our Souls with a habit of Virtue, its exercise would be far easier to us, than that of its contrary; for it would be assisted by Reason, Nature, Reward and Applause, all which oppose the other. He who becomes temperate, finds his Temperance much less troublefom than the most habitual Drunkard can his Excess, who can never render it so familiar, but that he will be constrain'd to make Faces when he quaffs off a tedious Health, and will at sometimes find either his Quarrels, the betraying his Friends Secret, or his Crudities, to importune him. No Liar hath so much accustom'd himself to that Trade, but he will discover himself sometimes in his Blushes, and will be oft distress'd to shape out Covers for his Falseness; whereas he who is free from the bondage of that Habit, will always find it so easy and pleasant, that he will never hear a Lie, without admiring with what Confidence it cou'd have been forg'd.

Whereas to know the easiness and pleasantness of Virtue, we need only this Reflection, That every vicious Person thinks it ea-

fier to conquer the Vice he sees in another: *He who Whores*, admires the Uneasiness and Unpleasantness of Drinking, and the *Drunkard* laughs at the fruitless Toil of Ambition; which shews that Vice is an easy Conquest, seeing the meanest Persons can subdue it.

Tho *Truth and Novelty* do of all other Motives court us soonest to complacency, and tho my present *Paradox* may pretend to both; yet so studious am I of

Success, where I have a tenderness to the *Paradox* for which I contend, that for further Conviction of its Enemies, I must recommend to them to go to the *Courts of Monarchs*, and there learn the Uneasiness and Unpleasantness of Vice, from its splitting those in Oppositions and Factions; which afford the reasonable Lookers-on as disagreeable a Prospect, as that of a shipwreck'd Vessel.

I.

*Then I shan't envy him, whoe'er he be,
That stands upon the Battlements of State;
Stand there who will for me,
I'd rather be secure, than great.
Of being so high the Pleasure is but small,
But long the Ruin, if I chance to fall.*

II.

*Let me in some sweet Shade serenely lie,
Happy in Leisure and Obscurity;
Whilst others place their Joys
In Popularity and Noise.
Let my soft Minutes glide obscurely on,
Like subterraneous Streams, unheard, unknown.*

III.

*Thus when my Days are all in Silence past,
A good plain Country-Man I'll die at last;
Death cannot chuse but be
To him a mighty Misery,
Who to the World was popularly known,
And dies a Stranger to himself alone.*

From all which it is but too clear, that all vicious Persons, how rich or how great soever they be, are Slaves; which tho the *uneasiest and most unpleasant* of States, yet to shun a Loss of suppos'd Liberty, most Men refuse to be virtuous. If we go to Physicians, we shall find their Shambles hung round with the Trophies of Vice; for *Temperance*,

Chastity, or the other Virtues, send few thither: but Wantonness repays there its one moment's Pleasure with a year's Cure, and makes them afraid to see that disfigur'd Face, for whose Representation they once doted upon their flattering Mirrour. There lie such Prisoners as the *drunken Gout* hath fetter'd, and there lie roaring such as *Gluttony* hath oppress:

Let

Let us go to *Prisons and Scaffolds*, and there we shall see such furnish'd out with the Envoice of *Injustice, Malice, Revenge and Murders*: Let us go to *Divines*, and they will tell us of the horrid Exclamations of such, as have upon their *Death-bed* seen muster'd before them those Sins, which as soon as they had their *Vizards* of *Sensuality and Lust* pull'd off, did appear in *Figures monstrous enough* to terrify a Soul which took leisure to consider them.

And tho the *Consciences* of *Soldiers* have oft-times their *Ears* so deafned with *warlike Sounds* or

welcome Applauses, that they cannot hear; and their *Eyes* so cover'd with their *Enemies Gore*, that they cannot see those terrifying *Shapes* of inward *Revenge*: yet, if we believe *Lucan*, neither cou'd the *Wrongs* done to *Cæsar* so far legitimate his *Fury*, nor the present *Joy* or future *Danger* so far divert him from reflecting upon his by-past *Actions*; nor could the want of *Christianity* so far favour his *Cruelty*, but that he and his *Soldiers* were the night of *Pharsalia's* Battel thus disturb'd; *Lucan, Book 7.*

*But furious Dreams disturb their restless Rest,
Pharsalia's Fight remains in every Breast;
Their horrid Guilt still works, the Battel stands
In all their Thoughts, they brandish empty Hands
Without their Swords; you would have thought the Field
Had groan'd, and that the guilty Earth did yield;
Exhaled Spirits, that in the Air did move,
And Strygian Fears possess the Night above.
A sad Revenge on them their Conquest takes,
Their Sleeps present the Furies, hissing Snakes
And Brands; their Countrymens sad Ghosts appear,
To each the Image of his proper Fear:
One sees an old Man's Visage, one a Young,
Another's tortur'd all the Evening long
With his slain Brother's Spirit; their Father's Sight
Daunts some, but Cæsar's Soul all Ghosts afright.*

But, Reader, that I may rest your Thoughts from the Noise and Horror of these Objects, let me lead them into a *Philosopher's Cell* or *House* (for *Virtue* is not like *Vice*, confin'd to Places) and there you will see measures taken by no less noble nor less erring Pattern than *Nature*.

His Furniture is not the Offspring of the last Fashion, and so he need not be at the Toil to keep Spies for informing him

when the succeeding Mode must cause these to be pull'd down.

He is not troubled that another's *Candlesticks* are of a later Mold, nor vex'd that he cannot muster so many Cabinets or Knacks as another does.

He spends no such idle Time as is requisite for making great Entertainments, wherein Nature is oppress'd to please Fancy, and must be by the next day's Physick tortur'd to cure its Errors.

His Soul lodges cleanly, neither clouded with the Vapours, nor cloy'd with the Crudities of his Table; he applies every thing to its natural use, and so uses Meat and Drink, not to express Kindness (Friendship doing that Office much better) but to refresh, and not to occasion his Weakness.

His Dreams are neither disturb'd by the horrid Representation of his last days Crimes, nor by the too deep Impressions of the next days Designs; but are calm as the Breast they refresh, and pleasant as the Rest they bring. His Eyes suffer no such Eclipse in these, as the Eyes of vicious Men do when they are darkned with Drunkenness or excessive Sorrow; for all his Darkneses succeed as seasonably to his Recreations, as the Day is follow'd by the Night.

In his Clothes, he uses not such as requires two or three hours to their laborious Dressing, or which over-awe the Weather so, that he must shun to go abroad to all Places, or at all Occasions, lest he offend their Lustre; but he provides himself with such as are most easy for use, and fears not to stain these, if he keep his Soul unspotted.

He considers his Body and Organs, as the Easement and Servants of that reasonable Soul he so much loves; and therefore he eases them, not upon design to please them, but to refresh them, that the Soul may be thereby better serv'd, and enjoy the pure and spiritual Pleasures of Philosophy.

But leaving this outer Court, let us step into a Philosopher's Breast (a Region as serene as the Heaven whence it came) and there view

how sweet Virtue inspires gentle and pleasant Thoughts, whose Storms raise not Wrinkles like Billows in our Face, and blow not away our disoblig'd Friends. Here no mutinous Passion rebels with Success, and those petty Insurrections of Flesh and Blood serve only to magnify the Strength of Reason in their Defeat. Here all his Desires are so satisfy'd with Virtue, as their Reward; that they neither need, nor do run abroad, begging Pleasures from every unknown Object: And therefore it is, that not placing his Happiness upon what is subject to the Empire of Fate, capricious Fortune cannot make him miserable, for it can resume nothing but what it hath given. And as few Men are griev'd to see what is not their own destroy'd; so the virtuous Philosopher, having always consider'd what is without him as belonging to Fortune, and not to him, he sees those burnt or robb'd with a disinterested Indifferency; and when all others are alarm'd with the Fears of ensuing Wars and Battles, he stands as fix'd (tho not as hard) as a Rock, and suffers all the foaming Waves of Fate and Malice to spend their Spite and Froth at his Feet: Virtue, and the remembrance of what he hath done, and the hopes that he shall still act virtuously, are all his Treasures; and these are not capable of being pillag'd, these are his inseparable Companions, and therefore he can never want a pleasant Conversation. And seeing he is a Citizen of the World, all places are his Country, and he is always at home, and so can never be banish'd; and seeing he can

can still exercise his Reason equally in all places, he is never (*like vicious Persons*) vex'd that he must stay in one place, and cannot reach another: like a sick Man, whose Disease makes him always tumble thro' all the Corners of his Bed. *He is never surpriz'd, because he forecasts always the worst;* and as this arms him against Discontents, so if a milder Event disappoint his Apprehensions, this heightens his Pleasure. He lives without all design, except that one of obeying his Reason. The Frowns or Favours of Grandees alter him not, seeing he neither fears the one, nor expects Promotion from the other. He desires little, and so is easily happy, seeing those are without Controversy happy who enjoy all they desire; *and that Man puts himself in great Debt, who widens his Expectations by his Desires.* Thus he who designs to buy a neighbouring Field, must straiten himself to lay up what will reach its Price, as much as if he were Debtor in the like Sum; *and Desire leaves still an Emptiness which must be fill'd.* He finds not his Breast invaded (*like such as are vicious*) by contrary Passions: His Passions do not interest him with extreme Concern in any thing; *and seeing he loves nothing too well, he grieves at the Loss of nothing too much.* He looks upon

all Mankind as sprung from one common stock with himself, and therefore is as glad to hear of other Mens Happiness, as others are to hear of their Kindred and Relations Promotion.

Injuries do not reach him, for his Virtue places him upon a height above their Shot; and what Calumnies or Offences are intended for him, do but, like the Vapours and Fogs that rise from the Earth, not reach the Heaven, but fall back in Storms and Thunder upon the Place from which they were sent. Injuries may strike his Buckler, but cannot wound himself, who is sensible of no Wounds, but of those his Vices give him: And if a Tyrant kill his Body, he knows his immaterial Soul cannot be stab'd, but is sure it will flee as high as the Spheres.

Thus have I prov'd from Reason, Experience, and the Example of the virtuous Philosopher, *That 'tis much easier and pleasanter to be Honest and Chast, than Leud and Wicked:* And tho' this Paradox will be contemn'd by the Rakes, and the Town Misses, &c. yet I have spoke my real Thoughts upon this Subject, and don't fear but the time I have spent upon it, will always give me a greater Ease and Pleasure, than the time I have spent in seeing the most wealthy or recreating Vice.

Paradox XXIX.

Asserting Rational Nonsense.

WHEN *Neptune's* Blasts, and *Boreas* blazing Storms,
 When *Triton's* Pitchfork cut off *Vulcan's* Horns ;
 When *Eolus* boist'rous Sun-beams grew so dark,
 That *Mars* in Moon-shine cou'd not hit the Mark :
 Then did I see the gloomy day of *Troy*,
 When poor *Aeneas* Legless ran away,
 Who took the torrid Ocean in his Hand,
 And sailed to them all the way by Land:
 An horrid Sight to see *Achilles* fall,
 He brake his Neck, yet had no hurt at all.
 But being dead, and almost in a Trance,
 He threatned forty thousand with his Lance.
 Indeed 'twas like such strange Sights then were seen,
 An ugly, rough, black Monster all in Green;
 That all about the white, blue, round, square Sky,
 The fixed Stars hung by Geometry.
Juno amaz'd, and *Jove* surpriz'd with Wonder,
 Caus'd Heaven to shake, and made the Mountains thunder.
 Which caus'd *Aeneas* once more to retire,
 Drown'd *Aetna's* Hill, and burnt the Sea with Fire.
Nilus for fear to see the Ocean burn,
 Went still on forward in a quick return:
 Then was that Broil of *Agamemnon's* done,
 When trembling *Ajax* to the Battel come ;
 He struck stark dead (they now are living still)
 Five hundred Mushrooms with his martial Bill.
 Nor had himself escap'd, as some Men say,
 If being dead, he had not run away.
 O monstrous, hideous Troops of Dromedaries,
 How Bears and Bulls from Monks and Goblins varies !
 Nay wou'd not *Charon* yield to *Cerberus*,
 But catch'd the Dog, and cut his Head off thus :
Pluto enrag'd, and *Juno* pleas'd with Ire,
 Sought all about, but could not find the Fire :
 But being found, well pleas'd, and in a spite
 They slept at *Acharon*, and wak'd all Night :
 Where I let pass to tell their mad Bravadoes,
 Their Meat was toasted Cheese and Carbonadoes.
 Thousands of Monsters more besides there be
 Which I, fast hoodwink'd, at that time did see ;
 And in a word, to shut up this Discourse,
 A Scholar's Whip is good to spur a Horse.

Paradox XXX.

The Loving Shrew: or, a Paradox proving the Kindest Women are the most Cruel; in a Letter to the Fair Sex.

Ladies,

THIS Paradox will appear an undoubted Truth, in spite of all your Crocodile Tears and Pretence to good Nature, by an Induction of Particulars.

You are evidently more cruel to *Enemies*, and even to *Friends*; to your *Rivals*, and your *Lovers*, and your very own dear selves, which wou'd make one less wonder at your Barbarity to all the rest.

And first for your *Enemies*, whom if you conquer'd by Right of War, and only made use of the Advantages which Fortune gave you, as did your strapping Amazonian Predecessors, when they rambled about the World, and carry'd Slaughter and Destruction with them wherever they came; this wou'd be somewhat more excusable: But a Coward no more dares be brave than merciful, nor is therefore likely to attack o-

penly one he hates. And the kinder you are, still the more cruel; for you have sure and private Methods of Destruction: You out-do the very Crocodile, who is said to weep over her Prey; for you kill smiling, and destroy embracing; like the Tyrant's Daughter, as he call'd her, who had an Engine dress'd up like a beautiful Woman, to whom he led those he had a mind to be rid of, who advancing to salute her, she immediately clos'd her Arms, and crush'd 'em to Death.

'Tis a common Observation, that we never hear of any remarkable Mischief, rarely of any bloody Murder, but there's a Woman at one end on't: and that you exceed the most barbarous Thieves and Banditti in Thirst of Blood, those poor Travellers feel, who fall into the hands of such People, when they have any of your Sex among them.

*Compassion proper to Mankind appears,
Which Nature witness'd when she lent us Tears :
Of tender Sentiments we only give
Those Proofs ; to weep is our Prerogative.
To shew by pitying Looks and melting Eyes
How with a suffering Friend we sympathize ;
Who can all sense of others Ills escape,
Is but a Brute at best, in human Shape.
This natural Piety did first refine
Our Wit, and rais'd our Thoughts to Things Divine.
This proves our Spirit of the Gods Descent,
While that of Beasts is prone and downward bent :*

To them, but Earth-born-Life they did dispense ;
To us, for mutual Aid, Celestial Senſe.

This is the true Character of our Tender Sex, but (Ladies) you have a Touch of the *wild Irish* in ye ; you do ten times more Miſchief than the Men ; and if Candles are to be made of *heretical Tallow*, or a *sprawling Child* or two to be roasted, who but a Woman to dip her Hands in the Grease of one, and spit and baſt the other ?

And if you can do this in cold Blood, and from an innate Love to Cruelty, with little or no Provocation, what is the Viper then when his Spirits are inrag'd ? What a Figure d'ye make when poſſeſs'd with your own proper Spirit (for you need no worſe) that I mean of *Malice* and *Revenge* ? How amiable do you all look when you are angry ? How ſweetly are all your *Muscles* turn'd ? How mild your Eyes ? How ſoft your Voice ? and how like *incarnate Women* all over ?

The Worm turns a Serpent, and that a Dragon ; you breathe as many Knives as a Juggler ever ſwallow'd, you vomit Ropes as he does Ribbons, and have as many ſorts of Poisons as he brings Liquors from the Sponge between his Teeth ; you *run-a-muck* at all Mankind, ranverſe Nature, and fire the World.

This in ordinary Caſes, but if you are once wrought to the height, if your Jealouſy or your Ambition urges you on new Methods of Ruin ; if your *Deſires* are defeated, or your *Loves* refus'd, or your Crimes expos'd, you are then a thouſand times worſe than I've yet deſcrib'd ; *more Nests of*

Hells and *Furies* ſwarm within you, you are more venomouſly, more rancorouſly implacable ; all Blaſting, Lightning and Hurricane : In ſhort, ſo ſuperlatively cruel, that none but you yourſelves can conceive or deſcribe it.

Tho' after all, I think, you are leſs dangerous when you appear thus in your own proper Shapes, than when diſguis'd, almoſt paſt knowledge, in *thoſe of Love and Friendſhip* : For then you perfectly drill us to Death, and murder us, as they ſay Witches do, by turning us into Pincuthions, and ſticking us all over with Nails and Bodkins, like an Orange with Cloves, or *Bergerac* with his Flies, to give us the more lingering Torments.

Or elſe, to return to *Witches* gain, when you have once metamorphoſed a Man into that *Brute* of a Lover, you ſtrait clap a Broomſtaff behind him, and ſwitch him thro' thick and thin in all your *Aerial Journeys*, which way ſoever the *Fane* happens to turn, the *unaccountable Jaunts*, and endleſs *wild-Goose Chases* of your own *Jack-a-lent Fancies* and *unaccountable Humours*.

A famous Doctor is of Opinion, that Spirits, tho' ſeparate, have yet a *Plastic Power* over *Matter*, and can mould a *Body* into whatſoever Form or Shape they pleaſe, as we can a bit of Wax : For Example — A *Man* into a *Pudding*, — a *Woman* into a *Snake* or *Cat*, or any other miſchievous Creature ; an old *Man* and a *Child* into a *Cockle*, or an *Oyſter* ; which laſt may the more eaſily be brought

brought about, if that will but hold, which is very positively asserted by another *grave Philosopher*, that their Souls are the same already, or that he can hardly imagine any *Difference* between 'em. But whether or no one word of this be true, 'tis sure enough, you make us what you please, and most maliciously alter the very Form and Figure of many a poor *Lover*; sometimes you draw out his Neck, till by virtue of a loosning Plaister of Hemp, 'tis as long as the Glutton wish'd his own: but much oftner his Ears, to that prodigious length, that *Midas* was a mere *Roundhead* to him.

At one time you skrew his Face into a thousand *antick Forms*, at another his whole Body, which looks askint after you have once over-look'd him, as much as those Eyes which did it. His Chap falls, he hears with his Mouth, and only *eats with his Eyes*; his Hands dangle, if they don't happen to fall cross one another; and in a word, you steal him away from himself, and leave a perfect Changeling in his room. And if there can be a higher or baser Instance of barbarous Cruelty, than not only to do this, but to *triumph* in it; and when you have adorn'd your *Courts and Antichambers* with such Brutes of your own transforming, as *Circe's Palace* was stock'd with, to divert your selves with setting the poor *Creatures* together by the Ears, to tear one another's Hearts out: I say, if you can show me any thing more *brutally cruel* than this, which is your constant Practice (and even there where you pretend to be

most kind) why then I must own your *Sex* has one Reserve of *Mischief*, wherewith I was never yet acquainted.

But it's in vain for Man to expect better *Quarter*, when your own *Sex*, if any thing handsom, are as implacably hated by you as old Age, or a foolish *faithful Friend*, that tells you all your Faults, in hopes to make you better. You wou'd all be *Eleanor's* if you had *Rosamond's* to deal with; and what maze so intricate, that you have not a *Model* on't in your own Minds? Pulling *Quoifs* is nothing, — 'Tear out the 'Jade's Eyes, off with her Nose, ' (tho war' *Coventry*) stamp 'her under Feet, *she have my* ' *Man!* *she seduce my Husband!* ' *she pretend to be as handsom* ' *as me!* I'll eat her Heart! I'll ' *gnaw her Soul!* I'll grind her ' *till she's invisible!* So that if you can *love and hate* to this Excess, my *Paradox* is fairly prov'd, *That the kindest Women are the most cruel.* Nay, your Cruelty is extended even to your selves, as dearly as you dote upon them: Never were there elsewhere any *Cannibals* so fierce, as to eat themselves, and feed on their own Flesh; but *Envy* makes you gnaw your own Entrails, defeated *Malice* or *Revenge* sets you oftentimes quarrelling with your selves, and wreaking your Spite on your own Minds or Bodies; because you can't reach others: But *Pride* is the most vexatious Devil of all your Tormentors.

To this you are *half-Martyrs*; for this 'tis that you so often wear a *Scotch Brist* all over ye: The *Thumbkin's* a Jest to't, and no more than a strait pair of
Gloves.

Gloves. You are so far from allowing your selves room to eat, that you care not whether you can breathe or no, so you can but look fine, and have your admirable Shape commended. What a *Bastile* of *Whalebone* you drag about with you? You are more than chain'd, for you are both pinion'd and manacled, and can stir no otherwise than a poor Reynard caught in a Trap, which

he drags after him; — tho subtle as you are, his Cunning here goes beyond ye; for he'll gnaw off his own Leg to get out of Prison; but you wou'd do the same rather than be deliver'd — any more than *S—n* in the Jakes, on his own *Sabbath*; and since you are so fond of your Cage, 'twere, I think, pity to disturb you, and there I leave ye.

Paradox XXXI.

Proving, That the Matter of a Body when rarified, doth possess no more of true Place, than the Matter of the same Body condensed.

THE Difficulty of understanding the formal and immediate Reason of *Rarity* and *Density* in Bodies, by that so popularly applauded Hypothesis of an *Aethereal Substance* (imagin'd to maintain an absolute Plenitude, and so a Continuity thro' the whole vast Body of Nature) being evinc'd by several learned Men; let us a while consider, how easily even the meanest Capacity may comprehend the full Nature of those primary and eminent Affections, from the Concession of *small Vacuities*. When a *Fleece*, or *Lock* of *Wool* is deduc'd or distended, we say, it is made more rare; and when compress'd, more dense: Now the rarity thereof consisteth only in this, that the Hairs, which were formerly more consociate; united, or at closer Order among themselves, are dissociated, dis-united, or reduc'd to more open Order;

and the Spaces betwixt them, become either more, or larger, in which no Particle of *Wool* is contain'd; and on the contrary, the Density thereof consisteth only in this, that the Particles or Hairs, which were before more dissociated, or at open Order, are by Compression brought to more Vicinity, or to closer Order, and the Spaces betwixt them become fewer and lesser. And thus we are to conceive, how the same Matter, without Augmentation or Diminution of Quantity, may be now rarified into *Air*, and anon condensed into *Water*; for, instead of the Hairs in the *Fleece* of *Wool*, we need only put the Particles of the Matter, which in Rarefaction are dissociated, in Condensation coadunited. And this Conception may be extended also to a *Sponge*, *Flax*, or any other porous and lax Body; because they are capable of Expansion and

and Contraction only in this respect, that the small Spaces intercepted in the Incontiguities or Distances of their Particles, are now enlarg'd, now contracted. We confess this Similitude is not adequate in all points, there being this Difference, that when a Fleece of Wool is expanded, the ambient Aer doth instantly insinuate into the small Spaces intercepted betwixt the dissociated Particles of it, and so possess them; but nothing of Aer, or Æther, or other Substance whatever doth insinuate it self into the small Spaces intercepted betwixt the dissociated Particles of Aer or Water, when either of them is rarify'd: we say, notwithstanding this Disparity, yet doth it hold thus far good and quadrant, that as nothing of Wool possesseth those Spaces, which would therefore remain absolutely empty, in case the sociable Aer did not instantly succeed in possession of them; so, since the Parts of the Matter of Water are expanded or dissociated after the same manner, as are the Hairs of Wool, and after the same manner contracted or united; and certain small Loculaments are likewise intercepted betwixt the Particles of that Matter, in which nothing of Water can be contain'd, during the state of Rarification, and which no other Substance can be prov'd to possess; it must thence follow, that those deserted small Spaces, or Loculaments remain absolutely empty: And more than that, our Similitude is not concern'd to impart.

But, that we may make some farther Advantage thereof, we

observe; that as when a Fleece of Wool is expanded, it is of a greater Circumference, and so includes a greater Capacity therein, than when it is compress'd; not that the single Hairs thereof take up a greater Space in that Capacity, for no Hair can possess more Space than its proper Bulk requires, but because the inane Spaces or Loculaments intercepted betwixt their Divisions are enlarg'd; exactly so, when the same Matter is now rarify'd into Aer, anon condensed into Water, the Circumference thereof becomes greater or less, and the Capacity included in that Circumference is augmented or diminish'd accordingly; not that the single Particles of the Matter possess a greater part of that Capacity in the state of Rarification, than in that of Condensation; because no Particle can possess more of Space than what is adequate to its Dimensions; but only because the inane Spaces intercepted betwixt their Divisions are more ample in one Case than in the other. And hence it is purely consequent, *That the Matter of a Body rarify'd cannot be justly affirm'd to possess more of true or proper Place, than the Matter of the same Body condens'd*; tho when we speak according to the customary Dialect of the Vulgar; we say, that a Body rarify'd doth possess more of Space, than when condens'd: insomuch as under the term Place, is comprehended all that Capacity circumscrib'd by the Extremes or Superfice of a Body; and to the Matter, or Body it self are attributed not only the small Spaces possess'd by the Particles thereof, but also all those

those inane Spaces interjacent among them; just as by the word *City*, every Man understands not only the Dwelling-Houses, Churches, Castles, and other Edifices, but also all the Streets, Piazza's, Church-yards, Gardens, and other void Places contain'd within the Walls of it. And in this sense only are our precedent Definitions of a *Rare* and *Dense* Body to be accepted.

The Reasons of Rarity and Density thus evidently commonstrated; the Pleasantness of Contemplation would invite us to advance to the Examination of the several Proportions of Gravity and Levity among Bodies, respective to their particular Differences in Density and Rarity; the several ways of Rarifying and Condensing Aer and Water, and the means of attaining the certain weights of each, in the several Rates, or Degrees of their Rarification and Condensation; according to the Evidence of *Aerostatick* and *Hydrostatick* Experiments. But in regard these things are not directly pertinent to our present Scope and Institution, and that *Galileus* and *Mersennus* have enrich'd the World with excellent Disquisitions upon each of those sublime Theorems, we conceive our selves more excusable for the Omission than we shou'd have been for the Consideration of them in this place. However, we ask leave to make a short Excursion upon that Problem, of so great importance to those, who exercise their Ingenuity in either *Hydraulick* or *Pneumatick* Mechanicks, viz. *Whether may Aer be rarify'd as much as condensed?* or, *Whether it be capable of Rarification and Conden-*

sation, to the same Rate, or in the same Proportion?

That common Oracle for the Solution of Problems of this abstruse Nature, Experience, hath assur'd, that Aer may be rarify'd to so great a height, in red-hot *Æolipiles*, or *Hermetical Bellows*, that the 70th part of Aer formerly contain'd therein, before Rarification, will totally fill an *Æolipile* upon extreme Rarification thereof. For, *Mersennus*, using an *Æolipile*, which being cold, wou'd receive exactly 13 Ounces, one Drachm and an half; and when hot, wou'd suck in only 13 Ounces; found, that the whole quantity of Aer ignify'd, and replenishing the same *Æolipile*, when glowing hot, being reduc'd to its natural state, did possess only the 70th part of the whole Capacity, which was due to the Drachm and half of Water. We say, upon *Extreme* Rarification; because this seems to be the highest Rate to which any Rarification can attain, in regard the Metal of the *Æolipile* can endure no more violence of the Fire, without Fusion.

As for the Tax, or Rate, of its utmost Condensation; tho many are persuaded, that Aer cannot be reduc'd, by Condensation, to more than a third part of that Space, which it possesseth in its natural state; because they have observ'd, that Water infus'd into a Vessel of three Heminæ, doth not exceed two Heminæ, in regard of the Aer remaining within: yet certain it is, that Aer may be condens'd to a far higher proportion. For, Experience also confirms, that into the Chamber of a Wind-Gun (of usual Di-

men-

menfions) Aer may be intruded, to the weight of a Drachm, or fixty Grains : and that in that Capacity, which contains only an Ounce of Water, it may be fo included, as that yet a greater proportion of Aer may be injected into it. Now therefore, inſo- much as the Aer in *Merſennus's* *Æolipile* amounts to four Grains (at leaſt) or fix (at moſt) which number is ten times multiply'd in fixty; and that the Concave of the *Æolipile* is to the Concave of the Pipe of the Wind-Gun, in proportion ſeſquialteral; by Computation it appears, that the Aer condens'd in the Chamber of the Wind-Gun muſt be ſufficient to fill the *Æolipile* ten times over, or the ſame Chamber fifteen times over, if reſtor'd to its natural Tenour. And hereupon we may

ſafely conclude, that Aer may be compres'd in a Wind-Gun, to ſuch a rate, as to be contain'd in a Space fifteen times leſs than what is poſſeſs'd during its natural Laxity; and that by the force only of a Man's Hand, ramming down the Embolus, or charging Iron: which Force being capable of Quadruplication, the Aer may be reduc'd into a ſpace ſubquadruple to the former. If ſo, the Rate of the poſſible Condensation of Aer, will not come much ſhort of that of its extreme Rariſaction: at leaſt, if a quadruple Force be ſufficient to a quadruple Condensation; and Aer be capable of a quadruple Compreſſion: both which are Difficulties not eaſily determinable.

Paradox XXXII.

'Tis more honourable to Beg than to wear a Crown; or a Paradox in praise of Poverty.

THERE is a Play, call'd, *The Merry Beggars, or the Jovial Crew*; and indeed I wonder we ar'nt all Beggars, for no Man wou'd wear a *Crown*, did he know the *Honour and Happineſs* of a poor Condition. I confeſs few Monarchs are of this Opinion: For *Julius Caſar*, when he ſtood in competition with *Q. Cartulus* for the Pontificate, and his Mother diſſuaded him from it, told her, That e're night he wou'd be either the greateſt Man in *Rome*, or be baniſh'd out of it; he wou'd

be firſt, or none at all. So another time paſſing by a little Town in *Savoy*, he told the Company that was with him, that he had rather be the chiefeſt Man in that Town, than the ſecond man in *Rome*. Of this Spirit was *Caſar Borgia*, as his Motto diſcover'd, *Aut Caſar, aut Nullus*. The Spirits of ſome Men, (by ſome natural Elevation) are made for Rule; they are too high for the low Roofs they were born in, and therefore cannot live in the Sphere of Privacy and Subjec-

tion. As *Julius Caesar* cou'd brook no Superiour; so *Pompey* cou'd bear no Peer. *Themistocles* was wont to speak openly, that he was born for Empire and Command; and *Jason Phereus* wou'd say, that he cou'd not live a Fool, that is, a private Man, and

that he was hungry till he did bear Rule, as *Aristotle* hath recorded of him. — These Men did sweat (in a manner) within the narrow Bounds that their Fathers had left them, as *Alexander* did within the Compass of the known World.

Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi.

Juv. Sat. 10.

They were strained and uneasy, and therefore made way with their Swords for more room to breathe in. — But as strange and surprizing as this Paradox is, I hope to prove, 'Tis more honourable to beg, than to wear a Crown; or (in plainer words) that the Life of a Beggar is much richer and greater than that of a King.

Sir Walter Raleigh, in a Letter to his Wife, after his Condemnation, hath these Words, *If you can live free from Want, care for no more, the rest is but Vanity.* A little Meat sufficeth to nourish us, a straw Bed (without rich Curtains) will serve to repose us, and a little Barn may well defend us, both from the extremity of Heat, and bitterness of Cold. I cou'd wish with all my heart, that every Man wou'd set before the

Eyes of his Understanding, the two principal Extremities of this Life, and that he wou'd likewise consider, in what Poverty we are born, and depart again out of this World: *Naked we first entred into this vain World, and naked must we again leave it.* Is it not then a stupendous Folly, knowing for certain that we are born very poor, and must also die without carrying any thing with us, to torment our selves so much for the Loss of our Goods? It is observ'd that there is this noble and magnanimous Spirit in the Eagle, that when she is in want, and greatly suffers hunger, she scorns to pout, and make a noise and a clamour, as other Birds will do, but rests herself satisfy'd, *If I have it not now, I shall have it hereafter.* —

*And none can be unhappy, who
Mongst all his Ills, a Time does know,
Tho' e'er so ill, when he shall not be so.* —

• The greatest Misfortunes be-
• come tolerable
Moral Essays, • in time, the
Vol. I. p. 27. • Sentiment we
• have of them is
• lost, and vanishes away. Po-
• verty, Shame, Diseases, the Loss
• of our being abandon'd by

• Friends, Parents, Children, give
• us Blows whose smart lasts not
• long; the Agitation they give
• us, by degrees grows less, till
• it quite ceases. Nay, *Zeno*
was wont to say, That the Goods
of the World did more hurt than
good; which was the cause that
made

made *Crates* the *Theban*, passing one day from his Country of *Athens* to follow the Study of Philosophy, to throw all the Gold and Silver he had about him into the Sea, imagining, that *Virtue* and *Riches* could never consist to-

gether. Men of the greatest Sense have generally dy'd Poor; *Valerius*, *Agrippa*, &c. as also the good *Aristides*, dy'd so poor, that they were fain by Alms to be bury'd.

2
3

Great Butler's Muse the same ill Treatment had,
 Whose Verse, shall live for ever to upbraid
 Th' ungrateful World that left such Worth unpaid.
 The BARD at summing up his mis-spent Days,
 Found nothing left but Poverty and Praise;
 Of all his Gain by Verse, he could not save
 Enough to purchase Flannel and a Grave.
 Reduc'd to Want, he in due time fell sick,
 Was fain to die, and be inter'd on Tick.

I might also instance in *Epaminondas*, King of *Thebes*, in whose rich House and Palace was found but one poor straw Bed, or base Mattress to put in his Inventory.

What (*says St. Chrysostom*) doth distinguish Angels from Men, but that they are not needy, as we are? And 'tis ever observ'd, that *Mens Desires increase with their Riches*; and consequently, they that have most, are the most needy; and therefore the Poor, who have the least in the World, come nearest to Angels; and those are the furthest off, who need the most.—He who needs (*says this Father in another place*) many things, is a Slave to many things, is himself the Servant of his Servants, and depends more on them, than they on him.—So that the Increase of worldly Goods and Honours, being but the Increase of our Slavery and Dependence, reduces us to a more real and effective Misery.—What

hath the Bravest of Mortals to glory in? Is it Greatness? Who can be Great on so small a Round as this Earth, and bounded with so short a course of Time? How like is that to Castles built in the Air, or to Giants model'd (for a Sport of Snow) which at the hotter Looks of the Sun do melt away? But for all this (*says the ambitious Man*) were I to chuse my Station, I'd be a King at least. How full of Charms is it to imitate the Divine Original of Beings, to see whole Kingdoms crouching to me, to be encompass'd with bare Heads where e'er I go, to have the power of exalting one, and debasing another, of disposing of Life and Death; and, in short, to be an Earthly God?

To this I answer, There appears to me a greater Honour and Happiness in an unenvy'd Cottage (or in the Beggars Life) than in the noisy Crouds of Flatterers.

Nothing looks in my Retreat
 Discontented or unsweet:

True, 'tis private, and you know
 Love and Friendship shou'd be so;
 Solitude dissolves the Mind,
 Makes it pleasant, free and kind:
 But the Grandeurs you have known,
 I mean those in London Town;
 These (kind Reader) you'll confess,
 Fears and Dangers make 'em less.
 Crouds, Diseases, Feuds and Noise,
 Render 'em imperfect Joys:
 But in Shades and Silence given
 E'ry Extacy is Heaven.

Little does the Plebeian know how heavy a Crown weighs, how great the Trust is, and how hard to be manag'd: 'Tis the Court that's full of Ambition, Bribes, Treachery, &c. The Watch must be kept so strictly, that there's no time to act virtuously: But in the retir'd Solitudes of Poverty, one Fourth of our Temptations are lost, the Uneasiness of the Flesh causes a search after the Quiet of the Mind. I might name Charles V. Dioclesian, and several others, who laid by their Scepters for Spades, and I might here tell you how happy the Change was.—

But 'twill be again objected, *That the Rich have many Friends, but few (if any) care for the Beggar.* I shall therefore be thought to be half mad to write thus in Praise of Poverty, which is universally despis'd, but without any good reason; for abundance of this World is a Clog to the Christian Pilgrim: With what difficulty do those that have Riches enter into the Kingdom of Heaven?—I hear Israel praying in Egypt, quarrelling in the Wilderness; when they were at their Brick-Kilns, they wou'd be at their Devotion; and no

sooner are they at Ease, but they are wrangling for their Flesh-Pots. I dare say, many a Man had not been so wicked, if he had but been Poor. It is the Saying of a Great Divine, *That Solomon's Riches did him more hurt than his Wisdom did him good.* Affliction and Want do that many times, which fair means cannot; Wealth, like Knowledge, puffs up, when Poverty makes Men flock to Christ. 'Tis the Poor receive the Gospel: Then how much better is Poverty than Riches, if it carries me to Heaven? Who wou'd not be a Lazarus for a day, that he might sit in Abraham's Bosom for ever? Poverty is despis'd, but 'tis the best Physick: I know not whether Prosperity have lost, or Adversity recover'd more: None prays so heartily for his daily Bread as he that wants it: Misery, like Jonah's Fish, sends them to their Prayers, that never thought of God under their Gourd. It is pity fair Weather shou'd do any harm; yet it is often seen Riches make many forget those Friends which Want wou'd make crouch to—But Man cannot be so much above Man, as that the Difference shou'd legitimate his Scorn (Diogenes's

Tub was a poor House, and yet Alexander wou'd come thither to talk with him) Then how welcome shou'd that State be which keeps us humble, and brings us acquainted with God? Who wou'd pursue the World, when Poverty makes us happy? *Alas Reader!* This World is a Liar, and he will find it so that does not retreat from it. But tho Men wou'd come to Heaven, yet they do not like this way; they like well of *Lazarus* in *Abraham's* Bosom, but not at *Dives's* Door. But, alas! Riches, like the Rose, are sweet but prickly; the Honey doth not countervail the Sting, they end in Vexation; and like *Judas*, while they kiss, they betray. Riches, like their Master, are full of Deceit, promise what they have not. How many have I seen in *London*, that by much Toil have gotten a vast Estate, that at last have envy'd the quiet Rest and merry Meals of their Labourers? *Diogenes* laying his Money at his Head, a Thief was very busy to steal it from him, which troubled him so much, that he cou'd take no rest; so at last, rather than he wou'd deprive himself of his sweet Sleep, he threw it to him, saying, *Take it to thee, thou Wretch, that I may take my Rest*: And I think he was much in the right. My Companion in my present Solitude is much of *Diogenes's* Temper; for he has parted with all he has, and is now (*being Poor*) happy in no bodies Opinion but his own. There is no true Rich Man, but the Contented; nor truly Poor, but the Covetous. If we can but make the best of our own, and think our selves well, even when

others think not so, we are happy Persons. *Socrates* passing thro the Market, cries out, *How much is here I do not need?* Nature is content with little, Grace with less; *Poverty lies in Opinion*. The Characterizer of Mr. Pym, pag. 4. tells us of a noble Man, who once acted the Beggar's part in a Comedy, and ever after persuaded himself to be in his whole Life what he had personated on the Stage for one hour. — So that 'tis clear, *Opinion is the Rate of Things*: What is needful is soon provided, and enough is as good as a Feast: *I am worth what I do not want*. My Occasions being supply'd with but 500 l. what cou'd I do with more? I will not look at what I have, but what I deserve; and I shall never think my own little, or another's too much.

It is a greater Misery to desire much, than to have nothing: The Rich are ever envy'd, but (tho 'tis hard) 'tis both Safe and Honourable to be contented with a little. Nay, were we so contented, we are happy with nothing, or with a small Pittance.

The Poor of B——r Village (where I now live) are as well pleas'd with their Hempen S——cks (for the Parish allows no better) as your fine Ladies, whose delicate Skins are cover'd with Lawn. — Contentation is a Blessing, not Wealth. True Riches and Honour consist not in having much, but in not desiring more. Some think they havenot enough if they have not all. Thus have I seen some Beasts, not knowing when they were well, burst with feeding.

Did not *Diogenes* well perceive this, being not illuminated with

any other Knowledge, than only that which *Nature taught him*; when he chose such a kind of Life, which (I think) is unknown to no Man, whereby he made himself equal, and fellow (as it were) with Fortune? Surely, his Estate was most happy, and yet had he neither Money, Possessions, Meadows, Gardens or Houses; neither wou'd he that Alexander shou'd bestow any on him. For, as the History noteth, Alexander came one day to behold him as a Wonder, and said unto him, *Diogenes, behold I am ready to supply thy need, because I see thee Poor.* Diogenes thus boldly answer'd him; I pray thee which of us two seemeth to be most indigent or needy? I, who have nothing but my *Mantle and my Wallet*, neither do desire any more; or thou, who not contented with thy Father's Kingdom, dost offer thy self to so many Dangers, only thro desire thou hast to Rule; and that Desire is so great, as it seemeth the whole World will scarce content it? Certainly, whosoever judgeth the state of Diogenes unhappy, by like reason may repute himself most unhappy; perceiv'ing the poor Man to be pleas'd, and himself never satisfy'd. The Things of this World are in a manner but Apparitions, not so indeed; why then do we so labour to abound, and not rather to be content? But some Men are in such haste to be rich, that they do not climb, but vault into Preferment at a Leap. I know not their sleight, I mistrust their quickness; few Men were ever Great and Good in an Instant: all the harm I wish these, is, that their early Rising do them no harm, But what does their Wealth signify, seeing Earth is but our Road to Heaven, and Riches such mean things, that like High-way Fruit, they are common to all?—Besides, what will it profit a Man to gain the whole World, and lose his Soul? I will grudge no Man Riches and Honours, if he has 'em (as most have) upon those Terms. It shall suffice me there is another World to come, and that mine shall begin when this is ended.—I will be content to want this for a while, that I may enjoy that other for ever. What is Dives the better to outshine Lazarus, and at last die and be damn'd? The good Man takes his God as he doth his Wife, for Richer for Poorer, in Sickness and in Health: We may not always judg of God's Favour by his Bounty; I am but a Novice in Religion, if I think I can be God's Son and miserable. A rich Court is a goodly Sight, but he that looks up to Heaven, will not care for the World. All the Afflictions of this World cannot answer the Joys of that other. Then where is the Dishonour in Begging? For as Fortune is not my Landlady, so I fear not her Displeasure; and, which still adds to the Happiness of a poor Condition, if I possess nothing, my Account is less. But to the Disgrace of Riches, 'tis hard in Prosperity for Men to remember themselves, and what they have receiv'd of God; we are apt to forget what we have been, when we are chang'd for the better. Pharaoh's Butler forgot he was a Prisoner. It is too true that many love God for their own sakes; either they are

poor, and wou'd be rais'd, or they are sick, and wou'd be heal'd; and like Beggars, no sooner are they serv'd, but they are gone.— I cou'd tell you, Reader, of a Miser worth Hundreds, that never did a generous Act, but promis'd mighty things if he arriv'd to such an Estate. If I had his Wealth (as I am Heir to it) and do no more good, I shall add to my Condemnation, together with my Store. I will therefore study rather to use my little well, than to increase it.—God is therefore bountiful to us, that we might be so to others: *He alone hath the true use of Wealth, that receives it only to disburse it.*

Dionysius the Elder, entering into his Son's Lodging, and beholding there great store of rich Jewels and Gold, said unto him, *My Son, I did not give thee these Riches to use in this sort, but to impart them to thy Friends.* But so few spend their Riches as they ought, that I think Poverty preferable to Wealth; and the rather, as Poverty comes not from the East, nor from the West, but from God himself. He hath

said to every Man, *Rule thou here, or work thou there, be this, or thus.* Then why do Men grudge at their Wants, when it is not Chance, but Providence? *It is less Honour to be rich, than to be able to despise the World;* the less I have here, the more I have to come. No Lazarus wou'd change states with that Dives, who if he might but live again, wou'd be Lazarus to chuse: Then who'd make haste to be Rich or Great? I hear Israel chide, not for eating, but for laying up their Manna.— If Prosperity make me fond of Life, or afraid of dying, it had been better for me, if it had not been so well. 'Tis true, when Fortune smiles upon a Man, his Relations that shunn'd his Company when it frown'd upon him, flock to him again, as if he were come from a strange Country, to welcome him home; they now offer their Services, with a thousand Protections of the sincerest Friendship to him, whom a little before they denied to have a drop of their Blood in his Veins.

*Money being the common Scale
Of Things, by Measure, Weight and Tale,
In all th' Affairs of Church and State,
Is both the Ballance and the Weight;
For Money is the only Pow'r
That all Mankind fall down before.
The Soldier does it every Day
(Eight to the Week) for six Pence Pay;
Your Petty-Foggers damn their Souls
To share with Knaves in cheating Fools:
And Merchants ventring thro' the Main,
Slight Pirates, Rocks and Horns, for Gain.
This Money has a Pow'r above
The Stars and Fates to manage Love;*

*Those Arrows, learned Poets hold,
 That never fail, are tip'd with Gold.
 And tho' Love's all the World's Pretence,
 Money's the Mythologick Sense:
 The real Substance of the Shadow,
 Which all address, and Courtship's made to.
 For Money 'tis that is the great
 Provocative to amorous Heat;
 'Tis Beauty always in the Flow'r,
 That Buds and Blossoms at Fourscore;
 'Tis Virtue, Wit, and Worth, and all,
 That Men Divine and Sacred Call:
 For what's the Worth of any thing,
 But so much Money as 'twill bring?
 Virtue now, nor noble Blood,
 Nor Wit by Love is understood;
 Gold alone does Passion move,
 Gold monopolizes Love.
 A Curse on her, and on the Man
 Who this Traffick first began!
 A Curse, all Curses else above,
 On him who us'd it first in Love!
 Gold begets in Brethren Hate,
 Gold, in Families Debate,
 Gold does Friendship separate.
 These the smallest Harms of it,
 Gold, alas! does Love beget.
 Hence 'tis no Lover has the Pow'r
 To enforce a desperate Amour;
 As he that has two Strings to's Bow,
 And burns for Love and Money too;
 For then he's brave and resolute,
 Disdains to render in his Suit:
 Has all his Flames and Raptures double,
 And hangs and drowns with half the Trouble.
 It guides the Fancy and the Mind,
 No Bankrupt finds a Fair One kind.
 Thus Money, like the Swords of Kings,
 Is the last Reason of all Things.*

But tho' the only thing Men are
 valu'd for is their Money, yet a
 moderate Fortune is the only thing
 to be wish'd and pray'd for in this
 World, lest we be either tempted
 to Wantonness, thro' a too great
 Plenty, or press'd into Despair by
 the Sting of a pinching Necessity.

I will pray therefore with Agur,
 Lord, give me neither Wealth,
 nor Poverty, but a Mean; or if
 Wealth, Grace to employ it; if
 Poverty, Patience to endure it;
 if I'm Poor and Religious, I
 can ne'er be unhappy, but am
 richer and greater than an Earthly
 King;

King; for then God is my Father, the Angels are my Fellows, Heaven is my Inheritance, and what can I ask more, save to be in that blessed Place, where Riches have no Wings, and every Lazarus wears a Crown?—And as in Heaven the poorest Beggar is a King, so on Earth they are so dear to God, that Solomon tells us, *He that mocketh the Poor, reproacheth his Maker*; and, which would make one in love with Poverty, they that have least, are freest from Cares. The Poor are in no danger from Plots or Robbing—*The Money-less Traveller can sing before a Thief*; neither is he that's as poor as Job, in any danger of Starving; for in most Churches they have that respect for the Needy, that 'tis writ in Capital Letters (as in Cripplegate Church) —*Pray remember the Poor*—And Heaven it self has taken that care of 'em, that in Cases of Wrong, Restitution must be made to the Poor, where the right Owner is dead; and to encourage the Rich to be kind, nothing makes their Names shine so much as Charity.

Salvian saith, that Christ himself is *Mendicorum maximus*, the greatest Beggar in the World, as one that shareth in all his Saints Necessities, and will never forget the charitable Person. Cicero cou'd say, *That to be rich, is not to possess much, but to use much*. And Seneca cou'd rebuke them that so studied to increase their Wealth, that they forgot to use it. I have read of one Evagrius a rich Man, that lying upon his Death-bed, being importun'd by Synesius a pious Bishop, to give something to charitable Uses, he

yielded at last to give three hundred Pounds; but first took Bond of the Bishop that it shou'd be repay'd him in another World. Before he had been one day dead, He is said to have appear'd to the Bishop, delivering in the Bond cancel'd, as thereby acknowledging, what was promis'd was made good according to that Promise.

What we give to the Poor, we secure from the Thief; but what we withhold from his Necessity, a Thief possesses. God's Exchequer is the poor Man's Box; when we strike a Tally, he becomes our Debtor. Felix the Fifth being demanded whether he kept any Hounds? He brought them that ask'd him to a place where a great Company of poor People sat down together at Dinner, saying, *Behold, these are my Hounds which I feed daily, with the which I hope to hunt for the Kingdom of Heaven*. St. Chrysostom was a rare Spokes-man for the Almighty's Box (such are the Poor) when he said, That God commanded Alms, not so much for the Poor's sake, as the good of the Rich. — Another calls Charity to the Poor, *An Art the most thriving of all Arts*. Nay, the Almighty often maketh present payment (knowing how hardly he can get Credit from our Infidelity) and even in Temporals. Thy Bread cast upon the Waters, makes better Returns than *East-India Voyages*. But if the Rich shou'd be hard-hearted, the Poor have Law on their side, and can force the Parish, where they were born, to keep 'em.—And if they happen to be kin to Estates, and han't Money to claim their Right,

Right, yet they can sue in *Forma Pauperis*; and if the Lawyers were honest, I don't see but the Poor are the most likely to carry the day, as their Necessities plead, as well as the Lawyer, and the Justice of their Cause.— Or if they are baulk'd in a just Suit, the worst that can be said, is,——*There goes a poor (injur'd) honest Man*, which is more honorable than to have it said,——*There goes a rich Knave*. But suppose they had no Advocate, yet at worst they can beg for their daily Bread; and then when they sleep, Heaven is their Canopy, and *Mother Earth their Pillow*. Beggars, more than others, seem to be the peculiar Care of Providence: *Then who'd be a King, when a Beggar lives so well?* Or if all Support for their Bodies fail, to stand their Ground, and look to Heaven for *a handful of Supply*, speaks their Faith. At a *Lion's Den*, or a *fiery Furnace*, not to turn our Back, is a Commendation worthy a Prophet.— When our Saviour wou'd put to silence the Disturbers of his Time, he points them to the *Lillies of the Field* (not of Gardens, which are dig'd and dung'd) but of the Field, which have no Gardiner but the Sun, no watering Pots but the Clouds; and your Heavenly Father (*says he*) clothes these.— Then who'd be afraid of Beggary, that has such a merciful Father to go to?—— 'Tis true, the Poor are Slaves to the Rich, and their Words little regarded. We read of a poor wise Man, *that by his Wisdom deliver'd a City*, yet no

Man remember'd *that poor Man*. Yet this Text adds to the Honour of Poverty, as it makes it the Touchstone to try a Friend.— *A Friend in need is a Friend indeed*.— And there be some (tho very few) that have Souls brave enough to own a Friend in a Prison. Prov. 17. 17. *A Friend loveth at all times, and a Brother is born for Adversity*.— For my own share (for I'll speak the Truth, tho to my own Praise) I never lov'd a Friend the worse for being either poor, miserable or despis'd.——

Thus have I made it out (to the Praise of Poverty) *That 'tis more honourable to beg than to wear a Crown*. Earth is a place of Penance, but brown Bread and the Gospel * is good * 'Twas a Fare. Earth is a place of Toil and Labours, *pious* Dod and Mengo not to work in their best Clothes. Men shou'd do well to furnish their Insides a little better, and let the Body shift. I never heard any Man blam'd for his Rags, but I hear it upbraided to one, that he went in Purple.— I might further add, to the Honour of Poverty, That the Saviour of the World was born in a Stable; and tho the Foxes have Holes, and the Birds of the Air have Nests, yet the Son of Man had not where to lay his Head. In the † Beggar we honour the Poverty of Jesus Christ, his Humility in those that are Humble, and his Suffrances in the Afflicted.

Parador XXXIII.

That Ambition is a most commendable Virtue, and inseparable from a Gallant Spirit.

AS Water serves for a Medium of Union in natural Composition; so Ambition serves to familiarize Pains and Dangers in great Enterprizes. For it makes Children strive to get Credit in little Exercises, and Men think nothing so high but may be soar'd to by the Wings of Ambition, which is a desire of exalting our selves, and over-topping the common sort. The Object of it is Honour, in the pursuit of which, three things are consider'd; namely, the Mediocrity, the Excess, and the Defect. The Mediocrity is call'd Magnanimity, or Greatness of Courage, by which we seek the great Honours which we merit: The Excess is call'd Vanity, when we pursue great Dignities which we deserve not: The Defect is call'd Pusillanimity, when a Man hath so little Spirit that he deprives himself of Honours, tho he is worthy of them. Now as Liberality answers to Magnificence, so to Magnanimity answers another Virtue which hath no name in Aristotle, and differs from it but in degree. For that hath regard to great Honours, and this to moderate; and, as all other Virtues, it hath its two vicious Extremes; its Excess, which is call'd Ambition; and its Defect, which is want of Ambition. Moreover, there are two kinds of Ambition; one which is bounded within the Limits of each Condition, whereby every one desires to become perfect in his Art, and to excel others of the same Condition; which is very laudable, and argues that he whom it possesses hath something in him more excellent than the Vulgar. The Other is that which carries us to Honours, which greatly exceed the Bounds of our Condition, and are not due to us. This is very blameable and dangerous, because it causes great Confusion in Mens Minds, and consequently in States. For what is more absurd, than for a Citizen to act a Gentleman, or a Gentleman a Prince? Yea even this last ought to set bounds to his Ambition; for extreme and immoderate Ambition is a perpetual Rack and Torture to the Soul, and begets an Hydropick Thirst in it, which all the Waters of the World cannot allay.

Then from great Noise and factious Strife,
From all the busy Ills of Life;
Take me, my Daphne, to thy Breast,
And lull my weary'd Soul to rest;
For ever in this humble Cell,
Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell:

To painted Roofs and shining Spires,
 Th' uneasy Seats of high Desires ;
 Let the unthinking Many croud,
 Who dare be Covetous and Proud ;
 In golden Bondage let them wait,
 And barter Happiness for State.
 But, Oh ! my Daphne, when thy Swain
 Desires to see a Court again ;
 May Heav'n around this destin'd Head,
 The choicest of its Curses shed ;
 To sum up all the Rage of Fate,
 In the two Things I dread and hate,
 May'st thou be False, and I be Great.

But Ambition, which is moderate, in my Judgment, is not only unblameable; but very Praise-worthy, since it is a Desire of Perfection: and never any Person was ambitious in this manner, but he was either virtuous, or in the way to be so. For this Ambition proceeds from a desire of Glory; and being accounted better, greater, and wiser than others; and it is grounded upon the knowledg we

have, and wou'd derive to others of our peculiar Merit. And tho the Man be not virtuous, yet there is nothing more proper to render him so, than such Ambition; one of the most powerful Spurs to incourage a well-temper'd Soul to Virtue. 'Tis an Instrument that smooths all its rough Paths: 'Tis a Flame that enkindles generous Purposes in the Soul to surmount all kinds of Obstacles.

Great Souls discern not when the Leap's too wide,
 They jump, and only view the farther side.

Wou'd you see its Excellence? Compare this Ambition, from whence sprang those brave Thoughts which brought so great Glory to Alexander, Caesar, and all those other Heroes of Antiquity, with the shameful Sloth of the infamous Sardanapalus, Heliogabalus, and other Epicures bury'd in the Ordures of their Vices, for want of this noble desire of Glory. But it is most remarkable, in reference to Ambition, that they who blame it, are themselves ambitious: for they do so only to ostentate themselves; and they who have writ-

ten Books against Vain-glory, have yet set their Names in the Frontispiece; and wherefore, but to be talk'd of?

In short, it is so true that there is a laudable Ambition, that not only all that is rare in Arts and Sciences, but also all the bravest heroick Actions owe their being to it. 'Tis one of the most commendable Virtues natural to Man, and inseparable from a gallant Spirit: It is so much the more excellent, in that it hath for its Object the most excellent of all external Goods, namely Honour, which Men offer to God,

God, as the most precious thing they have, and which Legislators (finding nothing more valuable) propose for the Guerdon of Virtue. This may serve to explain what is commonly said, *That Virtue is a Reward to it self*: Legislators having determin'd that virtuous Men shou'd find the recompence of their brave Actions, in that noble desire of the Glory which they deserve. So that he is no less blameable, who deserv'g Honours and Dignities, and being able to support and exercise them worthily and profitably to the Publick, doth not seek them, than he that strives for them and is unworthy thereof. Yea, the former seems to me much more blame-worthy than

the latter, *whose Ambition*, tho immoderate, denotes Greatness of Spirit; whereas the former, too much distrusting himself, and not daring to attain or reach forth his Hand to what appertains by Right unto him, shews abundantly *the Lowness of his Mind*, or the little account he makes of Virtue, by slighting Honour, which is the shadow and reward of it, and depriving himself of the means to perform virtuous Actions, which he may better exercise in *Offices and Dignities*, than in a private Life: And which is more, he sets a pernicious Example to his Fellow-Citizens to neglect that Recompence of Virtue, which costs the State less than any other.

Paradox XXXIV.

Nescience: or, a Paradox proving we know Nothing.

THIS nice Paradox was merri-ly argu'd [*Pro & Con*] by the whole Athenian Society: The first Member asserting, That all our Knowledg seems to be false. First, on the part of the Object, there being but one true of it self, *namely Gsd*, whom we know not, and cannot know; because to know adequately is to comprehend, and to comprehend is to contain; and the thing contain'd must be less than that which contains it: To know a thing inadequately, is not to know it. Secondly, on the part of our Intellect, which must be made like to what it knows, or rather

turn'd into its Nature; whence he that thinks of a serious thing, becomes serious himself; he that conceives some ridiculous thing laughs without design, and all the Longings of Child-bearing Women end where they began. But 'tis impossible for us to become perfectly like to *what we would know*. Thirdly, this Impossibility proceeds from our manner of knowing, which being by some Inference or Consequence from what is already known, we can never enjoy any thing, because we know nothing at all when we come into the World.

Seeing aright, we see our Words,
 Then what avails it to have Eyes?
 From Ignorance our Comfort flows,
 The only wretched are the Wise.

But shou'd we acquire any Knowledge, it wou'd be only by our internal and external Senses: both are fallacious, and consequently cannot afford certain Knowledge. For, as to the external, the Eye which seems the surest of all the Senses, apprehends things at distance to be less than they really are, a straight Stick in the Water to be crooked, the Moon to be of the bigness of a Cheese, tho'tis near that of the Earth; the Sun greater at Rising and Setting than at Noon; the Shoar to move, and the Ship to stand still; square Things to be round at a distance, an erect Pillar to be less at the top. Nor is the Hearing less subject to mistake, as the Eccho, and a Trumpet founded in a Valley, makes the Sound seem before us when 'tis far behind us: Pronunciation alters the sense of Words. Besides, that both these Senses are erroneous in the time of their Perception, as is seen in felling of Woods and Thunder. *The Smell and Taste*, yea the *Touch* it self, how gross soever it be, are deceiv'd every day in sound Persons as well as in Sick; and what do our Drinkers in rubbing their Palates with Salt and Spice, but wittingly beguile it, grating the Skin thereof, that so the Wine may punge it more sensibly. But the great fallacy is in the Operation of the inward Senses. For the Phanasy oftentimes is persuaded that it hears and sees what it doth not; and our Reasoning

is so weak, that in many Disciplines scarce one Demonstration is found, tho this alone produceth Science. Wherefore 'twas *Democritus's* Opinion that *Truth is hidden in a Well*, that she may not be found by Men.

The Second said, That to know, is to understand the Cause whereby a thing is, and to be certain that there can be no other but that; the word *Cause* being taken for Principle. Therefore when Men know by the Senses, by Effects, by external Accidents, or such other things which are not the Cause, they cannot be said to know by Science; which requires that the Understanding be fully satisfy'd in its Knowledge, wherein if there be any Doubt it hath not Science, but Opinion. This scientificall Knowledge is found in no other Discipline but *Logick and Geometry*, in regard of the certainty of their Principles, which are so clear that they are alike known by all, even the most ignorant, who need only understand their Terms to assent to their Truth: Such as these are, Every thing which is said of the Genus, is also said of the Species; and what is not said of the Genus, is not said of the Species; which they call, *Dictum de omni, & de nullo*. If to equal things you add equal things, the remainder will be equal; and if to unequal things you add unequal things, the remainder will be unequal. For whereas Beasts have a natural Faculty, which is the common

common Sense, or estimative Faculty, whereby they judg of the Convenience or Inconvenience of Objects the first time the same are presented to them: Man, beyond this natural Power inabling him to judg of sensible Objects, hath a peculiar one, which is the Intellectual, by means whereof he is said to be every thing in power, because it inables him to know every thing, and to judg of the Truth or Fals-hood of universal things, which are Principles. And as the Eye beholding White or Black judges sufficiently what colour it is, without seeking reasons thereof elsewhere than within it self; so the Intellect discerns the Truth of Principles by it self, without the help of any other Faculty, yea without the habit of any Science; because these Principles being before the Science, whereof they are Principles, must be more clear and known than it: whence Intelligence is defin'd the Habit or Knowledg of such first Principles. Thus, ask a Geometrician why the whole is greater than its part, he can give you no other reason but that 'tis a Principle known of its own Nature.

The Third said, That Geometry being the Knowledg of eternal Truths by infallible Principles, is most certain. And 'tis an evidence of its certainty that it neither proposes nor demonstrates why a thing is such, but only that it is such. As 'tis propos'd and demonstrated that in the same Segment of a Circle all the Angles are equal, but not why they are so, because 'tis a Truth which comes to our Knowledg by certain Principles, and Proposi-

tions formerly demonstrated, as certain as the Principles themselves. Hence this Truth is demonstrated, which nevertheless hath not any Cause of its Existence, as frail and perishing things have; no material, being abstracted from all Matter; nor efficient, for the Agent is not any way consider'd therein; nor formal, an Angle being of its own nature only the Inclination of Lines; nor yet final, this being not made to any Intention. In like manner 'tis demonstrated, that four Numbers or four Lines being proportional (that is, when there is such reason of the first to the second, as of the third to the fourth) the square of the two Extremes is equal to the square of the two middlemost; but not why 'tis so, this Question occurring only in dubious Things.

The Fourth said, That Knowledg being desir'd by all Men, who for this end are endu'd with an Intellect capable of all sorts of Notions, it must needs be found in some Subjects; otherwise Nature shou'd have given us a general desire of a thing which is not: And since there are Causes of every thing, there must be a Science of those Causes. But the multitude of apparent Causes is the reason that we are oftentimes ignorant of the right, and take one for another, the Shadow for the Body, and Appearance for Truth; which argues not that there is no Knowledg, but rather few knowing Persons. For Socrates, who said he knew nothing but that he knew nothing; and the Pyrrhohians, who doubted of every thing, had even a Knowledg of their Ignorance. Moreover,

the exact Knowledge Men have by the Senses of particular things, necessarily carries them to that of Universals, wherein Science consists: As he that often experienc'd in divers Persons that *Sena* purg'd their melancholy, acquires of himself this general Notion, that all *Sena* purges melancholy. And, on the contrary, he who understands a general proportion in gross, may of himself apply the same to all Particulars; so great a Connexion there is between Things universal and particular, in which the fruit of Science consists.

The Fifth said, Since all Knowledge depends upon another Pre-notion, which is what they call Principles, those which compose the Sciences must also distinguish the same. Wherefore Sciences are to be term'd *certain or uncertain*, according as the pre-existent Notions whereupon they are founded are certain or not. Now amongst those Principles some are universal, common to all Sciences, as those of Metaphysicks, in all things either the Affirmative or the Negative is true; that which is not, hath no Propriety. Besides which, 'tis necessary to have particular ones proper to the Science, which are true, first, Immediate Causes of the Conclusion, preceding and more known than it. The six Conditions requisite to Principles in order to a Demonstration: They must be *true, not false*; for that which is false, exists not; that which exists not, cannot be a Cause of that which exists, nor consequently a false Principle be the Cause of a true Demonstration. First, that is not proveable by others;

immediate, so conjoyn'd with the Attribute that there is nothing between them two to join them more nearly: Causes of the Conclusion, that is, this Principle must be the necessary Cause of this Truth; and consequently precede, and be more known than it. As taking this for a Principle, that the Interposition of an opaque Body between Light, and a Body illuminated, causes a Shadow upon this Body; we conclude, that as often as the Earth is found interpos'd between the Sun, which is the Light, and the Moon which is the Body illuminated, it will necessarily come to pass that there will be a shadow upon the Body of the Moon, which is its Eclipse.

The Sixth said, 'Twas the Error of *Socrates*, that observing our Sciences depending on other preceding Notions, he apprehended that we learned nothing new, but that Science was nothing but the remembrance of what the Soul formerly knew before its being inclos'd in this Body: not considering that the Knowledge of Principles and Notions is confus'd and not distinct, and that the Knowledge of them in gross is not sufficient to denominate a Person knowing; but that we must first draw universal Conclusions from them, then apply the same to Particulars, without which application those Principles wou'd be unprofitable, and not produce any Science. Thus the *Divine* applies this general Principle, That that which is contrary to the Law of God is evil, to particular Conclusions, as to Murder, Theft and Perjury. The *Physician*, who holds for a Principle

ciple that Contraries are cur'd by their Contraries, draws these other Conclusions from it, that a cold Distemper is cur'd by hot Medicaments, a Hot by refrigerating; Obstruction by Openers, which he applies again to particular Subjects. *The Statesman*, from this general Principle, That every thing that disturbs the public Quiet is to be repress'd, concludes that the Seditious are to be punish'd. So, 'tis not enough for a *Mathematician* to know that equal Things added to equal Things are likewise equal, unless he apply this universal Principle to particular Lines, Surfaces and Bodies: Which is done either by the Synthetical, or by the Analytical way (which nevertheless must be follow'd by the Synthetical.) Now 'tis in the application of these general Rules to Particulars, that Error is committed even in the most certain Sciences.

The Seventh and Eighth said, That there are few Sciences, because there are few Principles and Propositions demonstrable; as the Contingent and the Absolute are not. Whence it is that the future is not demonstrable, and hence follows the *Uncertainty of Politicks*. Wherefore only necessary Propositions, whereof (the Truth is) permanent and eternal are demonstrable; and all these are necessarily demonstrable because they have infallible Principles; yet only such of these whose Principles are known by Men, are demonstrable by Men. So 'tis certain that the Inundation of Nilus, and the Flux and Reflux of the Sea are not demonstrable, because Men know not, the Prin-

ciples are not known; and if we know nothing certain, it appears how ridiculous they are who undertake to demonstrate every thing.

The Ninth positively prov'd we knew nothing, and introduc'd this Paradox, with saying, The greatest Divines have acknowledged many *Δυσνόητα*, Things hard to be understood; yea, diverse *ἀλυτα*, Knots that cannot be untied; till there either come further light into this World, or we be translated into a better. Such as every modest Christian will be ready to say of, as the learned *Cajetan* did concerning the reason of that Difference, which in the Hebrew Text is observable betwixt the Title of Psalm 121. and those other Psalms of Degrees, *Reservo Spiritui Sancto*, I reserve the Solution of this and that doubt to the holy Spirit: For to him, and the other Divine Persons, such things are no Riddles; tho to us they be dark and enigmatical, yea perhaps unsearchable. Altho we ever and anon meet with Cause of crying out as *St. Paul* once did: Rom. 11. 33. *How unsearchable are his Judgments, and his Ways past finding out!* Let us always remember and believe that of *St. James*, Acts 15. 18. *Known unto God are all his Works from the beginning of the World.* And this Divine Omniscience should put the wisest of Men in mind of their Nescience, keep them from leaning to their own Understandings, and give them just occasion to think of an Answer to *Zophar's* Question, *What canst thou know?* If the Secrets of Nature do so puzzle thee, what canst thou know concerning those much greater

Secrets of Grace and Glory? Of which Luther very excellently, *Philosophy receives them not, Faith doth. The Authority of Scripture is greater by far than the Capacity of our Wit, and the Holy Ghost than Aristotle.* Well may the depth of Divine Understanding (which the Psalmist saith is infinite, *Great is the Lord, and of great Power, his Understanding is infinite*) cause us to reflect upon the Shallowness, the Finiteness, yea the Folly of our own. For if the Foolishness of God be wiser

than Men, as the Apostle telleth us it is, 1 Cor. 1. 25. what is his Wisdom? And, if the Wisdom of this World be Foolishness with God, 1 Cor. 3. 19. what is its Folly? No wonder if one * learned Man wrote a Book of the *Vanity of Sciences*, others† of the *Nullity, Quod nihil scitur*: And under such Uncertainties how can we say that we know any thing? or at least these Uncertainties in human Knowledge convince me, that Learning is but the Cobweb of the Brain.

*A Trade of Knowledge as replete
As others are with Fraud and Cheat;
A Cheat that Scholars put upon
Other Mens Reason and their own:
A sort of Error to inconstancy
Absurdity and Ignorance;
That renders all th' Avenues
To Truth, impervious and abstruse:
By making plain Things in Debate,
By Art perplex'd and intricate:
As if Rules were not, in the Schools,
Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules.
This Pagan Heathenish Invention
Is good for nothing but Contention:
For as in Sword and Buckler Fight,
All Blows do on the Target light;
So when Men argue, the greatest part
O' th' Contest falls on Terms of Art:
Until the Fustian stuff be spent,
And then they fall to th' Argument.*

However if the wise || Heathen that excellent History of the profest, *The only thing he knew* Council of Trent, was wont to say, *was this, that he knew not any* The more we study, the more we thing at all: If Friar ** Paul of see how little or nothing we under- Venice, the judicious Author of stand; yea, if more knowing

* Cornel. Agrip. † Autor. Verderius, Franc. Zanch. M. D.
|| Hoc unum scio quod nihil scio, Socrates. ** Quo magis studiis incumbimus eo magis nos videre quam nihil scimus, Ap. Jo. Bevoritium, Epist. quaest. p. 86.

Men than any of these abounded in acknowledgments of their own Ignorance; *Asaph*, Psal. 73. 22. *So foolish was I and ignorant, I was as a Beast before thee*; *Agur*, Prov. 30. 23. *Surely I am more brutish than any Man, and have not the*

Understanding of a Man; *I neither learned Wisdom, nor have the knowledge of the Holy*. Then true is that of our great Apostle, *1 Cor.* 8. 2. *If any Man think that he knows any thing, he knows nothing yet as he ought to know*.

Paradox XXXV.

That Nature doth not abhor all Vacuity per se, but only ex Accidenti, or in respect to Fluxility.

Nature *abhorre Vacuum*, is indeed a Maxim, and a true one; but not to be understood in any other than a metaphorical Sense. For, as every Animal, by the instinct of Self-conservation, abhors the Solution of Continuity in his Skin, caus'd by any Puncture, Wound, or Laceration; tho it be no Offence to him to have his Skin pink'd or perforated all over with insensible Pores; so also by the indulgence of a Metaphor, may Nature be said to abhor any great or sensible Vacuity, or Solution of Continuity, such as is imagin'd in the Desert Space of the Tube; tho it be familiar, nay useful and grateful to her, to admit those insensible Inanities, or minute Porosities, which constitute a *Vacuum Disseminatum*. We say, by the *Indulgence of a Metaphor*, because we import a kind of sense in Nature, analogous to that of Animals. And, tolerating this metaphorical Speech, that Nature hath a kind of sense like that of Animals; yet, if we allow for the vastity of her Body, can it be conceiv'd no greater

Trouble or Offence to her, to admit such a Solution of Continuity or Emptiness, as this suppos'd in the Desert Space of the Tube, than to an Animal, to have any one Pore in his Skin more than ordinarily relaxed and expanded for the Transudation of a drop of Sweat. This perpended, it can seem no *Antiaxiomatism* to affirm, *That Nature doth not abhor Vacuity per se, but only ex Accidenti: i. e.* upon this respect, that in Nature is somewhat, for whose sake she doth not, without some reluctancy, admit a Coacervate or sensible Vacuity. Now that somewhat existent in Nature *per se*, in relation to which she seems to oppose and decline any sensible Vacuity, can be no other than the *Fluxility* of her Atomical Particles, especially those of *Fire, Air and Water*. And, for ought we poor Haggard Mortals do, or can, by the Light of Nature, know to the contrary, all those vast Spaces from the margin of the Atmosphere, whose Altitude exceeds not 40 Miles (according to *Mersennus* and *Gassendus*) perpendicular, up to the

Region of the fix'd Stars, are not only fluid, but *inane*; abating only those Points, which are pervaded by the Rays of the Sun and other Celestial Bodies. But, why shou'd we lead the Thoughts of our Reader up to remote Objects, whose Sublimity proclaims their Incertitude; when from hence only, that the Aer is a *Fluid* Substance, it is a manifest, direct and unstrained Consequence, that the immediate Cause of its avoidance of any sensible or coacervate Vacuity, is the Confluxibility of its Atomical Particles; which being in their natural Contexture contiguous in some, tho not all Points of their Superficies, must of necessity press or bear each upon other, and so mutually compel each other, that no one Particle can be remov'd out of its place, but instantly another succeeds and possesses it; and so there can be no Place left empty, as hath been frequently explain'd by the simile of a heap of Sand? Now, if the Confluxibility of the insensible Particles of the Aer, be the immediate and *per se* Cause of its avoidance of any aggregate sensible Solution of Continuity; we need no farther justification of our Position, that Nature doth oppose Vacuity sensible not *per se*, but only in order to the affection of Confluxibility, *i.e. ex Accidenti.*

Again, shou'd we swallow this precarious supposition of the *Æther*, with no less Pertinacity

than Ingenuity asserted by many Moderns, but professedly by *Natalis*, in both his Treatises (*Physica Vetus & Nova, & Plenum experimentis novis confirmatum*) and admit, that Nature provided that most tenuous and fluid Substance chiefly to prevent Vacuity; yet cannot the Appetite of our Curiosity be satisfy'd, that the Desert Space in the Tube is replenish'd with the same, penetrating thro the Glas; until they have solv'd that Apparence of the violent Interruption of the ambient Air into the Orifice of the Tube, so soon as it is educed out of the subjacent Liquors, the Quicksilver and Water, by the same Hypothesis. Which whether they have done, so as to demonstrate, that the sole cause of the Aer's impetuous rushing into the Canal of the Tube, and prodigiously elevating the ponderous Bodies of Quicksilver and Water residuous therein, is not the Reflux of the incumbent Aer, by the Ascension of the restagnant Quicksilver in the Vessel, compressed to too deep and diffus'd a Subingression of its insensible Particles, to recover its natural Laxity, by regaining those Spaces, from which it was expelled and secluded; and to supply the defect of this reason, by substituting some other Syntactical to their Hypothesis of the *Æther*, which shall be more verisimilous and plausible: this we ought to refer to the judgment of those, who have attentively and equitably perus'd their Writings.

Parador XXXVI.

Proving, That Women ought to Paint; in a Letter representing a Lady who had been Satyriz'd by a Person of Quality for Painting her Face, &c.

Sir Richard,

YOUR main Argument against our Sex in this particular proves *too much*, and therefore nothing at all: We cannot make use of a little innocent Art, in order to please and oblige you, and preserve your *fickle Hearts*, but you exclaim immediately that we are for quarrelling Nature, that we are guilty of intolerable Pride and Vanity, and discontented with him that made us. And why do you not bring the same Accusations against us for wearing Clothes, or such Colours as we find most become us—as you your Wigs, according to your Complexion? Deformity is not Nature, and consequently one that endeavors to hide her Crookedness for Example, only strives to conceal what is *unnatural*, to throw that behind the Scenes, which would not so well bear a publick View.

Nature it self endeavours to hide whatever is undecent and unseemly: If we do the same, we only imitate her, and you cannot blame us for it without great Injustice.

But you will perhaps say, What is all this to Painting and Dawbing our Faces, at which you are so highly displeas'd? Yes, it affects even that so much, that it takes off your greatest Objection against it, that it is mending the

work of Nature, which certainly may be innocently attempted, or at least rectifying her Mistakes; otherwise you cou'd not cut a Hair-Lip, or a Wen, that hinder'd the Sight, which you will hardly say is unlawful.

Whatever then the Inconveniences may be in any such Practices, they can hardly amount to any more than what may be fancy'd in many sorts of Dresses, which may appear a little oddly at first, but Use and Custom reconciles 'em: And this is so evident, even in the point that is here most in Controversy between us, that in some Countries of Europe it is so far from being scandalous, that the Ladies let their Lovers hold their Glasses to 'em, while they are Painting themselves, who esteem it as a Favour, and are no ways displeas'd at it.

You are as angry, I perceive, with all kind of Washes, as you are with Painting it self; and I must confess, with almost as much reason. For what is Paint, but a little more substantial Wash, which lasts something longer, or is more visible than the other?

But if you are against any of those, if you are so zealous against a little innocent Water, to clear the Face from Freckles, or any such Inconvenience, we may

Shortly expect you will forbid us *Fountain-Water* too, and we must not have leave to wash in that, because it looks like *Pride*, and being discontented with *Nature*. Nay, we may carry it yet higher, for all know some sort of *Water*, as 'tis simply taken from the *Well*, will add a *florid Colour* to the *Face*, and both increase and preserve the *Beauty*; But will you likewise abridge us of such as these, or are you resolv'd to deny us the most common *Blessings of Nature*?

You dare not say it is *unlawful* to remove any thing, even from the *Face* it self, which renders it *deform'd*, or *unpleasing* to the *Spectators*: If you thought so, you wou'd scarce practise quite contrary to your *Opinion*. It is plain, that *Nature* design'd Man a *grave* and *awful* Creature; it gave you *Beards* to strike us with *Reverence*; why then do you envy your selves such an *Advantage*? What mean all these *Wash-balls*, and *Tweezers*, and *Razors*, and *Depilatories*, which you use once or twice a *week*, and all that you may look like *Women*, whom you so much despise?

But what is yet much more *inexcusable*, you have many of you now learnt to *Patch*, nay to *Paint*, as well as we. If you had as *lawful* an *Excuse* for this as the *Women*, and did use these *Arts* merely to please your *Wives*, as we do to oblige our *Husbands*, none could justly blame you: But we have reason to fear there is something worse at the bottom. It is not for nothing you rail at all *Women*; *Orpheus* did it first, and you know the reason, and he met with too easy a *Punishment*.

You are very careful to communicate your grave Advice to all our *Sex*, whether *Beauties* or otherwise; but in this one thing you are *ingenuous*, when you own you do not expect it will have any great effect upon us. No body loves to have good *Counsel* cram'd down their *Throats*, and to take it like *Pills*, or a *Potion*. Besides, shou'd a declar'd *Enemy* just before an *Engagement*, or in the very heat of *Fight*, have such an extraordinary *Qualm of Civility* come upon him, as to desire you to taste of a *Cordial* that he carry'd about with him; wou'd you not, to return his *Compliment*, desire him to taste it before you, and think that after him was *Manners*? Which if he refus'd, you wou'd have just reason to suspect that all was not right at bottom. But so it is here, You give us some *snarling Documents* against *Vanity*, *Pride*, *Infidelity*, *Scurrility*, *Inconstancy*, and a hundred other *Vices*, when your own *Sex* so notoriously wants *Reformation*, in all those *Instances*, more than *ours*. And you do this in a *four* and *magisterial Manner*, when you are at open *Wars* against us, which looks not so much like kind *Admonitions*, as *unjust Reproaches*; for when you your selves, who call us your *Slaves*, and at least make us your most *humble Subjects*, at the same time you give us such good *Instructions*, never value how much you *unravel* 'em all by leud *Examples*, it wou'd be a miracle if we shou'd not be more injur'd by one, than profited by the other.

I shall here rest our *Defence* against this *Head of Accusations*, when I have observ'd one thing more

more to our Sexes Advantage, | sort of Arts to please you, and
from your own Concessions. You | that virtuously and honestly,
don't deny but we often use these |

As Pyrates all false Colours wear,
T' intrap th' unwary Mariner ;
So Women, to surprize you, spread
The borrow'd Flags of White and Red ;
Lay Trains of amorous Intrigues
In Tow'rs, and Curls, and Perriwigs,
With greater Art and Cunning rear'd,
Than Philip Nye's Thanksgiving Beard.
Prepost'rously t' entice and gain
These to adore us, we disdain.
Why Sir, if you're impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own Temptation done ;
That with your Ignorance invite,
And teach us how to use the slight ;
And when we find you're still more taken
With false Attracts of your own making,
Swear that's a Rose, and that's a Stone,
Like Sots, to us that laid it on :
And what we did but slightly Prime,
Most ignorantly daub in Rhime :
You force us in our own Defences
To copy Beams and Influences ;
To lay Perfections on the Graces,
And draw Attracts upon our Faces :
And in compliance to your Wit,
Your own false Jewels counterfeit ;
Which when they're nobly done, and well,
The simple Natural excel.
How fair and sweet the planted Rose,
Beyond the Wild in Hedges, grows ?
For, without Art, the noblest Seeds
Of Flow'rs degenerate to Weeds.
How dull and rugged, e'er 'tis ground
And polish'd, looks a Diamond !
Tho Paradise was e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without Care.
The whole World, without Art and Dress,
Wou'd be but one great Wilderiness ;
And Mankind but a savage Herd,
For all that Nature has confer'd :
This does but ROUGH-HEW and design,
Leaves Art to polish and refine.

But,

But, Sir *Richard*, I know you'll tell us, that *Painting* will extremely decay our *Faces*, and make us old before our time. Now take all this for *Truth*, and reflect upon it again, and try if you can blush at your own *Gratitude*: For if we suffer so much, and part with what is so dear to us, only to please you for a little while, certainly we shou'd deserve something better from you, than *Reproaches* for our dear *Complaisance* in those *Matters*.— Upon the whole, I think *Painting* reasonable and modest; and therefore I resolve to continue the *Practice*. And, Sir *Richard*, if you consider the *Matter*, you can't be against it, for *Foulness* is loathsome; then can that be so which helps it? Who forbids his Beloved to gird in her *Waste*? to mend, by shoeing, her uneven *Lameness*? to burnish her *Teeth*, or to perfume her *Breath*? Yet that the *Face* be more precisely regarded, it concerns more: For as open confessing Sinners are always punish'd, but the wary and concealing Offenders without Witness, do it also without Punishment; so the secret Parts need the less respect; but of the *Face*, discover'd to all *Examinations* and *Surveys*, there is not too nice a *Jealousy*. Nor doth it only draw the busy *Eyes*, but it is subject to the divinest Touch of all, to *Kissing*, the strange and mystical Union of *Souls*. If she shou'd prostitute her self to a more unworthy Man than thy self, how earnestly and justly wouldst thou exclaim? That for want of this easier and ready way of repairing, to betray her Body to *Ruin* and *Deformity* (the ty-

ranous *Ravishers*, and sudden *De-flourers* of all Women) what a heinous *Adultery* is it? What thou lovest in her *Face* is *Colour*, and *Painting* gives that; but thou hatest it, not because it is, but because thou knowest it. Fool, whom Ignorance makes happy! The Stars, the Sun, the Sky whom thou admirest, alas, have no *Colour*, but are fair, because they seem to be colour'd: If this seeming will not satisfy thee in her, thou hast good assurance of her *Colour*, when thou seest her lay it on. If her *Face* be Painted on a Board or Wall, thou wilt love it, and the Board, and the Wall: Canst thou loath it then when it speaks, smiles and kisses, because it is Painted? Are we not more delighted with seeing Birds, Fruits and Beasts Painted, than we are with Naturals? And do we not with pleasure behold the Painted Shape of Monsters and Devils, whom true, we durst not regard? We repair the Ruins of our Houses, but first cold Tempests warn us of it, and bite us thro it. We mend the Wrack and Stains of our Apparel, but first our Eyes, and other Bodies, are offended: but by this Providence of Women this is prevented. If in *Kissing* or *Breathing* upon her, the *Painting* fall off, thou art angry; wilt thou be so if it stick on? Thou didst love her; if thou beginnest to hate her, then 'tis because she is not Painted. If thou wilt say now, thou didst hate her before, thou didst hate her and love her together, be constant in something, and love her who shews her great love to thee, in taking this Pains to seem lovely to thee.

Paradox XXXVII.

The Intellectual Kingdom: or, a Paradox proving that Poets (alias Beggars) are Rich; in a Letter to a Poet Laureat, who courted a young Virgin for Marriage.

Mr. Laureat,

AT the reading of yours, a thousand shining Ideas presented themselves to my Imagination; nor had Rapture a Tongue, cou'd I with it aim at the expressing the Joys flow'd upon me from them. To have Marriage offer'd me by one of the Sons of *Apollo*, Heir-apparent to a fair Estate in *Parnassus*! What an Equipage thou'd I have! *Cupid* for my Page, the Graces for my Maids of Honour; and then, for other Attendants, I wou'd put the Muses into Breeches (they must be good confident Wenches, they are so familiar with the Poets.) If I have a mind to hunt with *Diana*, up flies *Pegasus* ready bridled and saddled, and prays me to mount. Should I have a mind to pay a Visit to some of the Goddesses, doubtless *Apollo* wou'd lend his Daughter-in-law his Chariot, there we are treated with *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*. Besides,

You Rhimes appropriate can make
To e'ery Month in th' Almanack:
When Terms begin and end can tell,
With their Returns in Doggerel:
When the Exchequer opes and shuts,
And Sowgelder with Safety cuts;
When Men may eat and drink their Fill,
And when be temperate, if they will;
When use, and when abstain from Vice,
Figs, Grapes, Phlebotomy and Spice.
In Lyricks you can write an Ode on
Your Mistress eating a black Pudding;
And when imprison'd Air escapes her,
It puffs you with Poetick Rapture.
A Carman's Horse cannot pass by,
But stands ty'd up to Poetry:
The Gallow-Tree, when cutting Purse
Breeds Business for Heroick Verse;
Which none does hear, but wou'd have hung
To have been the Theme of your Song.

But this Repast, and the other by the Mind, so might I wed that Honours, being only to be enjoy'd without being troubled with your Body,

Body, I shou'd study to value the Blessing; therefore must wait till their Separation happens. Nor do I believe you think your Corporal Person worthy to be brought into the Articles, since you shew your contempt of it, by your scurvily maintaining of it, and exposing it to all Indignities. 'Tis true, the Poet tells us, *His Mind to him a Kingdom is.*

*But 'tis a Kingdom wanting Matter,
Just like the Moonshine in the Water.*

Even poor Prince Homer begg'd for small Beer, whilst his Mind drank immortal Liquor with the Gods: But then his Memory grew famous after, thro the whole World, which is that part alone of you I can fancy. Therefore, if your Passion for me be really more than one of your Fictions, make haste to die, and I'll fly to embrace it. For, alas! what shou'd you do in this World, whose Estate, Interest, and Acquaintance lie wholly in another? Nor is this worthy of your Conversation, from the little regard it hath of you. Shou'd it be my Fate to go first, I doubt not but you will fix me a Star in the Firmament; and question not there of my Influence continually towards you, till we meet in *Elizium*, where (if I pop not into *Lethe* by the way, and forget all) be assur'd of enjoying an eternal Spring of Youth and Love in those Fields of Light and Floods of endless Pleasures, with,

Sir, &c.

Paradox XXXVIII.

There is but one External Sense, &c. and not Five, as is generally thought — merrily argu'd by the whole Athenian Society.

THE First Member stood up and said; That *Maxim*, that Things are not to be multiply'd without Reason, is founded upon the Capacity of the Humane Mind, which being one, tho its Faculcies be distinct in their Operations, conceives things only under the Species of Unity. So that when there are many in number, it makes one Species of them; of many specifically different, one Genus, and consequently can much less suffer the making two things of that which is but one. This has given ground to some to affirm, That there is but one External Sense, which ought no more to be distributed into five Species under pretext that there are five Organs, than one and the same River, which here makes Bellows blow, and Hammers beat, presses Cloth, and

and decorticates Oats, or grinds Flower; for 'tis one Breath which passing thro several Organs and Pipes renders several Tones; one and the same Sun, which penetrating thro various Glasses represents as many Colours. Moreover, their end is to all the same, namely, to avoid what may hurt, and pursue what may profit the Creature.

The Second said, This wou'd be true, if the Soul alone were the subject of Sensation: but when the Eye is pull'd out, altho the visual Spirits remain entire; or if the Eye being sound and clear, yet some Obstruction hinders the Afflux of the Spirits to it (as in a *Gutta Serena*) there is no Vision made: An Evidence that Seeing is an Action of both, and consequently, the Senses are as many as the several Organs which determine and specificate the same. But the Taste being comprehended under the Touch, by the Philosopher's Definition, must be a Species thereof; and therefore there are but four Senses, as four Elements, the Taste and the Touch (which it comprehends) being exercis'd in the Earth gross as themselves; the Sight in Water, in which its Organ swims, and of which it almost wholly consists; the Smelling by the Fire, which awakens Odours, and reduces them out of power into Act; and the Hearing in the Air, which is found naturally implanted in the Ear, and is the sole *Medium* of this Sense, according to *Aristotle*; the hearing of Fishes being particular to them in the Water, and very obscure.

The Third said, He was of *Scaliger's* Mind, who reckons Titillation for the sixth Sense. For if the Taste, tho comprehended under the Touching (as was said) constitutes a distinct Sense, why not Titillation, which is a Species of Touching too; considering that it represents things otherwise than the ordinary Touch doth, and hath its particular Organs, as the Soles of the Feet, the Palms of the Hands, the Flanks, the Arm-pits, and some other Places. Yea, Touching may be accounted the Genus of the Senses, since all partake thereof.

The Fourth said, That those Actions which some Animals perform more perfectly than we (as the Dog exceeds us in Smelling, the Spider in Touching, the Eagle in Seeing, and many in presaging the Seasons and Weather) seem'd to be the effects of 6, 7, or 8 Senses; there being no proportion between such great extraordinary Effects and their Organs, the structure whereof is the same with those of other Animals, which come not near the same. Yea, that 'tis by some supernumerary sense found in each Animal, that they have knowledg of what is serviceable or hurtful to them in particular. For example, who teaches the Dog the virtue of Grass, the Hart of Dittany? their ordinary Senses cannot. Nor is it likely that so many occult Properties have been produc'd by Nature, to remain unknown. But they cannot be understood unless by some Sense, which is not Vulgar, considering that all the Senses together understand not their Substance.

The

The Fifth said, There are five external Senses, neither more, nor less; because there need so many, and no more, to perceive and apprehend all external Objects. And as when one of our Senses is deprav'd or abolish'd, another cannot repair it, nor succeed it in all its Functions; so if there were more than five, the Overplus wou'd be useless, there being no Accident but falls under the cognizance of these five Senses: And altho each of them is not sufficient thereunto severally, yet they serve well enough all together; as in the perception of Motion, Rest, Number, Magnitude and Figure, which are common Objects to divers Senses. Now if there were need of more than five Senses, 'twou'd be to judg of Objects wherein the others fail. So that the Super-numeraries being unprofitable, 'tis not necessary to establish more than five. And as for Substance, 'tis not consistent with its Nature to be known by the external Senses.

The Sixth said, Man being compos'd of three Pieces, a Soul, a Body, and Spirits, of a middle Nature between both; the five Senses suffice to the Perfection and Support of these three Parts. Knowledg, which is the sole Good of the Soul, is acquir'd by Invention and Discipline; for which we have Eyes and Ears: Good Odours recreate and repair the Spirits: The Touch and Taste are the Body's Guards, the first by preserving it from hurtful Qualities which invade it from without; and the second, from such as enter and are taken in by the mouth. And therefore

'tis in vain to establish more.

The Seventh said, Since, according to the Philosophers, Sense is a passive Quality, and Sensation is made when the Organ is alter'd by the Object; there must be as many several Senses as there are different Objects, which variously alter the Organs. Now amongst Colours, Odours, and other sensible Objects, there are many different Species; and the Qualities perceiv'd by the Touch are almost infinite. Nor is it material to say that they all proceed from the first Qualities, since Colours, Odours and Tastes, are likewise second Qualities arising from those first, and nevertheless made different Senses.

The Eighth said, Altho it be true, that Faculties are determin'd by Objects, yet must not these Faculties be therefore multiply'd according to the multitude of Objects. So, tho White and Black are different, nevertheless because they both act after the same manner, namely, by sending their intentional Species thro the same Medium to the same Organ, the Sight alone sufficeth for judg of their Difference.

The Ninth said, Since four things are requisite to Sensation, to wit, the Faculty, the Organ, the Medium, and the Object; 'tis by them that the number of Senses is determin'd. The Object cannot do it, otherwise there wou'd not be five Senses, but infinitely more. Nor can the Faculty do it, being inseparable from the Soul, or rather the Soul it self, and consequently but one; and to say that there is but one Sense, is erroneously to make an external Sense of the common Sense.

Sense. Much less can the *Medium* do it, since one and the same *Medium* serves to many Senses, and one and the same Sense is exercis'd in several *Mediums*, as the

Sight in the Air and Water. It remains therefore that the Diversity proceeds from that of the Organs, which being but five, make the like number of Senses.

Paradox XXXIX.

That Burning alive is no Pain or Torment.

BEFORE I come directly to prove this amazing *Paradox*, 'twill be necessary that I say something of the Nature of Fire; which having done, I shall proceed to prove, *That Burning alive is no Pain nor Torment.*

The first Quality of Fire is *Levity with Rarity*. *Rarity* is a Subtility, or Minority of Parts, whereby its *Minima's* are contiguous one to the other. Who ever doubted of the Lightness of Fire? Doth not Fire diffuse its Heat equally from its Center to the Circumference? Doth not the Fire in a Torch cast its Light circularly from its Center? That Fire abhors a Continuity, we perceive by its Burning; for we see that the Flames in Spirits of Wine do terminate into Points, which Points make a Roughness; whereas were the Fire continuous, its Terms wou'd be smooth, like unto those of Water and Air. Doth not the Fire work thro the smallest Pores? *ergo* thro its contiguous Points. Hence it is that Fire passes, where Air is shut out. Its relative Nature is constituted by its Contiguity of Parts; for thro it, it is fitted for the embracing of Earth. Were it continuous and light, it wou'd shun

the Earth; or if admitted into the Earth, the Earth wou'd disrupt and expel it, like as it disrupts and expels Air. Wherefore thro its Porosity and Contiguity it enters the Earth, and the Earth enters it, each opening its Pores at this friendly reception: Nevertheless, supposing that Contiguity had no contrariety to Continuity, yet wou'd the Air not be light enough to sustain the weight of the Body of the Earth; besides, there must be two Gravities conceiv'd for one Lightness, and two or three Continuities for one Contiguity; so that of absolute necessity a fourth Element must be added, that might be answering to the Earth's Gravity and Density, thro its Levity and Rarity. That which is light and rare, is more vibrating, and by far of greater Activity and Energy, than that which is light and thin. Summarily, let us take a view of all their first Qualities, and compare them together: Water and Air do communicate in a perfect Friendship, and so do Earth and Fire; Water and Earth, Air and Water, Fire and Air, are all beholden to one another; yet not in the same respect, but divers. *Water and Fire*

Fire at an immediate Contact are absolutely disagreeing, but mediately accompanying other Elements, prove good Friends; the same Law is between Earth and Air. Observe, altho I have explain'd their Forms by more words than one, yet apprehend that in their sense they move a single Concept. Levity with Rarity is really distinct from Levity with Tenuity; their Operations, and manner of operating being also different; for Levity with Rarity is more penetrating, vibrating, and of a stronger Force; and therefore Fire exceeds the Air in Levity. The like is to be understood of the Earth and Water: to wit, that the former is more weighty than the latter. These concur equally to the Constitution of one another, of the World, and of its Parts; the one contributeth as much as the other, and therefore they are of an equal Dignity and Time.

Having given a brief account of the Nature of Fire, I proceed to prove, *That Burning alive is no Pain or Torment.*

Stoical Indolency is that *Apathy*, Imperturbation and constant Tenor of Mind that is imputed to the *Stoicks*; who taught that a discreet wise Man shou'd be never affected either with other Mens Disasters or his own. They teach that a wise Man is so good a Commander of himself and his own Passions, that he is never transported by them, or (like *Phaeton*) hurry'd headlong: But his Reason doth still possess the Throne and Scepter, and holds the Golden Reins of Sovereignty in her hand; and doth exercise her Jurisdiction, not by killing these *Gibeonites*, but by keeping them in Obedience, and making them serviceable. As no outward Misfortunes can make any Wound or Bruise in the Mind of a wise Man, so neither can bodily Pains make him miserable, or bereave him of inward Joy and Felicity; *Si uratur Sapiens, si crucietur in Phalaridis tauro, dicet, quam suave est hoc? Cic. 2. Tusc. qu.* The inward Peace and Contentment of Mind, which he enjoys, doth stupify the sharpest Torments, and rebate the Edg and Sense of them.

*Patience in Cowards is tame hopeless Fear,
But in brave Minds a Scorn of what they bear.*

————— Then come what may,
Patience and Time run thro the hottest Day.

* *Epist. 85.* Seneca tells * us, *He looks with an undaunted Spirit upon his own Torments and Tormenters, as tho he were a Spectator, and not a Spectacle, and as tho his Body did not belong unto him, or that were not his own that he carry'd about him. Tunde Anaxarchi follem, &c.* So *Anaxarchus* jeer'd

him that belabour'd himself in tormenting his Body.

Tho some will not approve of this Paradox, concluding it under an Impossibility, yet the great *St. Basil* doth not stick to commend it: *Laudo Ep. 180. animi dexteritatem* (says he) *& præstantiam in Stoicis, qui nihil eorum quæ extra hominum sunt*

sunt a felicitate impedire dicunt : sed felicem eum esse qui virtute studio incumbit, licet in Phalaridis tauro cremetur. And the ready willingness of the Primitive Christians to be *Martyrs*, and their wonderful Constancy and Chearfulness under those *sharp* and *exquisite* Torments that were inflicted on them, may acquit this Doctrine of the *Stoicks* both from *Arrogancy*, and from a seeming *Impossibility*.

For I shall endeavour to prove, (beyond all Contradiction) that *Burning alive is no Pain or Torment*. But here the trembling Christian condemn'd to the *Flames*, will be apt to say, The Bitterness of the Punishments, that I am enjoin'd to suffer, doth so terrify me, that I know not scarce what to do ; *I shall be burned alive*, Oh how shall I be torment-ed in that dolorous kind of Death ! Think you that I may patiently bear the Rage of the Fire ? I am persuaded that my Pains will be so grievous, that I cannot either keep my Mind quiet and patient, or remember and think on Christ ; so that in that Anguish and Agony I shall quite forget my Saviour, and what shall become of me then ? How can I resist the Temptations of Satan,

who then (no doubt) will be very busy about me ?

To this I answer: *Cicero*, an Heathen Philosopher, saith, That in *India*, when any Man was dead, and his Carcass ready to be burnt, his Wives (for there they had many Wives) contended among themselves, who shou'd be burnt with him : And she whom he lov'd best, having vanquish'd the rest, was cast quick into the Fire with the Body of her dead Husband, and burnt ; the other being full of Sorrow, for that they were overcome, departed with great Moan and Lamentation, wishing rather to have been burnt than to live. And shall we be afraid of Burning, seeing we are certain of that which they hop'd for ? Die once you must, whether you will or no (how soon, God knoweth) seeing then you must die, will you not die willingly for God's sake, especially considering that they are *thrice happy*, to whom God vouchsafeth such an honourable Death ? Shall not we for God's sake suffer that, which divers Pagans suffer'd for their Country's sake ? *Curtius* fear'd not to die for the City of *Rome*, *Mencothem* for *Thebes*, nor *Codrus* for *Athens*.

*And Hudibras who scorn'd to stoop
To Torment, or be said to droop,
Chear'd up himself with Ends of Verse,
And Sayings of Philosophers.*

*Quoth he, —————
I am not now in Fortune's Power ;
He that is down, can fall no low'r ;
And as we see th' Eclipsed Sun
By Mortals is more gaz'd upon,
Than when adorn'd with all his Light,
He shines in serene Sky most bright ;*

*So Courage, in a low Estate,
Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.*

These Heathenish Examples might make Christians asham'd, if they be so cowardly as to fear Death.

Burning is not such a grievous Punishment as you imagine; for God is faithful, he will lay upon us no more than we can bear. Fear not. (saith the Lord, by *Isaiah the Prophet, Isa. 43. 1, 2.*) *for I have redeem'd thee, I have call'd thee by thy Name, thou art mine: When thou passest thro the Waters, I will be with thee; and thro the Floods, that they do not overflow thee: When thou walkest thro the very Fire, thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the Flame kindle upon thee (for thy destruction) I am the Lord thy God.* And for the better Confirmation hereof, many Examples, both antient and late, might be alledg'd; only I will content my self with one or two which happen'd in the time of

K. Henry VIII. and

* *A&S and Monuments, part 2. p. 939. of the last Ed. col. 2.*

Q. Mary *: Mr. James Bainham, a holy Martyr, being sentenced to be burnt, for the

constant Confession of Christ Jesus and his Gospel, as he was at the Stake (in the year of our Lord 1532) in the midst of the flaming Fire, his Arms and Legs being half consum'd, spake these Words: *Oh ye Papists! behold, ye look for Miracles, and here now ye may see a Miracle, for in this Fire I feel no more Pain, than if I were in a Bed of Down, but it is to me a Bed of Roses.*

In like manner, in the time of Queen Mary, Mr. Thomas

Hawks †, a faithful Servant of Christ, and holy Martyr al-

† *Ibid. pag. 1446. c. 2.*

so, having Judgment to be burnt for the same Cause; at what time he shou'd be burnt, some of his familiar Friends being terrify'd and dismay'd with the sharpness of the Punishment that he was going to, privily desir'd, *That in the midst of the Flame he wou'd shew them some Token (if he cou'd) whereby they might be more certain, whether the Pain of such Burning were so great, that a Man might not therein keep his Mind quiet and patient: which thing he promis'd them to do, and so secretly it was agreed, that if the Rage of the Pain were tolerable, and might be suffer'd, then he shou'd lift up his Hands above his Head towards Heaven, before he gave up the Ghost.* Now then,

when he was at the stake, and the Fire set unto him, in which when he continu'd long, and when his Speech was taken away by the violence of the Flame, his Skin also drawn together, and his Fingers consum'd with the Fire, so that now all Men thought certainly he had been gone; suddenly, and contrary to all expectation, this blessed Servant of God, being mindful of his Pro-

mise || before made, reach'd up his Hands burning on a light Fire (which was marvellous to behold) over his Head to the living God, and with great rejoicing (as

|| A Token given in the Fire that Burning alive is no Pain, or Torment.

(seemed)

seemed) struck, or clap'd them three times together. At the sight whereof there follow'd such Applause and Outcry of the People, and especially of them which understood the Matter, as the like hath not commonly been heard: And so the blessed Martyr of Christ straightway sinking into the Fire, gave up his Spirit in the year 1555, June 10. By these Examples, among a thousand which might be alledg'd, you see (from the very Mouths of the Martyrs, whilst actually in the Flames) that Burning alive is no Pain or Torment.

*Then burn and conquer, God will soon dispose
To future Good our past and present Woes;
Resume your Courage, and dismiss your Care,
And then let not your proud Tormentors spare:
An Hour will come with Pleasure to relate
Your Sorrows past, as Benefits of Fate,
Oh! thou secure of Soul, unbent with Woes,
The more thy Faggots burn, the more oppose:
Dare Fire and Terror in the publick View,
No frightful Sight of Danger can be new.*

Paradox XL.

Married Women are Men by Conquest; or, a Paradox proving a true Wife wears the Breeches.

I Don't mean that she always wears the Breeches, but that she is so consummately perverse, that there's no manner of way to work upon her: A Tiger may be tam'd, a Lion may have his Teeth knock'd out and Claws par'd, and any other sort of Viper its Sting pull'd out; but do all this to a marry'd Woman, 'twill so provoke her, she'll still *ast* the Man (I mean wear the Breeches in spite of your Teeth) If you knock out her Teeth, she'll mumble you with her implacable Gums; nay, if you pull out her Tongue, she'll certainly scold with the *stump* on't, while the least Bit is left. A Ducking-Stool is but a sort of Chair of State with 'em; when enthron'd there, they are at the top of their Preferment: The Water is so far from cooling a season'd Scold, that she is more likely to heat the Water, she fizzes as she goes down, and makes it at least Summer about her. She's like Achilles dip'd in Styx, perfectly invulnerable, and contracts as much additional hardness as Steel, by being quench'd in Water. The whole Sex are akin to the Taylor's Wife, they'll be snapping their Fingers as soon as they rise, sink 'em as deep as ye will; and when you see an Anvil

the softer for being hammer'd | same good effect from disciplining
every day, you may hope the | Woman.

So sullenly addicted still
To'r only Principle, her Will,
That whatsoe'er it chance to prove,
No Force of Argument can move :
Nor Law, nor Cavalcade of Holbourn
Can render half a Grain less stubborn :
For she at any time wou'd hang
For th' Opportunity to harangue ;
And rather on a Gibbet dangle,
Than miss her dear Delight to wrangle :
In which her Parts are so accomplish'd,
That right or wrong she ne'er is non-plus'd :
But still her Tongue runs on, the less
Of weight it bears, with greater Ease ;
And such its everlasting Clack,
Sets all Mens Ears upon the Rack.
No sooner does a Hint appear,
But up she starteth to pickeer ;
And makes the Stoutest yield to Mercy,
When she's engag'd in Controversy :
Not by the force of carnal Reason,
But indefatigable Teazing ;
With Volleys of eternal Babble,
And Clamour more unanswerable.
For tho her Topicks, frail and weak,
Cou'd ne'er amount above a Freak ;
SHE still maintains 'em, like her Faults,
Against the desperat'st Assaults,
And backs their feeble want of Sense,
With greater Heat and Confidence.
Thus Scolds are stubborn in their way,
As Coins are harden'd by the Alloy ;
And Obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.

Were I to direct a Painter to draw the Labour in vain, he shou'd throw aside the old Story of Lathering the Blackamoor, and instead of it, shou'd paint the Taming of the Shrew, which is scarce probable enough to make a Play of it, because none can affirm 'tis a true Image of Life. An Opera indeed might be made on't, such another Business as the Tempest ; but the Characters wou'd be as incredible, and much stranger than the two Cubbs begot by an Incubus.

There's a dark Sullenness, a black rooted Obstinacy in all the Sex, the same keen Sturdiness that we find in the Blacks ; and tho ye shou'd cut the Snakes all

to pieces, every bit of 'em wou'd and better than her Husband, and
fly in your Faces. In short, a will wear the Breeches, tho' the
true Wife thinks her self wiser fights for 'em.

*They were for Breeches made, Obedience we,
Courage their Virtue, ours is Chastity;
Th' offending Woman, when she lowest lies,
Submits to conquer, and but kneels to rise.*

Well, will fair means do any better with 'em? Will Kindness and Lenity work on their good Natures? Yes, just as much as 'twill upon a Wolf's, whom ye have sav'd from a Tree, and brought home to make a House-Dog of: Have at your Mutton, if he can any ways get a fling at it, and if he once breaks loose, he's ten times worse than ever.

Who ever knew a Woman the better for being kindly us'd? No, 'tis your Duty, you ought to do no less; nay, you dare do no otherwise, and who shou'd thank you only for paying them their own?

This 'tis to be so very well opinion'd of themselves; they have such an abundant stock of Conceit, that they merit more than all; they are out of reach of Civility, and 'tis impossible to oblige them.

It shows indeed the Generosity of their Temper, that the more they are lov'd, the more still they insult. They have then a Handle, an Excuse for domineering, the couchant Husband or Lover must bid farewell to the Reins and Saddle, know his Distance, and learn Obedience to his He-Wife.

*Thus Wedlock, without Love, some say,
Is but a Lock without a Key:
It is a kind of Rape to many,
One that neglects or cares not for ye:
For what does make it Ravishment,
But being 'gainst the Mind's Consent?
'Tis Slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of our own procuring:
As Spiders never seek the Fly,
But leave him of himself t' apply;
So Men are by themselves betray'd,
To quit the Freedom they enjoy'd;
And run their Necks into a Noose,
They'd break 'em after to break loose.*

So that Women are dangerous things to meddle with, especially for better for worse. They are then (a sort of) Men by wearing the Breeches, and tho' they don't

command you under the Title of your Masters, yet they act as such, and you must submit or expect no Quiet; and tho' by thus unman-ning your selves, you shew how

much you admire 'em, yet your Patience shall prevail as little as your Love : Who wou'd not tread upon a Footstool? And the more you have born already, the more you are like to bear, as you are the better able. Your Brains lie in your Shoulders, for

there is all your Wisdom. It's pity such excellent Virtues shou'd rust, for want of due Exercise and Employment : Doubtless, Matrimony is a state of great Perfection, it has in it so much Mor-
tification,

*Marriage ! thou Curse of Love and Snare of Life,
That first debas'd a Mistress to a Wife !
Love, like a Scene, at distance shou'd appear,
But Marriage views the gross-daub'd Landscape near.
Love's nauseous Cure ! thou cloyst whom thou shouldst please,
And when thou cur'st, then thou art the Disease.
When Hearts are loose, thy Chain our Bodies ties,
Love couples Friends, but Marriage Enemies.*

*————— We hope to find
That Help which Nature meant in Womankind ;
But prove a burning Caustick when apply'd,
And Adam sure could with more Ease abide
The Bone, when broken, than when made a Bride.
What rugged Ways attend the Noon of Life,
Our Sun declines, and with what anxious Strife,
What Pain we tug, that gauling Load, a Wife ?
All Coursers, the first Heat, with Vigour run,
But 'tis with Whip and Spur the Race is won.
Marriage is but the Pleasure of a Day,
The Metal's base, the Gilding worn away :
Here for an Hour, a Week, perhaps a Night,
Long Penitence succeeds a short Delight :
Minds are so hardly match'd, that e'en the first,
Tho pair'd by Heav'n, in Paradise were curst,
For Man and Woman, tho in one they grow,
Yet first or last return again to two.
Thus Woman's a true Copy of the first,
In whom the Race of all Mankind was curst ;
Their Sex, by Beauty, is to Heaven ally'd,
But their great Lord, the Devil, taught 'em Pride :
He too an Angel, till he durst rebel,
And they are sure the Stars that with him fell.
Weep on ! a Stock of Tears, like Vows, you have,
And always ready when you wou'd deceive,*

Be the Wife (or rather Hector
in Woman's Clothes) Virtuous or
False, 'tis much the same thing,
as to the Man's Ease and Happi-
ness ; for if she's incorrigibly Vir-
tuous, there's nothing in the
World so imperious and assum-
ing ; and because she is not a
Whore,

Where, expects you can do no less than fall down and worship her; tho it may be, 'tis want of Beauty or Opportunity that keeps her— I won't say honest, but as she is: An honest Shrew there's as little hopes of, as of a precise Hypocrite. They stand upon their Honour, and are both so good, you know not how to mend 'em; neither do they envy the World the knowledg of their Virtues, for you never need fear but you shall hear of 'em. Ah,— did I serve you as other Women do their Husbands, and keep a brace or two o' Gallants under your Nose, I shou'd not be us'd thus, I shou'd not wear

such a Toad of a Gown here, not fit to make Shoe-Clouts: I shou'd have more Respect and Benevolence, and Worship, and Obedience.

O'tother side, if she's a Grain too light, tho you throw in whole Mountains, you cou'd not turn the Scale. You must not believe your own dear Eyes in those Cases, much less your Ears, tho your Dishonour be buzzing in 'em every moment. Base, Jealous, Suspicious Dog in a Manger, are it may be some of the finest Salutations the poor humble Wretch must expect, to make his Horns sit easy.

*All Women wou'd be of one Piece,
The virtuous Matron and the Miss;
The Nymphs of chaste Diana's Train,
The same with those in Lutener's Lane:
But for the Difference Marriage makes,
'Twixt Wives and Ladies of the Lakes.*

Or if she once fear he begins to use his Eyes, and resent it in earnest, then all the Sexes Magazine is presently open'd, the Dressing-Box of their Minds, which they can paint too, when they please, and disguise beyond Knowledge, as well as their Faces. The Sobs, and Tears, and Smiles, and Fits, and cunning half Confessions,

and impudent sturdy Denials, as occasion serves, and she finds it most convenient: So that she's resolv'd to conquer as MAN, and to coax and wheedle as Woman, according as his Heart is unguarded, and his soft side lies open. Milton will once more show 'em their Picture, and they can't deny but 'tis to the Life.

—These are thy wonted Arts,
And Arts of every Woman false like thee,
To break all Faith, all Vows, deceive, betray,
Then, as Repentant, to submit, beseech,
And Reconcilement move, with feign'd Remorse,
Confess, and promise Wonders in her Change,
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her Husband, how far urg'd his Patience bears,
His Virtue or Weakness which way to assail:
Then with more cautious and instructed Skill,
Again transgresses, and again submits.

Like to a Miracle; for if he doats on, and believes heartily, they are safe enough, and just as much alter'd as the Sea is by the shining of the Sun, or the Motion of the Wind. The Surface is a little vary'd, but the unfathomable bottom is still the same, the Water as salt and bitter as ever, and the Waves as dangerous and unconstant. What it loses in one place, it gains in another; and tho it can't dash the Rock in pieces at one stroke, 'twill wear it by degrees, and in time it may make it moulder away to nothing.

And thus 'tis, if a Husband arms himself with ever so much Resolution against his *vexatious Spouse*, for this (as 'twere) S H E- M A N will find a way to get within him some way or other, and trip up his Heels, tho ever so much upon his Guard. She'll weather out even his Patience, and make him as weak and peevish as her self, if he han't a sharp Eye upon her, and observe how ugly it looks in her, and how ill a Physician he must needs be esteem'd, who is himself infected by that Disease he pretends to cure.

Nay, tho he help himself with his Wit, tho he takes ever so many different Methods, turns his Thoughts ever so many ways, she'll easily countermine and conquer him, the natural Wit and Vanity of a Woman renders all ineffectual. The Symptoms change every Hour, and then there's little likelihood of so much as discovering the Distemper, much less removing it. The Wind roars round the Compass every Glass, and then the most skilful Steersman in all the Warry World, must needs be at a Loss.

There are so many Mazes in a *Female Mind*, that they often lose themselves in 'em; much more may they lose us. I despair to find a Clue to conduct me quite thro it, and therefore here I leave it, without venturing any farther, and indeed I dare not; for I have fairly prov'd that a *True Wife is a Man* (if not by Sex) yet she is by Conquest, and I dare not gaze any longer at such a Monster.

Paradox XLI.

That the Proportion of Solary Rays reflected by the superiour Aer or Aether toward the Earth, is so small as not to be sensible.

Reader,

BEFORE I prove this *strange Paradox*, I shall first acquaint thee that all *Masters in the Opticks* clearly demonstrate that the Image of an illustrate Object, speculated thro Water in the bottom of a Vessel indiaphanous, doth appear less lively to those that

that look on it obliquely, than to those that behold it in direct Lines respective to the tendency of the Light refracted by the Water; and that the Superice of every Object hath so much the fewer Parts discernable, by how much more obliquely it is speculated; therefore it is purely necessary, that the Image of an Object appear more contracted, when speculated by a Vertical Line, than when exhibited to the Eye in a direct and irrefracted one. And this also we judg to be in some part the Cause, why the Sun when nearest to our Horizon, either Orient or Occident, appears in a Figure more Elliptical or Oval, than Spherical; for then do we behold it *per lineam Verticalem*. We say, in part, because the same Effect may also be induc'd by the Form of the vaporous Sphere. However this may be controverted, yet most certain it is, that the lucid Image of the Sun is always more vitiated, when it arrives at our sight from an humble Position, than a sublime or Meridional.

I shan't here deny the necessary Reflection of many of the luminous Rays proceeding from the Sun, by those Myriads of Myriads of Particles floating in the Atmosphere; and so the remission of them back again toward their Source, and the consequent Diminution of the Shadow invironing the same; but that we conceive the proportion of Rays so diverted, to be so small, as to be much below the Observation of our Sense. For, he that is in the bottom of a deep Mine, hath his Sight so little advantag'd by the Aer, illuminated by the

Meridian Beams of the Sun, that tho he can clearly behold the Stars in the Firmament, immensely beyond that vast tract of Aer then illustrate; yet can he hardly perceive his own Hand, or ought else about him, since all the Rays of Light, which affect his Eyes, are only those few that have escap'd Repercussion upward, by those many oblique Refractions in the sides of the Mine. Thus also in the night are we no whit reliev'd by the Aer, or Æther surrounding our Horizon, or more properly, our Hemisphere beyond that Region, to which the Cone of the Earth's shadow extends; tho the Sun doth as freely and copiously diffuse its light thro all that vast Ocean of Aer, or Æther beyond the extent of the Earth's shadow, at our Midnight, or when it is vertical to the Antipodes, as at our Noon when it is vertical to us: which cou'd not be, if any sensible proportion of Light were reflected toward us by the Particles of the Aer, or Æther, replenishing the subcaelestial Space. Hence comes it, that what Light remains to our Hemisphere in the Night, ought to be refer'd, not to any Reflection of the Sun's Rays from the sublime Aer, or Æther, but to the Stars, or Moon, or both. And this is also no contemptible Argument, that the Concave of the Firmament is *Opacæ*, and not *Azure*, as most suppose.

And here I must acquaint the Reader, that every lucid Body is considerable in a double Capacity; (1.) *Qua Lucidum*, as shining with either native, or borrow'd Light, it illuminateth other Bodies:

(2.) *Qua*

(2.) *Qua Visibile*, as it emits the visible Image of it self. In the *First* Respect, we may conceive it to be the *Center*, from which all its luminous Rays are emitted by Diffusion *Spherical*, according to that establish'd Maxim of *Alhazen*, *Omne punctum luminosum radiare sphaeraliter*. In the *Second*, we may understand it to emit Rays in a Diffusion *Pyramidal*, the Base whereof is in it self, and Cone in the Eye of the Spectator, For, particularizing in the Sun, which being both a lucid Body and a visible Object, falls under each Acceptation; we must admit the Rays thereof illuminating that vast Ocean of Space circumscrib'd by the Concave of the Heavens, to be deradiated from it spherically, as so many Lines drawn from one common Center; because they are diffus'd throughout a Region far greater than the Sun it self: and those Rays, that constitute the visible Images of it, stream from it in Cones or Pyramids; because they are terminated in the Pupil of the Beholders Eye, a body by almost infinite degrees less than it self. This is fully demonstrated by the Forms of Eclipses, which no Man can describe but by assuming the Sun as the Base, from whose Extremes Myriads of Rays emanent, and in their Progress circularly environing the Margin of the Earth, or Moon, pass on beyond them till they end in a perfect Cone; the Orbs of the Earth and Moon being in many degrees less in circumference, than that of the Sun. This confirms us, that those *Optico-mathematicians* are in the Center of Truth, who teach, that the Rays of the Sun,

and all other luminous Objects as they constitute its visible Species, are darted only pyramidally; inso-much as they are receiv'd in the Eye of each Spectator, so much less than the Sun, or other Luminary: but that they progress in a spherical Diffusion, in respect of the circumambient Aer, in each point whereof the Luminary or Lucidum is visible. Since, shou'd we allow the Concave of the Firmament to be as thickly set with Eyes, as *Jove's* vigilant *Pandar's* Head was imagin'd by Poets; we cou'd not comprehend how the Orb of the Sun cou'd be discernable by them all, unless by conceding this spherical Diffusion of Pyramids to all parts of the same. And this doth as well illustrate as confirm this *Antiperipatetical Paradox* of ours, That the visible Species of an Object is neither total in the total Space, nor total in every part thereof; but the general Image is in the whole Medium, and the partial or particular Images, whose Aggregate makes the general Image, in the singular Parts of the Medium; because no singular Eye from any singular Part of the Medium, can perceive the whole of the Object, but those Parts only, which are directly obverted to that part of the Medium, in which the Eye is posited. Which Assertion we inter'd from hence, that not only the whole, but also every sensible Particle of an Object doth emit certain most subtle Rays, constituting the Species of it self, in a spherical Diffusion; so that the various Particles emit various Rays, that variouly decussate and intersect each other, in all parts of the Medium: and as these Rays are emitted spherically,

cally, *ex se*, according to that Maxim, *Omne Visibile sui speciem effundere sphaeraliter*; so do most of them, *ex Accidente*, convene in their Progress, and so reciprocally intersect, as to fulfil the figure of a Pyramid. Whence it naturally follows, that because some Rays must convene, in all parts of the Medium, in this manner; therefore are Pyramids of Rays made in all points of the Medium, from whence the Ob-

ject diffusing them is visible. Notwithstanding this, we shall so far comply with the vulgar Doctrine, as to allow, that in respect even of one single Eye, in whatever part of the Medium posited, the Diffusion of Rays from an Object may be affirm'd to be *Spherical*: insomuch as no part in the Object at considerable distance singly discernable, can be assign'd, which is not less than the Pupil of the Eye.

Paradox XLII.

Athenian (or Intellectual) Sport is the Recreation of Pre-existent Spirits.

Reader,

I Told you in the Preface to our *Paradoxical Project*, that I shou'd advance many things in it wholly new, and in particular, that this Paradox [*The Recreation of Pre-existent Spirits*] shou'd contain many things so new and diverting as wou'd delight the Curious, &c.—The occasion of this Paradox was the extravagant Doctrine of Pre-existence, which of late hath been so warmly manag'd, that it wants but a little more to be made a 13th Article in the Creed of some Persons. I have pursu'd the Humour, but yet as Comedians do, when they dress up an Ape to make it appear more ridiculous, the Ingenious will discern it at first sight.

This *Intellectual Sport* is manag'd in Nine Conferences between pre-existent Spirits; and I believe many of em, but more especially

the Paradoxical Debates concerning the Nature, Conceptions, and Actions of unbody'd Spirits, will surprize the World.—One thing I have to offer, That wherever the Reader meets much such Terms as *Time, Place or Matter*, attributed to Spirits, he take 'em not according to the common Acceptation, but as something that bears such proportion to Spirits, as *Time, Place and Matter*, do to Bodies—I shall only add (*by way of Preface*) whether this *Athenian* (or intellectual) Sport please or no, 'tis all one to the Author, for (be it hiss'd or applauded) he resolves to continue as secret and invisible as the Being of *Pre-existent Spirits*.

I proceed now to the *Nine Paradoxical Conferences*, and the first is between the Secretary of Fate, and the Author's Soul.

Author's

Author's Soul. **P**RAY look over the Minutes of the *Parca*, and amongst those Eternel Volumes, see when I am fated to commence *Temporality*.

Secret, Fate. In June, Anno Domini 1664, according to human Computation, in that part of the Globe which you are design'd for.

A. S. Well, and what Fortune, what Post hath the Lottery of Fate assign'd me? What Recreations am I to expect in a new material Mansion?

S. F. Your Curiosity seems to argue a Desire of fixing there; but you'll be of another Mind when I tell you, that *Incorporation* is a Penalty inflicted upon Souls for their Extravagances in this World: *That the Body is a Prison, a Clog*, the most officious Enemy you can meet with in betraying you to false Perceptions, and irregular Conclusions. In short, you'll find no agreeable Object, but at such times as you withdraw, and converse with *Beings* as simply immaterial as your self. Now you are an unconfin'd Agent, a Stranger to those grosser Terms of *Body, Place, and Time*: As yet you know nothing of *Magnitude, Quantity, or Motion*, and those innumerable Errors that result from them, by false Notions of their Nature. And when you come into the other World, you'll be as great a Stranger to the Nature of *Angels, Spirits, and immaterial Beings*, as now you are of those material ones.

A. S. What surprizing Relations are these! Shall I ever forget this inorganic way of Con-

verse? these immediate Conceptions without the Assistance of Sense? this simple Particularity of Perception, without Composition or Division? in short, this Nature that I carry about me? If so (*dear Minister of Fate*) lay down some Rules for me to take along with me, which, after I am imbodied, may restore this Knowledg to me, and the unhappy Tribe of Humanity: 'Twill be a great Office of Charity, if possible, to be accomplish'd.—

S. F. 'Tis utterly impossible.

A. S. — Why so?

S. F. Because a *finite Power* and an *infinite Subject* are incompatible.

A. S. How far then is it possible for Humanity to conceive?

S. F. When the *infinite Eternal Mind* was pleas'd to create *Matter, Time and Place*, he extended the *Cælum Empyreum* to confine 'em in. Whatever is beyond this *vast Convex*, this *spacious Canopy*, is what has been from Eternity: Shou'd I say really what that is, Mankind cou'd not understand it, because of an *Incongruity*. (as urg'd before) betwixt the *Power and Subject*: I might as well enjoin 'em to *smell with their Eyes, or tune an Instrument by their Taste*. But however, to speak as near as I can to their Capacities, — *Quantity and Place*, beyond the *Cælum Empyreum*, are swallow'd up, as *Time* is, in *Eternity*. Before this *Cælum Empyreum*, and its material Inclosures were created, all was, as now is, beyond it; and when the last Fire (a part of that material Fabrick) shall burn up all the rest of *Matter*, and by the *Fiat* of its awful Creator consume

sume it self, there shall be no more *Matter, Time, or Place*, but all return to the first eternal Constitution. Not so much as Bodies immortaliz'd shall be *Matter*, according to the Definition now made of it; but a new inexpressible *Something*, which cannot be translated out of the Language of Spirits, into that of Men: *Matter* is not so perfect as *Immateriality, Time* as *Eternity, Place* as *Incircumscribibility*.— And whatever human *Philosophers* would be at, I can experimentally assure 'em, that they come as near an adequate Conception of these things, when they think not at all of them, as they do in their most *elevated Contemplations*. However, not to leave 'em altogether in the dark, a Collection of what you now do in this *pre-existent State* will (if deliver'd according to their Capacities) not make 'em less ignorant, especially when they are put in mind of the Method of their own Living before they came into their Bodies.

A. S. Perhaps they will not believe they ever acted such things, but look upon all as a *Dream* or *Fidion*.— What think you of *Pythagoras* his Collections before he went into his Body? A Copy of such an *Original* must be authentic upon your Subscription, and consequently useful to Mankind.

S. F. I must attend the *Destinies*, who are now Sitting in Council; but when I return, I'll bring you the *Original* out of the *Registry*, which you may translate, as near as the Language of Spirits can be adapted to the Language of Men.

The Second Paradoxical Conference is between the Spirit of a Poet, and that of a Drunkard.

Drunkard. WELL met, Brother: Which way is your Flight design'd?

Poet. I have just left the *Bosom of Causes*, to take a Prospect of the lower World, to see if there be any Preparation for my Reception there: And yet I'm much troubled at the Apprehension of being clog'd with that uneasy, restless Lump of Humanity, and the attending Consequences make me very impatient.

D. Why so? what Conjectures have ye?

P. 'Tis the want of reasonable Conjectures; for by all the Observations I can make of my Temper, I cannot resolve myself whether I'm a Male, or a Female Spirit. But why do I thus busy myself about Sexes? Certainly 'tis ominous, and argues my Imbodying near at hand: But if after *Six Thousand Years Expectation* I shou'd be ty'd to a Poet, I shall reckon it a Fore-stalling my Damnation, and had even as good commence Devil, without any more ado, and take up with one Hell.— See you not that Wretch in yonder Grove, with his Hat over his Eyes, scratching his Head, tearing his Nails, and sending his poor Hackney Soul about, like a Spaniel Dog, to fetch and carry Similitudes, Rhimes, Composition? &c. I remember, about thirty Years since, when he was our Companion, he would sometimes break off in the midst of a Discourse, without bidding God b'w'ye, and
away

away to the Brooks, Groves and Fountains; which made me suspect the nearness of a Poetick Preferment. — But, hark! — The Humour of our late Companion in his new Lodging!

*When formless and inanimate I lay,
Sleeping in Chaos with my Fellow-Clay,
Or e'er those teeming Particles had met,
To make this wretched Composition so compleat,
Without my Knowledg or Concurrence, thou
Bidst me awake and live. —*

Well, and what then? —

Why the Sense is out before the Rhime: Now 'twou'd be charitable to assume an Airy Organ, and help him out, viz — *I know not how.*

Poor Wretch! He knows not what to do, unless he undoes all, and begins again, which he'd as lieve be hang'd as attempt, having taken so much pains about it already. Oh, for *Sisyphus's* restless Stone, or *Belides's* leaking Tun! They are minute and pettite Tasks to his. Not *Ixion's* Wheel has half the Torture of an over-hasty Period. — But this is not all: When he has undergone the bitter *Throws and Pains of Rhimeship*, then the Darling Off-spring of his Brain turns prostitute to the Abuses of all the World: The Praises of wise Men are so few, that their Voice is lost in so large a Theatre; and the numerous Applauses of Fools are too loud a Scandal. — And after all this, It's not pity the poor Rogue shou'd take such pains to be damned? For there's not one Poet in Five Thousand that escapes. It had gone hard with *Oldham* himself, if it had not been for the Penance of his own Satyrs. Say, *Fellow-Immateriality*, What shall I do? I can never look down upon a Couple

of Lovers, but I'm afraid their Toying will end in making an *Heliconian* Prison for me; especially if the *Inamorato* is for Balls, Masquerading, and Love-Sonnets.

D. Alas, Brother! I'm all Repentment and Pity. Little do Mortals think what Plague we are at, about the Lodging and Entertainment we expect at their Hands. — But for my part, your Apprehensions of Incorporation are all Charms, and Sweetness, to the dismal Reception I look for.

P. — Why, what's the matter with you?

D. — I can never leave our happier Regions, to visit the lower Elements, but, before I am aware, I find my self amongst Sea-Fowl, hovering over Rivers, Ponds and Marshes, admiring the Scaly Sholes, and envying the Pastime of those ever thirsty Revellers. Now, what can this mean, but that I'm ordain'd to actuate a *Drunkard*? And if so, Hell is a Toy to such a Confinement: This Moment wou'd I plunge into the boundless Depths, to be secur'd from such a Companion. But why that rash Thought? Is not Hell also croud-ed with them? And are not its Horrors doubled by their Confession? Yet, if Hell cou'd be Hell without 'em, 'twou'd be a happy

happy Place, and nothing in't of the Beast, Antick or Nonsense, but a rational Complaint of Despair. Wonder not, dear Brother, at my deeper Reflections, till you've consider'd yonder Figure at the *Old D—l Tavern*. What think you of their Motions, Converse, and Passions? Suppose all their Discourse were taken in *Short-hand*, and the weakest Person amongst 'em thou'd have a View of the whole when he's in a *Mood of Thinking*: Wou'd not he blush at such Follies, at such an unaccountable Expence of Time; especially if he thought an Hour so spent was of equal length with any other Hour in the Line of Life, and must be equal-

ly accounted for? Alas! Who wou'd suppose that Souls, cloister'd up in these sensualiz'd, unthinking Statues, were ever our Companions! Come, let's retire towards our peaceful Regions, and not be Witnesses of what a Midnight Scene produces. A *Poet's Structure!* afraid of a *Poetick Mansion!* 'Tis a Paradise, to what I dread. Nor is there any Spirit in all our Order, that can be afraid of such a Body, but I must meet with it in this *Epitome* of all Plagues. A *Drunkard* can be *Poet, Beggar, Cully, Buffoon, or any thing*: So that I am like to meet with the most abject Slavery in Nature.

The Third Paradoxical Conference is between two Spirits upon the Ramble, and the Spirit of an Usurer that had strangled himself, and walk'd in a Church-yard about his own Tomb.

1 Spirit. **M**Ethinks (tho I know no reason for't) I tremble to come so near these Regions of Death and Horrour. What shou'd we do here, amongst the *Graves and Tombs* of the *Deceas'd*? Is it pleasant to view the Triumphs of that pale-fac'd Tyrant?

2 Spirit. —No: But if we can find some of our old Acquaintance, hov'ring o'er the Prisons

of their Bodies, it may be a Satisfaction to ask some Questions. There is one that often visits his *Tomb* (and Body, which he left too hastily) he can't be long absent, the *Clock* has struck Twelve.

—Hush, here he comes, — Stand still, and put on Invisibilty.

Suicide. —Hail, dear *Tomb!* the dear Repository of my other part. — But why shou'd I love and pardon the adulterous Lump, which left me for the Embraces of *Death*; and being deaf to all Intreaties and Reasons, violently thrust me out of Possession? But yet I can't but love my old *Habitation*.

*Just thus the Miser midst his Store,
He grasps and grasps, till he can hold no more;
And when his Strength is wanting to his Mind,
Looks back and sighs for what he left behind.*

Am I then bewitch'd, to visit the old, ingrateful Mansion, and assume an Aerial Resemblance of

what I once was! Assist me, Fancy; What Hair had he?

—Right. And what a Face? —

That's

That's exact.——Now, for a Body, Arms, Thighs, Legs and Feet? They are more easy.——So.——Now, for Clothes?——That's truly imitated. Now methinks I am A—B—, the very same throughout: How I hug my self in this Figure!——There's nothing wanting now, but to tell Moneys upon this *Grave Stone*, till the envious *Cock* proclaims a too too eager Flux of Time.——Very well: Now I am seated.——Perhaps some Fools may be frightened at me.

2 *Spirit*.——Why ha'now, old Comrade? What's the meaning of this wealthy Posture? Come, will ye give a Bag or two for old Acquaintance sake?

Suicide.——Why upon this Errand at such an unseasonable Hour? You are come on purpose to give me a Visit: Are n't ye?

2 *Spirit*.——Yes, we are so: And we hope your Entertainment will be sutable to *Visitants*; especially, since we expect no more from you, than the Solution of a few Questions.

Suicide.——Tray, what are they? I'll oblige ye, if I can.

2 *Spirit*.——What Apprehensions have Mankind, when they see this *Airy Vehicle* that you assume every Night? Whether is the Spectacle pleasant thro the Novelty of it, or dismal for want of understanding it?

Suicide. Mankind has very different Apprehensions of me: Some, when they see me, run stark mad immediately. Others come on purpose, swearing all's Delusion, a Cheat, or an Imposition on the Senses; and when they see us, won't believe their Eyes; only sometimes we have

particular Commissions to deceive 'em, with a witness. A third sort, a little wiser than both, keep so much *Presence of Mind* as to see us, and troop off quietly, with their Hair bolting up an end. But here and there are a very few that have more adequate Conceptions of us, and neither seek nor fly our Company, knowing that we Souls and Spirits have no more Power over them in Bodies, than we have out; and that whatever Power we have at any time is only lent us, and also limited, and not to be extended when and where we please: So that we are really no more in our own Nature and Power, than what their Fancy makes us. Thus Reason secures some against us, and Religion a very few, who can master all the little Suggestions of Fear by their Faith.

2 *Spirit*.——Very well.——Next, Why do ye thus hanker after a rotten, putrifying Body; chusing that Shape that it once bore, before all others?

Suicide.——Because I was turned out of doors by violence, without so much as taking my Leave of it, or its bidding me Farewell. And could I quietly brook such an abrupt, hasty Separation from a Comrade, I had been so intimate with for near seventy Years? What tho it was deaf to my Counsels and Reasonings, yet it was my other Part; and as before Incorporation I found my self imperfect, but half an Entity, now I am so again, and shall be so, till I am re-united to my old Companion. But this is all Riddle to you, who have not yet known how Souls act in Bodies,

dies; how the Intellect conceives *Ideas* of material Objects by the Senses. Did you but know how the visive Power conveys the Similitude of the Thing seen to the Soul, you'd wish to be incorporate, tho it were *in one single Eye*: How much more when you'd have all the Senses to command? When you'd have a whole *Microcosm* to rule in, like a Deity? Now, after all this, which of you would not love the Remembrance of such an Union, and imitate it, till the time of Re-union renders ye a perfect, compleat Being again?

Quest. But what was the Reason of your sudden Separation from the Body?

Ans. The Body being part of my self, I was willing to gratify it as far as I cou'd, even to a Weakness; which I continu'd so long, till it grew habitual, and I lost my Command, fixing my Happiness upon wrong Objects, *viz.* the little Concerns of the World; which bearing no Analogy or Proportion to the Greatness of a Soul, caus'd an Uneasiness. 'Tis incongruous to try Sounds by the Taste, they being the only proper Objects of the Ear.

*Content is Wealth, the Riches of the Mind,
And happy he who can that Treasure find;*

*Content alone can all our Wrongs redress,
(Content, that other Name for Happiness)*

*But the base Miser starves amidst his Store,
Broods on his Gold, and griping still for more;
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.*

3

There is no Object for the Soul, but God; as appears by its Rest when fix'd on him, and Uneasiness every where else. And thus I, by the Importunity of my Body, and the Defectibility of just Perception, expecting Happiness where it was not to be had, grew impatient under the Disappointment, even to *Strangling*, to be rid of the Burden.

2 *Spirit.* — Alas, unfortunate Brother! We can do no more than pity thee, and own our Obligations for these Discoveries. — Farewell.

*The Fourth Paradoxical Conference
is between a Spirit and his Friend,
lately imbodied in an Infant.*

Spirit. **W**Hat, have you forgot your old Companion? or are you asleep as well as your Body?

Friend. — Who's that?

Sp. — Your late Friend A — When we parted, you desir'd me to pay you a Visit in your new Lodgings, and you knew I was always punctual at an Assignment, where Friendship was the Motive: I long to know what Entertainment you have lit on, what Liberties you enjoy, or what Confinements you lie under, that I may take an Estimate thereby what I have to trust to, when my Turn comes.

Fr.—If tender Infants, who imprison'd stay
 Within the Womb, prepar'd to break away,
 Were conscious of themselves, and of their State,
 And had but Reason to sustain Debate,
 The painful Passage they wou'd dread, and show
 Reluctance to a World they do not know.
 They in their Prisons still wou'd chuse to lie,
 As backward to be born, as we to die.

Oh Friend! it e'en grieves his Coffers and Leafes, when his
 me to think what Miseries you Father's a dying. But as to my
 must run thro in your Conception, first Motion, I thought 'twas just
 Birth and Infancy.—To give a like a half-drown'd Fly, when the
 Journal of my Entertainment, Sun begins to shine upon it, which
 will be just the same Satisfaction, first puts out a Leg, then a Wing,
 that a Criminal has when he is no and so by degrees gathers Motion,
 longer perplex'd betwixt Hope till it presumes upon its own
 and Despair, but is assur'd he Strength, and new Adventures;
 shall be hang'd; but you are not so I, first a Knee, then an El-
 deny'd the Criminal's Comfort, bow, then a Heel, and so on, till
 to wit, Company. But not to de- I grew so troublesom a Guest,
 tain you from Particulars, when that my Mother cry'd out for
 I parted with you, I immediate- help, to be shut on me; and so
 ly shot into the Embryo I told you by a Writ of Ejection dispossest'd
 of, as swift as a Falling-Star, and me of my warm Tenement, and
 before I was aware, I was dis- turn'd me out into the wide
 pers'd thro the whole Lump; not World, naked, helpless, and full
 a Finger or Toe but I was busy of Tears.
 in't, as the hasty Heir is amongst

*This like a Sailor by a Tempest hurl'd
 Ashore, the Babe is shipwreck'd on the World;
 Naked he lies, and ready to expire,
 Helpless of all that human Wants require :
 Expos'd upon unhospitable Earth,
 From the first Moment of his hapless Birth.
 Strait with foreboding Crys he fills the Room,
 (Too sure Presages of his future Doom)
 But Flocks and Herds, and ev'ry savage Beast,
 By more indulgent Nature are increas'd.
 They want no Rattles for their froward Mood,
 No Nurse to reconcile 'em to their Food
 With broken Words, nor Winter Blasts they fear,
 Nor change their Habits with the changing Year :
 Nor for their Safety Citadels prepare,
 Nor forge the wicked Instruments of War :*

*Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous Treasure grants,
And Nature's lavish Hand supplies their Wants.*

But to return to my *Incorporation and Infancy*, I no sooner peep'd into this World; but then began the Plague of Dependance, and the Date of my Misfortunes; for you will find when you come into a Body, that a Soul does sympathize, and receive an Impression of Pleasure or Pain, according to the resentment of the Senses; & *vice versa*, the Body participates in the Ease or Disturbance of the Soul. I am now but just six Weeks old, and methinks 'tis longer than the Six Thousand Years of my *Pre-existence*; for I'm horribly abus'd Night and Day. 'Tis said, *The Ape is so very tender of her young ones, that she frequently hugs 'em to Death*; but my Nurse only mocks me with such a Kindness; for when she has almost strangled me for want of Breath, she recovers me to strangle me again. And if I itch or smart, am swaddled too straight or too loose, am hungry, or over-cramb'd, 'tis all one; for I've no way to declare my Grievance, but by sprawling, making a foul face, or exercising my treble Organs; and that does not avail me neither; for I'm only look'd upon to be peevish, and out of Humour. Whether this Usage will kill me, or whether I shall weather it out to abide worse, I know not: But this I know, That if I was to begin my *Pre-existent State* again, I'd take heed of such extravagant Rambles as cou'd be aton'd by no less a *Penance* than such an Incorporation.

Sp.—If you find such *Penance* for *Pre-existent Extravagan-*

ces, alas what will become of me; who am in, ten times deeper than you; the foot of my Account will be amazing, when your small Debt has such severe Exactions.

Fr.—I don't know that, but pray withdraw; here comes the Nurse to belabber me with Caudle; if she finds the Body without me, and unactive, the House will be all in an uproar, and my new Companion will be laid out, and starv'd to death; and I dread a second Change, remembering the old Proverb,—*Seldom comes a better.*

The Fifth Paradoxical Conference, between two Spirits, that made a Contract to keep a Correspondence, whoever came to be embodied first.

The Unbodied Spirit. **C**ertainly he can understand me, now I have assum'd this Body of Air,—*Ho-lo Brother*—I have been calling these two hours to no purpose, do you hear me now?

Bodied Spirit.—Hear ye! Yes; who are ye? and what's your Business?

Unbodied Spirit.—What, have you forgot me your old Comrade, and your Contract? Has this Lump of Humanity spoil'd all your Faculties, or are you ungrateful, or over-proud of your new Lodging?

Bodied Spirit.—I don't know what you mean by Forgetfulness, or Contract.

Unbodied Spirit.—That's very strange: I'm certain, *This is the Body you were to animate, and*

by consequence, you must be the same *Individual* that agreed with me to keep a *Correspondence*, when you came into this Body. I had forgot my self, and have been all this time speaking to you in the *Language of Spirits*, not knowing it was too fine for the Perceptions of an organiz'd Body.

Bodied Spirit.—By this you'd make me believe a *Pre-existent State of Souls* before they come into the Body: But if there be such a State, I have *wholly forgot it*; only I have some *dark Ideas* of things when they are mention'd, that I never saw nor heard of before; which probably may proceed from the *Cognizance* I took of 'em before I was embodied.

Unbodied Spirit.—That's no Argument at all; since that *Idea* gives you neither the *Species*, nor the *Form* of the Thing spoken of, if neither be mention'd: as for instance, If I shou'd tell you in general Terms, That at the *West-end of the Vatican at Rome*, there's a curious Picture, you'd presently form an *Idea* of it in your Mind; but perhaps it may be a *Saint*, instead of a *Land-skip*. But to pass over that, have you any *Idea of the Language of Spirits*?

Bodied Spirit.—None but such as is Organical.

Unbodied Spirit.—By this you may see your Error again; for *Spirits speak to one another as Man does, when he speaks to God in his Mind*. Again, Man's Voice is limited; I mean, when he speaks, he is not heard but at such a distance; but when one *Spirit* speaks, all the *Thousand Millions of Spirits*, wherever dispers'd thro-

out the Creation, have a distinct perception of such Speech, if directed to them all at once; or if directed to any one *Spirit*, be he never so far off, *he only hears*, and not one of all those that are betwixt him and the Speaker. So that 'tis as ordinary a thing for *Spirits* to converse one with another at the most protracted distances as 'tis face to face; but this is only to your Capacity: for there's no such thing as distance amongst *Spirits*; for they are as near one another, when the whole *Cælum Empyreum* is betwixt 'em as they are when both together, and yet they are not like God, every where at once, or omnipresent.

Bodied Spirit.—This is strange Doctrine to Mortals;—pray how do *Spirits* move? whether locally by a *Medium*, or in an instant, or in time, or how?

Unbodied Spirit.—None of all this—for what is impartible, is not moveable; for, according to *Humane Philosophy*, which holds in this Case, any thing that is moving, whilst it is moving, is partly in *termino a quo*, and partly in *termino ad quem*, which is inconsistent with *Impartibility*. Nor can a Spirit move so, as to pass thro a *Medium*: As for instance, to go from London to Rome, or Constantinople, without passing over the distance, or places betwixt 'em. Now every thing that passes, passes thro a *Place equal to it self* (as suppose thro Air, Water, &c.) the place that the Body is in, is equal to the Body which fills it. But the Place equal to an indivisible Spirit (speaking *ad Humanum Caput*) is a *Point*; and therefore is an Angel or Spirit, by his Motion, passes thro a *Medium*, he

must

must necessarily pass thro or number many *Points in termino ad quem*, which is impossible. To speak yet nearer the common Apprehension of Mortals, a Man may in his Mind think of *France*, and then immediately of *Syria*, without thinking of *Italy*, which is the *Medium* betwixt both: And this comes nearest the *Motion of Spirits*. Now whether this Motion is effected in Time, or in an Instant (as thus, when God Almighty commissioned an Angel to go and appear to *Manoah*, whether in coming from Heaven he might be a Day, an Hour, or a Minute; or whether he was there in the same *insucceſſive Moment* wherein he receiv'd the Commission) To this we answer in respect of Men, who are ty'd up to the *gross Rules of Time, Place, Matter, &c.* There was a Flux of Time betwixt the receipt of the Commission, and the Execution of it: But in respect of the Nature of Angels, the Receipt of their Commission, the Execution of it, and a Thousand Years after the Execution of it, were all included in one *insucceſſive Now*: The Reason of it is this, If there were a Time for the Beginning of an Action, and another Time for the Ending of it, then there wou'd be Succession, and by consequence *Partibility*; but that's inconsistent (as above) with the Nature of an *Indivisible Being*, as an Angel or a Spirit is.

Bodied Spirit. But supposing *Motion, Time, Place, &c.* to be attributed to Angels and Spirits, in respect to Mankind, as really they are: As it may be said, *A Spirit is in such a Place now, and was not two Hours since.* Sup-

posing (I say) such a way of speaking, in reference to Mankind, how is it feasible for a *Spirit, a Witch, &c.* to be so, or to go thro the *Keyhole of a Door*?

Unbodied Spirit. Well, allowing such a Condescension ad *Humanum Captum*, yet 'tis a vulgar Error. First, As to *Witches*: They never do it, 'tis their *Spirits*, and they (I mean their *Bodies* and *Animal Life*) are all the while in an *exanimated Trance*, wherein the Devil does make use of their Fancy, to inform them of what passes at a distance in those *Aerial Bodies* that resemble them, and in which their *Spirits* really are: As *Mankind* want not many Instances of such Truths. A Spirit's passing thro a *Key-hole* is absurdly ridiculous; for since Matter is not determinative on Spirits, 'tis all one to them to pass thro *Gold, Glass, or the most continuous Solidities in Nature*, as to pass thro *Air* only. So that when a Spirit assumes an *Aerial Body*, since *Air* it self is Matter, or a Body, and since there can't be *Penetration of Bodies*, it follows, that a Spirit which is to go thro *Glass, Stone, &c.* leaves the *Aerial Body* which it has, and only passes thro the *Glass, Stone, &c.* in its own Nature, and assumes a new *Body of Air* on the other side. And here also may be a Solution of those *strange Riddles* (for so they are to some Mortals) how a *Witch* receives the Wound in the same Part, in which the *Aerial Representation* of her receiv'd it: As for instance; a *fallen Angel* prompts a *Witch* to afflict such a Person: She consents; and being under this *Angel's Power*, he makes use of na-

tural Methods, so as to invert the ordinary Operation of her animal Powers (as above) that she falls into a Trance, insensible of Burns, Cuts, &c. Now this wicked Angel having a permissive Possession of her Spirit, forms a Body of Air for it, organiz'd and fit for Perception, in which it assaults and afflicts the Person design'd: But in all the Instances that Mankind can bring of such Aerial Representations that have been struck at, whether in Human or Brutal Shape, the Persons that struck never felt that they hit any thing but Air; which is a certain Evidence that 'twas not the true Body of what it represented. Now this wicked Angel being present with the Witch's Spirit, and taking notice where, and what the Wound wou'd have been, had it been a real Body, amongst other the Occurrences that he represents to the Witch's Fancy, he insinuates the Wound, and at the same time inflicts it himself upon the real Part of the Body, which was representatively cut or wounded in the Phantasm; the Witch all the time believing the whole to be a real Truth, and acted personally.

Body'd Spirit. Possibly 'tis so. But, pray, is there a Number of Spirits, or different Species amongst 'em?

Unbody'd Spirit. Humanly speaking, there's Thousands of Thousands; but in the Language of Spirits there's no such gross Term as Number; for Number is a discrete Quantity, caus'd by a Division of Continuity: But this is inconsistent with the Nature of Spirits.— And as to Difference of Species, to which we might add

Equality or Inequality, they are Terms adapted to Matter; and therefore amongst Immaterial Beings, 'tis the most egregious Non-sense that can be imagin'd.

Body'd Spirit. What's the difference betwixt a Spirit's Perception and ours?

Unbody'd Spirit. A great deal. Men think, by means of the Senses. Suppose the Eye: First, there must be an Union betwixt the Sight, and the thing seen; for Vision is not in Act, except the thing seen is after a certain manner in the thing seeing; and this not by an Assumption of the Substance, but of the Similitude of the thing seen, into the Eye. Now this visive Power having assum'd a Similitude of the thing seen into the Eye, the Intellect abstracts Universals from it; which Act is call'd the Perception and according to this Perception we judg and act. But 'tis not so with Spirits, they have no Perception from divisible or sensible Objects; for what by our Senses we know of material Objects, that they know from the Effluvia of the Deity. As for instance, God is the Cause of every Substance, both as to its Matter and Form; therefore God, according to his Essence (which is the Cause of all things) is the Similitude of all things. Hence Angels and Spirits, when they look upon God, do (as in a Glass) see and know all material and immaterial Objects and Things whatever, when he pleases to communicate a Knowledg: And thus it is that departed Souls have Knowledg of things happening in this Life.

Body'd Spirit. What's the difference betwixt a Spirit's Thoughts and

and Language, since you say that their Language is like our Thoughts?

Unbody'd Spirit. I have already told you, that as Men have their Preceptions by means of their Senses, so Spirits have theirs from the immediate Emanations and Ideas of all things which they see originally in God. This is the manner of their Perception, and the making known this Perception, by directing the Result of it to one another, as Men do their Minds to themselves, when they speak to themselves internally, without Lip or Voice. This, I say, is the Language of Spirits; which is as different from their Perceptions as the Act of receiving and communicating is amongst Men.

Body'd Spirit. Whether do Spirits and Angels love, fear, are angry or pleas'd, &c. as Men are?

Unbody'd Spirit. Not at all; 'tis inconsistent with their Nature, these being Acts adapted to the Powers of the Sensitive Soul: So that when Speech, Love, Hate, Fear, Courage, Temperance, &c. are attributed to Angels or Spirits, 'tis an Humanism, or a Condescension adapted to human Dialect. To love amongst Spirits, is to wish Good to one another: To rejoice, is to rest the Will in some good Habit: Temperance is a Moderation of the Will, according to the Rule of the Divine Will: Fortitude is a firm and resolute Execution of the Divine Will: And so of all other concupiscible Powers.

Body'd Spirit. Whether can several Spirits be in one place at the same time?

Unbody'd Spirit. I have already told you, that Spirits know no such thing as Place; 'tis as incongruous a Term to their Nature as Time is. So that what you call Place, is the same thing to them as no Place; and if so, Spirits, according to that Notion you have of Place, may be Five Millions together in a Quart Bottle, and yet never a one be there: but 'tis impossible to make you understand the manner how, farther than by a dark Similitude. Suppose Five Millions of Persons should all desire at the same time to be upon the Top of the Monument (erected in remembrance of the Conflagration of the Fire of London) now these Five Millions desiring to be there at the same time, it follows that their Minds must be there all at once; yet not one of 'em can say, his Thought or Mind was crowded there by other Minds which were there also: And thus might Five Millions of Spirits be in a Quart Bottle at one time, without justling one another for room; but thus only by a virtual Application of themselves thither. — I must be gone, there's a General Assignment of our Order to meet at the Musick of the Spheres, and if my Place be found empty, my Name will be dash'd out of the Catalogue, upon a Supposition that I am imbody'd.

Body'd Spirit. Well, I acknowledge my Obligations for this Favour: Pray, let me converse with you as oft as you can. It won't be long but I shall put off this Clog, and change Circumstances with you; and then I'll be as kind in informing you of such things as you will also forget when you come into a Body.

The Sixth Conference amongst the whole Consistory of Spirits, examining a Heretick Soul about some new Doctrines held forth in opposition to the common-receiv'd Opinions of the Æthereal Fraternity.

Consistory. **P**roduce the Prisoner, and his Pamphlet; and let's hear what he can say in proof of his new Doctrines: if we admit of one Innovation here, no wonder the World below us is all in Flames and Divisions.

Register of Fate. He is ready here, and his Pamphlet too.—— Will ye be pleas'd that I or he read.

Consist. No, let him begin, and make his Defence to every particular Article as he goes along.

Prisoner. I accept the freedom of making my Defence to the mysterious Truths that I have discover'd, as a very great Favour, and shall without any Preface begin as follows.

The first Canon I lay down, is, *That the Sun and Moon are no Planets (as is vulgarly believ'd) but the two Eyes of the World; and that which you call Eclipses, is nothing else but the World's winking when tis sleepy.*

Consist. How! the World sleepy? Prove that.

Pr. You'll allow the World to be Matter, and as soon as it was created, to be sent of an Errand,

and ride Post until this very minute, without any intermission whatever: You will also grant, that the Whole is of the same nature with all its Parts, and that Motion wears away, and destroys what is material; unless it have some Reparations, 'tis impossible always to run, move, act, &c. I speak of particular Parts of *Matter*, and the same also holds good concerning the Whole. I know the great Objection that you'll make, and therefore will obviate it, to save your labour, *viz.* 'Tis impossible to pretend to particular Functions in Nature, and at the same time to be asleep.—— To which I answer—— That the Soul of the World is never sleepy; no more than the Spirit in human Bodies; but you can't deny it impossible for a Man in's sleep to walk, saddle Horses, Mow, Plow, &c. of which there are Instances enough: Just so the Soul of the World follows on its Task, tho its material Frame may be asleep; for if it did not, it would break its Commission, by leaving some part of the World in too long a Darkness. But this is not a Position entertain'd only by me, take the Sentiments of the lower World upon it, some of which call the Eclipses *πᾶσι*, or the Labours of the Moon; some shot at it to keep it awake, some held up Torches and sounded Instruments of Brass to ease it: whence one of their Poets;

Cum frustra resonant æra auxiliaria Lunc. Metam. lib. 4.

And another,

Una laboranti peterit succurrere Luna. Juven. Sat. 6.

All which consider'd, perhaps may render the Doctrine as reasonable as 'tis new.

Consist. — Well, we shall weigh your Reasons by and by, what's your next Thesis?

Pr. Second Canon; *That the Constellations in the Heavens, call'd the Dragon's-Head and Tail, are nothing else but pieces of a pickled Whale.* To prove which, I have the Man in the Moon to be my Voucher, who is a Person of so great Credit and Reputation, that Noah made him the *Boatswain* of his *Ark*. His Relation is this, That one morning, during the Flood, being very curious to take his leave of an old Neighbour or two that were got upon a Windmill, to secure themselves from drowning as long as they cou'd, the Moon being at full (that is, broad awake) and according to her usual Method going to take a Draught of Sea Water (which by the way, is the reason why Tides swell, on purpose for a full Draught) she suckt up a Whale, and the *Boatswain* of the *Ark* at once, with a bundle of Cable Ropes at his back; but being not us'd to such Victuals, she pickled the Fish, and presented it to the Astrologick Souls (who have eat up all but the Head and Tail) but kept the *Boatswain* to be her *Valet de Chambre*.

Consist. A very strange Relation, but we shall know whether true or no, when we have sent a Messenger for the Man in the Moon: In the mean time proceed.

Pr. Third Canon; *That the Moon is drunk once a month.* I don't positively assert this, but am willing to recant if any of you can show me a better reason why

her Face should be so red, when she takes a Dose of the great *Salt-Bowl*, alias the Sea.

Consist. We shall consider of that also. — Proceed.

Pr. Fourth Canon; *That the Occasion of the Universal Deluge, was the Tears of the Devil and his Angels, who wept for grief to be routed, and cast out of Heaven.* They had two Designs by their Tears, for when they found they could not get in again, they hang'd about the Concave and Battlements thereof, as Flies do upon the Ceiling of Houses, weeping as well to ease themselves, as to be reveng'd of Mankind: so finding themselves to be very many, they wept a numerous Company of Clouds, which were all that time in falling down upon the Earth, as is betwixt Adam and Noah. But I'm not so conceited and positive, as to believe this the reason, if you can give me a better. — But however I must beg the liberty to be positive in my next Canon, viz.

Fifth Canon; *That the cause of Winds flying backward and forward, is the breathing of the World, just as Mankind sucks Breath in and out.* To prove this (for I know you expect no less than Demonstration) I need not say you must consider (for you do) that there can be no Effect without a Cause, no Motion without a Mover. The Opinions that pass in this, and the lower World too, have not been enough examin'd; viz. That the Sun, Moon, and Stars being monstrous Bodies, and continually upon the hurry, 'tis suppos'd that they moving, drive the Winds along with 'em, and that the difference of their Motions causes

causes different Winds, or an Agitation of the Air this and that way ; which is impossible, because then we should have no Westerly Winds, most of the Erratick Stars moving Westward, which hinder the Winds from coming that way : besides, all Southern and Northern Winds would be unnatural, but we know that they are as common as Easterly Winds. Nor would the Rarification of Water (as the Philosophers in the lower World dream) be enough to supply such great Winds and Hurricanes, as sometimes happen ; for they only proceed immediately from the Lungs of the World, when it has catch'd cold, or is dispos'd to laugh or whistle, which makes the Air fly faster out. I might add here, instead of putting it into another Canon, That all Earthquakes proceed from the sighing of the World when 'tis in a melancholy Humour : for it raising up its Body (as Man does his Breast when he sighs) and being brittle where it has the fewest Ribs (I mean Mines, Quarries, &c. as vulgarly call'd) the Buildings and Cities standing in those places, tumble into's Bowels to secure themselves from a Transport into the World of the Moon.

Well, Gentlemen, I hope 'tis your silence that gives consent unto these Truths, and not an Amazement at their Novelty. In confidence whereof, I proceed to my

Sixth Canon ; viz. *That Stars are the Bubbles of the World, at which all Astrologers suck, and that all that don't love Astrology were put out to nurse, and wean'd with grosser Diet.* But I beg your Par-

don, Gentlemen, I turn'd over a wrong leaf ; this is your own receiv'd Principle, therefore no need to prove it : I meant thus ; *That 'tis as possible for an Ass to drink up the Moon, as to cure Wounds by Sympathy.*

Consist. Ay, indeed now you say something ; that is as much as to say, 'tis possible for an Ass to suck out one of the Eyes of the World ; for so you call'd it but just now : but pray before you prove it, prove a possibility that it may be prov'd.

Pr. Pray, Gentlemen, let me have fair play, I mean the liberty of a Philosopher. If I prove it, I also prove a possibility of proving it ; don't I ?

Consist. Yes.

Pr. Very well. To proceed then : I am to tell you, that my Correspondence from the other World is very good and creditable, and 'tis often found there, that the Man travels in pains of Childbirth, when the Woman herself is deliver'd without pain : That if some sort of Leaves are rub'd (whilst growing) upon a Corn, Wart, &c. that Corn or Wart shall die as the Leaf withers away : Thus small ideal Parts, or fancy'd Representatives of what is real, have the same sympathetick Effect that a true Cause would have, when you come into the other World : Read Sir *Kennel Digby's* Works in this kind. Now those that can deny an Ass to have no Fancy, deny themselves any. But to be short, and give you an Instance that is matter of fact : One of my Correspondents (*Ludov. Vives*) gave me an account of a certain People that did imprison an Ass for drinking

drinking up the Moon; the manner was thus.—— The As being driven to the Water to drink, the Moon shin'd very bright, and reflected in the Water just where the As drunk: The As fancy'd strongly, pull'd hard to draw in the Moon, and it had the effect accordingly; tho some were so silly, as to believe the Moon being in danger, slipt out of sight behind a Cloud. Hereupon the As was brought to the Bar, to receive a Sentence according to his Deserts; and as the Senate were gravely debating the matter, one starts up, a little wiser perhaps than the rest, and made the following short Speech.—— Gentlemen, 'tis my private Opinion (and I hope not unreasonably) that 'tis no trifling business for our Town to lose its Moon; and I know but of one way to recover it again, viz. by giving the As a strong Vomit to weaken his Fancy, for 'tis that which keeps the Moon a Prisoner in his Maw.— No, says another, I think it much better that the As be cut up, and the Moon taken out of him. In short, they handled the As so severely, that he had forgot his Supper; and the Moon stole whole and undigested again into its own place against the next night, but ever after play'd at Bo-peep, when she saw the As come near

the Water.—— Gentlemen, 'tis all matter of fact, and as great a Truth as my next Position.

Seventh Canon; *That those Devils that were furthest pursu'd by Michael and his Angels, viz. as far as the middle Region of the Air, are all Taylors, and cut out the Clouds into Shapes of Hogs, Trees, Ships, Dromedaries, &c. on purpose to be talk'd on and wonder'd at by the ignorant Country People of the World below.*

To prove which, you may be pleas'd to remember, the Prince of wicked Angels fell by Pride in endeavouring to be like his Maker; and when he was excluded and chas'd out of Heaven, he cou'd not forget the Notion, but wou'd yet be *imitating*, and make the Representations of all Creatures in Clouds and condens'd Bodies of Air. I might (if there was occasion to strengthen this Argument) add, that he has also his Oracles, Miracles, Sacrifices, Priests, in short above one half of the World his true and faithful Servants; and all this because the *old Notion of Imitation* was so deeply rooted in his mind. Now it being prov'd, that the Prince of fallen Spirits does act so and so, it follows, that all the subordinate Mob have an itch to imitate their Head; it being a great Truth,

Regis ad Exemplum totus componitur Orbis.

Subjects will be imitating their King, and Children their Parents, let 'em act good or bad. By Taylor and cutting out Clouds, I mean only metaphorically, a shaping of Clouds; and I shall think

none of you Hereticks, if you call 'em Carpenters or Statuaries.

Consist. Well, and the next.

Pr. That never any Spirit was sent into a human Body, to join with it

It as its proper Half, or as a convenient Residence, but as into a Prison for Debt, purely for Debt; and not (as is pretended) for rambling, or other Extravagancies.

To prove which, you need only to consult the Records of our honourable Court of Equity, and you'll find the Decrees generally run thus: 'That having upon the humble Suit of the Plaintiff A, impartially weigh'd and consider'd the Defendant B's Charge, wherein is prov'd, that besides bilking his Lodging, he never paid for the cleansing his Wings, nor whitening his Wand; he it therefore enacted by the Prerogative of this Honourable Court of Spirits, That the said B. be forthwith transported into the other World, and be kept close Prisoner in a human Body for seventy two years (or some other Number, proportion'd to the nature of the Debt.)— And this is farther prov'd by my Correspondents in the other World, who tell me, they often get into the Ear to listen if there be any Subject of Dissolution, and sometimes mount up into the Eye, and take a view of the Skies, their old Lodgings; and when the Eye (that is to say, the Wicket-door, or rather the Grate of the Prison) is clos'd up, 'tis more terrible to 'em than garnishing or double Irons to a Criminal; and thus much for Incorporation Penalties.

Eighth Canon; *'Tis as easy a thing for Ships to sail in the Clouds of the Air, as in the Sea; and 'tis an Invention that will be found out, when Mankind shall discover the way into the World of the Moon.*

This Canon consists of two

parts, viz. *Hypothetick and Prophetick.* To prove the Hypothesis, Clouds are form'd in the Air either ordinarily or extraordinarily; ordinarily by the Exhalations of thin and moist Vapours, just as the Steam of a boiling Caldron ascends, which meeting together, and jostling in the Air, by little and little are condens'd into thick Clouds or airy Rivers, which by degrees empty themselves again into the Sea, as all other Rivers do upon the Earth. Extraordinarily, when several Winds meet together (as 'tis frequent in some Seas) the equal strife causes a whirling violent Ascension of fighting Particles, which form a Vacuum in the shape of a leaden Pipe or Pump, as high as the Clouds; but Nature abhorring a Vacuum, fills that vast Pipe with Water, by way of Suction or drawing up. So that presently there are form'd Clouds of many Millions of Tuns of Water, which can easily enough bear up a Ship; for Water loses not its nature in being less, as is evident by a Ship swimming as well in twenty Fathom deep, as twenty thousand. Nor has it less Power in the Air than on the Earth; for a *Tub of Water* upon the top of a House, will bear up a Hat, Stick, &c. as easily as the *Well* in the ground, from whence that Water was taken. But tho we have prov'd, that Ships may sail in the Air, we shan't promise prosperous Voyages; which brings me to the Prophetick part of my Canon, viz. That Mankind shall discover the way into the World of the Moon, when they find out the way of Sailing in the Air. I could prove this also, but that it wou'd lessen the

the Credit of Prophecies, which admit of no Demonstration, but *matter of fact* : Therefore I shall wave it, not desiring to be believ'd, till it be fulfill'd.

Consist. That's reasonable enough—What else have you to offer?

Pr. Ninth Canon ; *That Saturn is neither Base nor Tenor, but Counter Tenor in the Musick of the Spheres.*

I have my own Reasons for this Negative, and I expect the same Liberty that the Philosophers have in the World below, that is, *not to prove the Negatives*. Let all the Musical Souls amongst ye prove the Affirmative, and I'll not only yield the Cause, but give 'em both my Ears for a Demonstration, so soon as I have 'em. But to proceed, if I may speak without offence, or particular Reflections on this honourable *Consistory*, who are now my Judges, I have a great many more Negatives to offer in opposition to as many receiv'd Opinions amongst you, which ye have taken upon Trust, without examining the Reasonableness of 'em; in which (provided I may be freed from my Confinement, and the Calumny of it) I shall oblige all our Fraternity with my farther Discoveries.

Consist. We'll do you justice, and upon performance of your Promise, you shall have your Liberty.

The Seventh Paradoxical Conference between the whole Consistory of Spirits, being RE-CREATIONS (or a Discovery of vulgar Errors) receiv'd in that Society by the late

suppos'd Heretick Spirit, yet a Prisoner.

Prisoner. THE Goodness of my Cause is to me instead of Questions; therefore I shall immediately begin to discover the vulgar Errors of our Society.—The Condition of my Releasement.

Secretary of Fate. Hold a little! Here's the *Man in the Moon* come now; let's hear what he can say about the *Pickled Leviathan*. If upon Oath he confirms not your Testimony already deliver'd, how shall we believe what you shall offer hereafter?—Swear him there, and administer the Interrogatories already drawn up to that end.

Notary Publick. 'Tis done.—*Imprimis*, do you know the Prisoner at the Bar? Have you ever held Correspondence with him? And if so, how long.

Man in the Moon. Yes, I do know the Prisoner at the Bar, and have held a particular Correspondence with him, ever since 35 years before the Flood.

Not. Pub. Item, was you the *Boatswain of Noah's Ark*? Did the Moon suck a Whale and you up with a *Bundle of Cables* at your back, at full Tide in the Universal Deluge? Declare the Truth, and nothing but the Truth.—You are upon your Oath.

Man in the Moon. The Affirmative of every particular of this second Interrogatory is Truth.

Not. Pub. Item—Are you now *Valet de Chambre* to the Moon?

Man in the Moon.—I am.

Consist.

Consist. He's very positive: Pray examine about his *Humanity*, *Sustenance*, &c. this looks very suspicious.

Not. Pub.—*Item*, Were you a Man or a Spirit, when you were *Boatswain of the Ark*? If the first; how come you to live so long without putting off the *Body*? If the last, were there any more Spirits with you there at the same time? Remember you are upon your *Oath*, and therefore speak the whole Truth, and nothing but Truth.

Man in the Moon.—I was then, and yet am of *Human Race*, and possibly shall continue lively and well till the Day of Judgment, by reason of the *Agreeableness of that Æther* to my *Stomach*. I am never sick; hungry, thirsty, nor weary; for there's no crude Vapours, or gross Matter to turn into Diseases. Nor is it at all strange, since the lower World tells you of one *Epimenides* (*Viridiar. lib. 4. prob. 24.*) that slept seventy five years without Meat and Drink, and of a whole Nation in *India*, that lives upon pleasing Odors (*Nat. Hist. lib. 7. c. 3.*) and of *Democritus* that was fed divers days with the Smell of hot Bread (*Diog. Laert. lib. 1. cap. 9.*) Why should it seem strange to you, that pure *Æther* shou'd afford such a Nourishment, when your common, gross, vaporous Air nourishes Vegetables? Onions and the *Sempervive* shoot forth and germinate, when hang'd in the open Air. What think ye of the *Birds of Paradise*, that have nothing else to feed upon but Air? Go and ask *Rondeletius*, how it was possible for his Priest to live forty

years upon nothing but Air? Or what he meant, when he said he was an Eye-witness of one that had lived ten years without other Nourishment? From all which 'tis no wonder that the pure *Æther* shou'd have such Effects upon me; as you now see; tho if there were occasion for it, there's all sorts of Diet: but they are given only as *Physick to new Comers* into our World in the Moon; as preparatory to a perpetual Abstinence:

—Gentlemen, I hope what I have said is satisfactory; and so I desire the liberty to withdraw: The Moon is awake, and ready to get up by this time, and if I miss my Attendance, I may be turn'd out of my Office.

Consist.—Very well; discharge the Witness, and see him safe home in the Moon again. —In the mean time,——do you, Mr. *Philosopher*, proceed in your Discoveries; you shall have a very favourable Construction of what you offer.

Pr.—I acknowledg my Obligations (*most judicious Patrons*) and shall impart what I have found out, with as much Humility and Modesty as Truth can stoop to.——

First then I shall presume to call this receiv'd Opinion a vulgar Error:

That Taurus has any Horns; or that he feeds on the Schemes and Draughts of Astrologers in the lower World.

Astrol. Sp.——How's that? Blasphemy, I protest! What will you make a sucking Calf of one of the great Supporters of the Stars?

Pr.

Pr. — Pray, Mr. *Astrologer*, not so fast, lest you shou'd tire ; and then your Bull (I assure you) cannot carry you, tho you offer every day a Bundle of Schemes to him. Suppose there's no such a Being in all the Heavens as *Taurus*, but only a nominal Division of the Heavens, what will become of Horns and Fodder then ?

Astrol. Sp. — He raves certainly. — Prove what you say.

Pr. Nay, hold there ; what, bid a Philosopher prove Negatives ! Do you prove the Affirmative if you can ; if not, tell this honourable Court why you believe it.

Astrol. Sp. — Let me consider a little. —

Pr. — Come, never vex your self to find out what is not ; when the Sun goes thro that Part or Division of the Heavens (or if you will, when that part of the Heavens moves by the Sun) it is said to be in *Taurus*, because it happens at the time of the Year when the Countryman tills, manures, and plows his Lands by the help of Oxen or Bulls. : likewise when the Sun is in *Gemini*, 'tis said to be so, because of the Pairing and Copulation of most Creatures at that time ; and so of the rest of the Signs, which are only Appellations, and no real Beings. I cou'd tell you, that there's some in the World below us that know as much ; but this wou'd be too like one of their Proverbs, viz. If you would know what News at Court, you must enquire in the Country :

And this puts me in mind of another false Opinion among us, viz.

That the Devil is a Male Spirit.

This is taken upon Trust too, without Examination of his Testicles : if there be ever a Midwife-Spirit among you, that knew him out at nurse, or that had any private Familiarity, or learn'd it by his own Confession before he fell ; stand forth.

Midwife Sp. — I knew him out at Nurse, but was never very curious in that particular ; but he told me himself that he was a Male Spirit.

Pr. He told you ! If you have no better Evidence than that, it proves nothing. 'Tis well known, The first Word he spoke was a Lie. 'Twas a bold and masculine sort of Impiety, when he pretended himself to be a God, and gave Oracles and prophesy'd ; but 'twas a Feminine sort of Wickedness, to be afraid of the Pentangle of Solomon, the Liver of Tobias's Fish, the Sound of Tetragrammaton, the Virtue of Hipericon, the Root of Baaras. Cou'd any thing but a Feminine Devil be commanded by Charms, Spells, Conjurations, Letters, Notes, and Dashes ? In short, can the Devil be any thing else but a Rigil, that is, either Man or Woman, to gratify the Witches and Wizards of the World below ? Can he be any thing else but an Hermaphrodite, whose Language looks both ways at once, and is either true or false ?

Aio te Æacidem Romanos vincere posse.

No, no, the Case is plain; and I hope this Honourable Convention will order it to be register'd accordingly. And so I shall proceed to take notice of another vulgar Error amongst us, viz.

That the Soul of the World is not subject to the Passions of human Spirits, or that it is not sometimes merry, sad, &c

I suppose, if I prove the contrary, you'll look so *wisfully* on one another, that you'll have an immediate Confirmation of it by the *World's laughing* at you: 'Tis a certain Truth, and if you will but *peep out of the Wickets of your Stars*, and view the Face of the Elements, you will just now see it look with a pair of *blubber'd Eyes*, the reason of it is this; Taking a view of the Creation, it casually fixt one of its Eyes upon the *Gallick Territories*, and seeing so much Tyranny, Pride, Extortion, Blasphemies, &c. it could not refrain from *weeping*, the Inhabitants of the World below us call it *raining*, not believing that the frequent Showers of Tears that fall amongst 'em, are a *bemoaning their Irregularities*. And thus, when it sees some good and virtuous Actions, it looks with a pleasant Air, and smiles upon 'em, and that they call *Sunshine*. The other Night the World had got the *Hicough*, which is very often mistaken for *Thunder*.——We are in almost a hundred mistakes about the *World's common Actions*: when it *spits*, 'tis erroneously suppos'd to be a *shooting of Stars*; when it turns its head on one side, either

in a *fit of Laughter*, or by being *atham'd* at some unhandsom Actions it sees, presently 'tis concluded there's an *Eclipse of the Sun*; and in this Opinion the World below us are deeply rooted. Now since I am not stingy or partial in communicating my Observations, I wou'd have some of you *Astrologick Souls*, when you come to have Bodies, to undeceive your Neighbours about that which they call an *Eclipse of the Sun*; for 'tis laid down as a Maxim amongst 'em, That the *Sun being a greater Body than the Moon*, can never be *totally eclipsed*; which Error does so much affront the harmonious Order and Make of the Universe, that the World, as unable to put up such Indignities, has been in the humour sometimes to *close both her Eyes* at once, and leave Mankind *muffled up in a perpetual Night*; for you must believe, that if the Face of the World be proportion'd to its Body, it must be pretty broad, at least some 100000 Miles.——So that the Eyes must stand a great distance one from another; nay, the *Inhabitants of the lower World* grant as much in effect when they say the Sun is in an Orb vastly higher than the Moon; now taking their Opinion for granted, the Sun may be totally eclips'd according to their own Principles.——

Another vulgar Error, which I have met with, is this:

That there are no more Worlds habitable by Men, than the Earth, Moon, Sun, and the rest of the Planets, with a few fix'd Stars.

Now this I know, by my own Experience, to be a Falshood, for coming home *late one Night* by the Seven Stars, I peep'd into the least amongst 'em, which you know is scidom visible to the lower World; and I saw Thousands of *little Men and Women* going to a Fair, but they were no *bigger than Rats*. I cou'd not forbear *Philosophizing* upon it, and at last I satisfy'd my self with this Conclusion, that all *Stars were Worlds*, and the People in 'em were proportion'd according to the bigness of 'em: and I was confirm'd in my Opinion, when I consider'd that the Inhabitants of the Earth were about *two Yards high*, that those in the Moon were as high as the *largest Steeples*, and that the People in the Sun wou'd make nothing of stepping *seven Miles at a step* in their common walking, and that an ordinary sucking Flea had a Trunk as big as an *Elephant*. Now, Gentlemen, that you may be satisfy'd as well as I, that the least Star is an *Habitable World*, 'tis but taking a little more notice of 'em in your Rambles. —

Another vulgar Error amongst us, is,

That there are some new Stars since the Creation, or at least old ones mended, as that in Cassiopeia, that in Sagittarius, and many others.

For First (as introductive to what follows) I shall prove that Stars don't *borrow their Light from the Sun*, but have their own innate light, as Fish-Scales, rotten Wood, &c. notwithstanding all the plausible Pretences of

Earthly Philosophers; because, if they borrow'd their Light from the Sun, or by Reflection, they wou'd not always have the same appearance, since the World moves its face sometimes so, that *both its Eyes* are hinder'd from looking upon such and such Stars, and sometimes by reason of the Interposition of one another: but such and such Stars have always the *same Lustre*, provided the Clouds don't interpose or hinder the Light from making a right Judgment. — Secondly, They are not matter *solid and compact as the Earth is*; for 'tis evident to every bodies Experience, that *Motion* wou'd in time wear 'em away, but they are only *globulous Formations out of the first Light*, which finish'd the Circumrotation of Heaven and Earth, e'er the Sun, Moon, or themselves were created; and if so, *Light is not subject to Attrition* or wearing away, no more than Darkness, which in some sense is a *Quality, rather than a Body*: Hence no Stars grow old, or wear away; and if so, no need either of mending 'em, or making new ones, for a convenient perfect number was at first created; besides, if they shou'd be mended, what wou'd have become of their *Inhabitants the same time*, or where must they have dwelt till their World had been *new rigg'd*? Those Stars talk'd on, in *Cassiopeia, Sagittarius, &c.* were no thing else but *Meteors*, or *Evaporations from the Bodies of other Planets*, caus'd by the Sun; and as the Matter whereby they were fed ceas'd, they disappear'd. And the Truth of all this is well known by many of our Society,

who were at the same time upon the Ramble in those Quarters. — The next vulgar Error I observe, is this,

That in a few Ages the People in the World below us will teach the Rucks in Madagascar to fly with them into the World in the Moon, and steal some of those Inhabitants to show 'em at Bartholomew-Fair.

By what wild Notion this Opinion came to be propagated, I know not; but the Authors of it do also tell us, that a *Ruck* is a Bird with Wings twelve foot long, and that they make no more of looping up a Horse and his Rider, than a Kite does of a Mouse, so that they can easily carry a Man any whither between their Pinions, or in their Talons. But tho' I grant this to be truth, yet the Voyage is too long to undertake; for according to my last Calculation, the distance between the Earth and the Moon is 179712 Miles; so that supposing it possible for a Man and his winged Cousin to fly half a year together, it wou'd be 980 Miles a day (*too violent a Motion for breathing*) before he cou'd get to the Moon, which wou'd be a very hard Task without Meat, Drink, or Sleep. And lastly (for I'll mention but one more at present) 'tis an erroneous Opinion,

That a Spirit can't carry away the whole Universe at once, if he might be permitted to do it.

If a Spirit can *heave* a Chair, a Stool, a Man, &c. he can also remove the World. The reason

is, *Matter is not determinative upon Spirits*, first, not as to Place; for if a Spirit cannot be circumscrib'd, it follows that all Places are the same to him, and that if a Spirit moves a Chair from its first Station, he can also move it ten thousand Miles further, all the Labour being only *willing such a Motion*. Nor is it the Quality of Matter that can hinder this Motion, all Matter being the same to him; we have daily Instances of *Spirits passing thro' Glass, and the most continuous Matter*, as easily as thro' Air, which is a more extended Body. Nor is it Quantity that can hinder this Motion, for 'tis granted that a Spirit can as easily *move a Man as a Flea*; and if so, he can as easily *run away with a Star as a Man*: but this he is not permitted to do, since such a Motion wou'd spoil the *harmonious and regular Position of the Heavens*. But to prove it possible to remove *Sun, Moon, Stars, Earth, Sea, nay and the whole Cælum Empyreum* at once, I shall offer, — That a Spirit moves not Matter by application of Matter to the thing moving, (as when a Man moves his Hat off his Head, he moves it with his Hand, which is another Body) but by a *virtual Contact* or application of the Will, just as a Man moves his own Body, which is only by *willing* a Motion to it; just so when a Man moves his Hand, he moves it not by help of the other hand, but by the *immediate act of his Will*. Now the Spirit in a Man is limited by Incorporation, and can move nothing but only its Members, or what it applies its Members to; which also being Matter, are *confin'd*

fin'd to Proportions in respect of that other Matter which they are apply'd to : yet an *unbodied Spirit* being confin'd to no particular Matter, can *will* a Motion to any Matter, which is effective upon Matter, as greater Powers command lesser. Nay, I might yet further offer, that a Spirit might move *all the Universe at once* (I mean the *Cælum Emphyreum*, and all the Globes within it) without displacing the particular Parts, as the Wheels, Weights, &c. of a Clock, when the whole Clock is mov'd away at once ; for a Clock will follow its regular Motions in *Italy* as well as in *England* : so that (*Gentlemen Spirits*) if you have a mind to examine *matter of Fact*, there's no more to do than to make a Trial ; only I have this to tell you, that you cannot tell whether you move the *Whole* or no, because you *carry all Matter and Place* with you, so that there will be left no place behind to measure from, and if so, no distance, and consequently no Motion to be judg'd of ; nor can we who are within the Globe, perceive it, since we shall be always at the same distances, just as a Fly wou'd be in a House, if the House were remov'd. This is all I have to offer at present, by which I hope I may have not only perform'd the Conditions of my Liberty, but deserve a *Philosophers's Body* in the other World.

Consistory. Very well, be it enacted forthwith, that he supply the first Vacancy in the *Athenian Society*.

The Eighth Paradoxical Conference between the Spirit that is to be last imbodyed, and the Spirit that

is to be first Re-united to the Body at the Day of Judgment.

1 Spirit. **H**old, hold, Brother, —Alas, he's gone, and with him all the whole Society of Spirits : what have I to converse with now but inanimate Globes, and senseless Constellations ? What signifies it that I am Lord of all, when I have no Subjects to reign over, no agreeable Mate (I mean of the same Species) to accompany me ? Unkind Fate, to imbody all the *Thousand Thousands* of my Brethren, and to leave me to wander up and down the Universe by my self ! —The World is to me a sort of *Prison*, not by *Diminution*, but by *Deprivation* ; for a *Prison* is not properly call'd a *Prison*, for being so great or so little, but being a *Confinement* from such and such Enjoyments. — Oh that I cou'd cease to be, or transmigrate into any other *Classis* of Creatures ! For what state is more unhappy than that which gives a power of enjoying Good, and denies a Subject to exercise this Power upon ? —But stay, why do I repine ? some Spirit must necessarily have been the last ; and tho it is I, yet it cannot be long but my Turn will quickly come.

2 Spirit. Nine hundred ninety nine Millions of Millions, — Let me see again ; possibly my Calculation may be false. — Suppose once more, that every Man (computing one Man with another) is compos'd of a handful of pure *Earth*, all the Particles of the other Elements being separated from it ; then it follows, that just so many Handfuls of Earth as the Globe contains in it,

may be made into Men, but no more, unless the *God of Nature* will make more *Earthly Globes*; for when every Man rises at the Day of Judgment, and assumes his own particular handful of Earth, if there should be more Men than Earth, — Ha — Some Souls must go without Bodies; which is very absurd. — Nor is it very reasonable, that the Earth should not every bit of it be made into Men, that when they come to take every one their own, there may be no Earth left, and then 'tis an easy thing for the *last Fire* to consume the other Elements. No, — that won't do neither; — for I'd forgot that Man is made of all the Elements; and therefore when all the Earth is spent in making Men, the Elements must be spent likewise; that is, the whole *Earth, Air, Fire and Water*, will (when every one takes their own) be equally divided, and march up and down an eternal *indefinite Space, or Vacuum, in living glorify'd Humanity*. — Very well, — now I have it, there were at first 9999999999 Spirits, and there are just so many handfuls of Dust in the Earth. Now if I cou'd tell how many Spirits are yet unbodied, 'tis but subtracting the Remainder from the first Number, and the difference is the Handfuls of Earth that are yet to be made into Men; and when I know this, I shall know how long it will be before I shall be re-united again to my *Body*, which I was separated from about three thousand years since. — Methinks I long to renew the old Acquaintance.

1 Sp. — What Mathematical Soul is this that's computing the

ay of Judgment? It has always been too deep a Secret for Humanity to pry into.

2 Sp. — I have laid by that dull heavy Lump a great while since.

1 Sp. — But 'tis said, that Angels themselves are ignorant of that Day.

2 Sp. — Yes, they were so at that time, when such Words were spoken, because they knew not how fast Spirits would be unbodied, or how the Age of Man might shorten, nor consequently how long it would be before the World was made into Men; but if you can give me an account how many Spirits are yet unbodied, I will tell you just now how long it is till the Day of Judgment.

1 Sp. — None of 'em but myself.

2 Sp. — How! are all the 9999999999 Souls (which were made upon the same day that the Angels were) sent into Bodies, except you?

1 Sp. — Yes, all but myself, I've just now parted with my last Companion.

2 Sp. If so, the date of your Pre-existence is just at an end, perhaps within this quarter of a Minute; for there's always some young Body or other gaping for a Soul to actuate it.

1 Sp. — I shall be very glad of it, for 'tis afflicting to be the only remaining Creature of one Species.

2 Sp. — 'Tis so, But —

1 Sp. — Farewel; I am call'd away too, and with me the whole Race of unbodied Souls lose their Name, and change their very Nature.

2 Sp.

2 Sp.——Is he gone?——
I knew it cou'd not be long that
he had to tarry.——Let me
see;——No,——That won't
do,——That's right; upon a
modest Computation, the World
must expire within these seventy
Years; for it's great odds this
last unbodied Soul will be separ-
ated again before that *Period*:
Besides, there must be some left
alive, which will undergo the
same change without dying, as the
Body and Soul will do at their *Re-
union*; therefore perhaps within
these seventy Years all will be o-
ver.——Now methinks I
see that little share of Dust that
belongs to me, receive its first
Impression, and beckon to me to
renew our old Acquaintance and
Union; methinks I see my self as
eager in my Embraces of my old
Comrade, and as busy in exercis-
ing my Offices of *Perception*, &c.
as ever. But I'm at a loss as to
the manner how, because of the
inexpressible Change that my *Or-
gans* must undergo. But I'll let
that Thought alone, since I am
satisfy'd, Experience will teach
me that, and every thing else,
within a very small Revolution of
Time.

*The Ninth Paradoxical Conference
between Two Spirits; one that
pretends to deny Pre-existence,
and the other to prove it.*

1 Spirit. **W**HAT am I?
Whence is my
Original? And to what end am
I design'd?

2 Spirit.—You are a pre-exis-
tent Spirit, made upon the——
Day of the Creation; *Your Ori-
ginal is Nothingness, as to the Sub-*

*ject; but as to the Cause, it is the
Eternal Mind; who, when he
sees fitting, will provide you a
Body to act in.*

1 Sp.—What do you mean?
For my part, I believe you and
I are both of us just now created;
but if you are pre-existent, and
it now is 5000 Years and more
since the beginning of your Ex-
istence, pray answer me, *How ma-
ny Sons Adam had, what part of
the Year the World was made in*:
but don't answer after the old
Evasion, *viz. at all times of the
Year; but in what Sign, the Sun
was first plac'd?*

2 Sp.—I have forgot now,
'tis so long since.

1 Sp.—I thought Reminiscence
had been co-essential with, or a
part of the Nature of Spirits;
for according to the best Defini-
tions, the Soul is a *Cognitive Fa-
culty*. Now if Thinking, Dis-
posing, Meditating, Examining,
Compounding, Dividing, Appre-
hending, Joining the Subject
and the Attribute, Affirming, De-
nying, Suspending, &c. be the
Function and natural Acts of the
Soul, it is necessary that Memory
be an essential Attribute of it;
for how is it possible to compare
two Things together, unless we
remember the First after we have
examin'd the Second? for to
think of two Things at once, is
impossible, and it is so granted
by all that make a fine distinction
between a Finite and an Infinite
Being; being what comes nearest
this Act, is the quick distinction
of Letters in Reading, or the
swift, yet regular Motion of the
Fingers in Musick. Now since
Reminiscence is co-essential with
Souls, an Argument may be

drawn from hence to prove you degenerate, if not a *Non-Existent*.

2 Sp.—That I have a Being I am certain, and this Converse with you, demonstrates it.

1 Sp.—Come, I'll grant you for once, that you are pre-existent, if you'll grant me, that my Body which I'm just now going into, is also pre-existent, and was created before *Adam* had a Being; but I'll ask for no Concessions, which I'll not first deserve by demonstration: ——— For I may prove my Body contemporary with *Adam's*, altho not visible till above 5000 Years after he was created.

2 Sp.—Pray how can that be?

1 Sp.—When Matter was created, 'twas a great Storehouse of all other Beings that were to be created from it, all which lay confusedly sleeping in their *Chaos*; but of this Lump was *Adam* created, and if so, he himself was potentially in it before he had a specifick Being. After his Creation, he was maintain'd from the Productions of Earth and Water, by a destruction of, or more properly, thro a Conversion of their Natures into his. Hence *Adam's* Children were only a Transmutation of other material Bodies, or the Effect of Meat and Drink in new *Figures*, which lay once in such and such Creatures, and before that in the material *Chaos* we first spoke of. Now since the Mechanism of Nature is order'd that it cannot be destroy'd (unless by its Author) but only transmuted or chang'd into other Matter; as a Fire that burns, part of it goes to Ashes,

part into Soot, part into Air but yet is always somewhere, or in something; so that all the visible Changes we see, are nothing else but a Conversion of one Element into another, backwards and forwards, according to the adaptness and modifications of Agents and Patients. This consider'd, it will plainly appear, that that Body which I am just now going into, was the last year part of it growing in such a Crop of Corn, part of it in such an Apple-tree, part of it in such a River, part of it in such an Ox, Sheep, Fowl, &c. and only by a proper Revolution of Particles under different Species, so adaptly disposited, that Nature found the Composition to fit one new distinct Species by it self; and according to its Commission, or first settled Chain of Causes, produc'd a human Body, fit for the Actuation and Conjunction of a Spirit. Hence 'tis manifest my Body was as soon in the Bosom of its Causes as *Adam's*, and the last Body that shall be created, as soon as mine. Nay, to go farther, since from Eternity the great Creator did design to make a World, from which my Body was to be produc'd, I might say, that my Body was from all Eternity *designedly* and *potentially*, tho *actually* in time; which is the utmost that can be said of the Pre-existence of Spirits. And I defy every Spirit in the Universe, to prove the least difference in Time betwixt the actual Commencement of the Existence of its Body, and its self, or that the Potentiality of both is not equal, to wit, eternal.

I Sp. This Argument wou'd hold, if it cou'd be prov'd, *That the Soul is not so clog'd and incapacitated in its Act of Reminiscence by coming into the Body, but that it might easily recollect what has happen'd in its Pre-existent State.* For we have innumerable Instances of the Soul's being more incapacitated in its Functions one time than another, in the same Body, and this by Fits, Distractions, Diseases, &c. which to me appears demonstrative, that if the Indispositions of the Body, which are only accidental, hinder a regular Operation of the Soul, much more may the Body it self, when first ty'd to, and made coessential with it.

2 Sp. We'll grant much depends on the Body, as to the Mode of Perception and Action, but not so very much as is suppos'd: To mention that leisure time of Dreams; when perhaps the Body and Soul have the least actual dependance one of another, we shall find the habit of Reminiscence fresh at awaking a-

gain. But to shew for once, that the Soul does not forget what it acts, when separate from the Body, by reason of the Body's Indisposition; consider the Cases of Trances, Examinations of Witches, &c. What think ye of a Soul that has rambl'd out of the Body for two or three days together, and when it has return'd, and the Body reviv'd, it has told of infallible Truths some hundred Miles distance, where it self actually was? This we have hundreds of creditable Instances to prove; which consider'd, does fully (from the first presuppos'd consequence of Reminiscence) destroy the Doctrine of *Pre-existence*.

I Sp.—Well, I shall consider of it as soon as I have any leisure; in the mean time (I mean till *Pre-existence* is fully disprov'd) our Conferences shall pass for *Intellectual Sport, or the Recreation of Pre-existent Spirits.*—Farewell.

2 Sp. Farewell.

Paradox XLIII.

In Praise of Red Hair; in a Letter to Madam Stroud.

Madam,

I Well know that we live in a Country, where Opinions of the Vulgar are so unreasonable, that *Red Hair*, a Colour that is an honour to the fairest Heads, is in great contempt; but I know very well likewise, that these Stupids who are animated but with the froth of reasonable Souls,

cannot judg as they ought of things excellent, because of the great distance that is betwixt the lowness of their Fancy, and high excellence of those Works of which they ignorantly give their Judgment. But whatever be the false Opinion of this hundred-headed Monster, permit me to

Speak of your *Divine Hair* like a Man of Understanding. Glorious Fruit of the Essence of the most beautiful visible Being ! Intelligent Reflection of the radical Fire of Nature ! Image of the Sun, the most perfect ! A young Head, cover'd with *Red Hair*, is nothing else but the Sun in the midst of his Rays, or the Sun himself is only a great Eye, under a red Perriwig ; yet all the World speaks ill of it, because few have the Honour to be so. And among a hundred Ladies, you shall hardly find one, because they being sent from Heaven to command, it's necessary there shou'd be more Subjects than Sovereigns. Do we not see that all things in nature are more or less noble, according as they are *more or less red* ? Amongst the Elements, that which contains the most Essence, and the least Matter or Substance, is the *Fire*, because of its Colour ; Gold hath receiv'd of its Dye, the honour to reign over the Metals ; and of all the Planets, the Sun is most considerable, only because he is most *Red* ; the hairy Comets that fly up and down the Skies at the death of Heroes, are they not the *red* Mustachoes of the Gods, that they pluck off for Grief ? *Cassor* and *Pollux*, those little Fires, that make Seamen foretell the end of a Storm, can they be any thing else, than the *Red Hairs* of *Juno*, which she, in token of Love, sends to *Neptune* ? In fine, had it not been for the desire Men had to possess the *Fleece of a red Sheep*, the Glory of thirty Demi-gods wou'd be in the Cradle of those things that never were born. *Apollo*, *Venus*,

and *Love*, the fairest Divinities of the Pantheon, are *crimson red*, and *Jupiter* is brown but by accident, because of the Smoak of his Thunder, which hath black'd him. But if the Examples of Mythology do not satisfy the obstinate, let them consult History. *Samson*, whose Strength hung at his Locks, did he not receive his miraculous Energy from the *Redness of his Hair* ? Did not the Destinies make the Conservation of the Empire of *Athens* depend upon one *red Hair* of *Nisus* ? *Adam*, that was created by God's own Hand, ought to be the most accomplish'd of Men, *he was Red*. And all perfect Philosophy ought to teach us, that Nature, which inclines to the most perfection, always endeavours in forming a Man, to make a *red one* ; just as she aspires to make Gold, by making of Mercury, but that the seldom hits upon it. An Archer is not esteem'd unskilful, who letting thirty Arrows fly, but five or six hits the Mark. As the best-ballanc'd Constitution is that, which is between flegmatick and melancholy, one must needs be very happy to hit exactly an indivisible Point. The *Flaxen* and the *Black* are besides it, that is to say, the Fickle and the Obstinate ; between both is the Medium, where Wisdom, in favour of *red Men*, hath lodg'd Virtue : so their *Flesh* is much more delicate, their *Blood* more pure, their *Spirits* more clarify'd, and consequently their *Intellect* more accomplish'd, because of the perfect mixture of the four Qualities. This is the reason why *Red Men* become not so soon Grey, as those that are Black, *as if Nature*

were

were angry and unwilling to destroy that, which she took a Pleasure in making. In truth, I seldom see a flaxen Head of Hair, but I think of a Distaff ill-perriwig'd. But I grant, that fair Women, when they are young, are pleasing; but as soon as their Cheeks begin to grow woolly, wou'd one not think that their Flesh divides it self into little Threds, to make them a Beard? I speak not of black Beards, for 'tis well known, if the Devil wear any,

it cannot but be very dark. Since then we must all become Slaves to Beauty, is it not far better to be depriv'd of our freedom by Golden Chains, than by Hempen Cords, or Iron Fetters? Madam, I write thus, as you are Bright and Fair; and those that admire a Red Colour, cry there's no Sun but in your Eyes; then sure, Madam, you won't be angry when I subscribe,

Your, I know not what, &c.

Paradox XLIV.

A Gentleman proving himself in Love with Twenty Mistresses.

I Prithee leave me Love, go place Desire
In those Cold Hearts that ne'er felt am'rous Fire:
Or let me be thy Martyr, let me burn,
Till I am nought but Ashes, and my Urn
Translated to some common Spicery,
May serve thee more than thy Artillery.
Coy Madams tasting me in their hot Spice,
Shall feel more Flames than all the learn'd Advice
Of *Asculapius* can allay, tho he
Descend from Heaven to teach new Mystery.
If this may not be granted, let me crave
As many Hearts as Flames, then shall I have
A multitude of Fair Ones; then I may
Enjoy my *Rosa*, spend the am'rous Day
Within her Arms, and at the Night retire
To *Violetta*, quench another Fire
In her cold Bosom, but e'er Day doth rise,
Salute the Morn in my *Aurora's* Eyes:
There like to an Idolater I'll gaze,
Till my *Honor*ia rids me of the Maze;
And draws me to her Bower, where having spent
Some Heavenly Hours, Ill find out *Millescent*,
That wonder of perfection, we two
Can teach the Turtles what they ought to do:

With

With Kisses moist her Ruby Lips I'll cover,
 But then *Castara* says I do not love her ;
 Who with a witty sweet indulgent Smile,
 Tells me I do forget her all this while.
 Then do I kiss, and study to excuse :
 But yet am strait instructed by my Muse,
Bellara wants me, there's a Mind as Fair
 And Beautiful as all the other are :
 In their external Features, such a one
 Might have persuaded desperate *Phaeton*
 To have forsook his Chariot; her I love
 Next to my Beads, till Fancy bids me prove
 My chaste *Eliza*; in her Virgin Breast
 Lies far more Worth than Poets have express'd
 In Painting out *Pandora*; I confess
 I honour her as I do Happiness;
 But not like my belov'd *Beata*, she
 Can give Instructions to Mortality ;
 How we may 'scape Hell's fatal Fire, and come
 To Love's blest Paradise, *Elizium*;
 Except *Thalia* (one as Fair and Kind)
 Persuades us to be of another Mind ;
 Makes us believe *Elizium* is a Place
 But feign'd, unless it be in her Embrace,
 Where I could ever rest, thence never part,
 Would *Eglentina* send me back my Heart :
 Yet such sweet Chains of Love she binds it in,
 That should I think to lose, 'twould be a Sin
 Too great for Absolution ; I must rest
 Until *Dulcella* (not more fair than blest)
 Please for to give release, in her it lies,
 To make me hug my own dear Perjuries ;
 And yet she knows, *Ambrosia* being by,
 I can neglect her, and her Potency.
Ambrosia can conduct my happy Feet
 To *Columbina* (she that is more sweet
 Than Nature's perfum'd Violet) he that knows
 Her Sweetness, as I do, will say the Rose
 Breathes but Contagion ; yet *Candora* shall
 Maintain, tho she be sweet, she has not all
 Kind Nature did bestow, for in her Breast
Arabia's, and the chaste Phoenix Nest.
 Must I tho lose *Fidelia*, and deny
 My Faith to *Anabella* ? Let me die,
 When I remember not the Sacred Love
 'Twixt me and my *Musea*; the fond Dove
 Affects not like *Lucella*, they are all
 So Fair, so Sweet, I know not which to call

My Best, or Happiest, for Unhappy I
Must love but one of all, or by Love die ;
I'll leave all therefore, and my self incline
To court *Urania*, she's a Love Divine.

Paradox XLV.

That there are no Colours in the Dark.

HAVING in *Paradox II.* prov'd, That *No Colours are Real*, &c. we will here (for the Reader's Diversion) own that what we call *Green, Red, Yellow, Blue*, &c. are real Colours in the Day-time, but that *there are no Colours in the Dark.*

Reader, To prevent the Excess of your Wonder at that so Paradoxical Assertion, *That there are no Colours in the Dark*, or that all Colours vanish upon the Amotion or Defection of Light, we are to observe, that it is one thing to be *Actually* Coloured, and another to be only *Potentially*, or to have a *Disposition* to exhibit this or that particular Colour, upon the access of the Producent, Light. For, as the several *Pipes* in an Organ, tho in themselves all equally *insonorous*, or destitute of Sound, have yet an equal Disposition, in respect of their Figuration, to yield a Sound, upon the Inflation of Wind from the Bellows; and as the Seeds of *Tulips*, in Winter, are all equally *Exflorous*, or destitute of Flowers, but yet contain, in their seminal Virtues, a Capacity or Disposition to emit various colour'd Flowers, upon the access of fructifying Heat and Moisture, in the Spring: so like-

wise may all Bodies, tho we allow them to be actually Excolor in the Dark, yet retain a Capacity, whereby each one, upon the access and sollicitation of Light, may appear clad in this or that particular Colour, respective to the determinate Ordination and Position of its superficial Particles.

To inculcate this yet farther, we desire you to take a yard of Scarlet Cloth, and having extended it in an uniform Light, observe most exactly the Colour, which in all parts it bears. Then extend one half thereof in a Primary Light, *i. e.* the immediately incident, or direct Rays of the Sun; and the other in a Secondary, or once reflected Light: and then, tho perhaps, thro the Pre-occupation of your Judgment, you may apprehend it to be all of one Colour; yet if you engage a skilful Painter to pourtray it to the Life, as it is then posited, he must represent the Directly illuminate half, with one Colour, *viz.* a bright and light-some Red, and the Reflexly illuminate half, with another, *i. e.* with a dusky or more obscure Red; or shamefully betray his Ignorance of *Albert Durer's* excellent Rules of Shadowing, and fall much

much short of your Expectation. This done, gently move the extended Cloth thro' various degrees of Light and Shadow; and you shall confess the Colour thereof to be varied upon each Remove, respondent to the degree of Light striking thereupon. Afterward fold the Cloth, as Boys do Paper for Lanthorns, or lay it in Waves or Pleights of different magnitude; and you shall admire the variety of Colours apparent thereon; the emanent and directly illustrate Parts projecting a lively Carnation, the lateral and averted yielding an obscure sanguine, clouded with Murrey, and the profound or unillustrate putting on so perfect Sables, as no Colour drawn on a Picture can counterfeited it to the Life, but the deadeft Black. Your Sense thus satisfy'd, be pleas'd to exercise your Reason a while with the same Example, and demand of your self, *Whether any one of all those different Colours can be really inherent in the Cloth?* If you pitch upon the Scarlet, as the most likely and proper; then must you either confess that Colour not to be really inherent, since it may, in less than a moment, be vary'd into Sables, only by an interception of Light: or admit that all the other Colours exhibited, are equally inherent; which is more, we presume, than you will easily allow. And therefore you may attain more of satisfaction, by concluding that indeed no one of all those Colours is really so inherent in the Cloth, as to remain the same in the absence of Light; but that the superficial Particles of the Cloth have inhe-

rent in them (*ratione Figuræ, Co-ordinationis & Positus*) such a Disposition, as that in one degree of Light it must present to the Eye such a particular Colour; in another degree, a second gradually different from that; in another, a third discriminate from both, until it arrive at perfect Obscurity, or Black.

And if your Assent hereto be obstructed by this Doubt, *Why that Cloth doth most constantly appear red*, rather than green, blue, willow, &c. you may easily expedite it, by admitting, that the Reason consisteth only herein, that the Cloth is tinged in a certain Liquor, whose minute Particles are, by reason of their Figure, Ordination and Disposition, compare or adapted to refract and reflect the incident Rays of Light, in such a Manner, Temperation, or Modification, as must present to the Eye the Species of such a colour, viz. scarlet, rather than a green, blue, willow, or any other. For every Man well knows, that in the Liquor or Tincture, wherein the Cloth was dyed, there were several Ingredients dissolv'd into minute Particles; and that there is no one Hair, or rather no sensible part in the Surface thereof, whereunto Myriads of those dissolv'd Particles do not constantly adhere, being agglutinated by those fixative Salts, such as Sal Gemmæ, Alum, calcin'd Talk, Alabaster, Sal Armoniac, &c. wherewith Dyers use to graduate and engrain their Tinctures. And therefore of pure necessity it must be, that according to the determinate Figures and Contexture of those adherent Granules

to the villous Particles in the Superfice of the Cloth, such a determinate Refraction and Reflection of the Rays of Light should be caus'd; and consequently such a determinate Species of Colour, and no other, result therefrom.

Now, inasmuch as it is demonstrated by Sense that one and the same Superfice doth shew itself into various Colours, according to its Position in various degrees of Light and Shadow, and the various Angles, in which it reflecteth the incident Rays of Light, respective to the Eye of the Spectator; and justly inferable from thence by Reason, that no one of those Colours can be said to be more really inherent than other therein, all being equally produc'd by Light and Shadow gradually intermixt, and each one by a determinate Modification thereof: What can remain to interdict our total Expulsion of that Distinction of Colours into *real* or *inherent*, and *false* or *only apparent*, so much celebrated by the Schools? For since it is the genuine and inseparable Propriety of Colours in general, to be apparent; to suppose that any Colour apparent can be false, or less real than other, is an open Contradiction, not to be dissembled by the most specious Sophistry; as *Des Cartes* hath well observ'd (in *Meteor. cap. 8. art. 8.*) Besides, as for those evanid Colours, which they call *Εμφανιστοι*, merely apparent ones, such as those in the Rainbow, Parhelia's, Paraselens, the Trains of Peacocks, Necks of Doves, Mallards, &c. we are not to account them evanid, because they are not True; but because the

Disposition of those superficial Particles in the Clouds and Feathers, that is necessary to the Causation of them, is not constant, but most easily mutable; in respect whereof those Colours are no more permanent in them, than those in the Scarlet Cloth, upon the various Position, Extension, Plication thereof. And Charity would not dispense, should we suppose any man so obnoxious to Absurdity, as to admit that the greater or less Duration of a thing doth alter the Nature of it. Grant we, for example, that the Particles of Water constituting the rorid Cloud, wherein the Rainbow shews itself, were so constant in that determinate Position and mutual Co-ordination, as constantly to refract and reflect the incident Beams of the Sun in one and the same manner; and then we must also grant, that they would as constantly exhibit the same Species of Colours, as a Rainbow painted on a Table: but because they are not, and so cannot constantly refract and reflect the irradiating Light, in one and the same manner; it is repugnant to Reason thereupon to conclude, that the Instability of the Colours doth detract from the Verity or Reality of their Nature. For it is only accidental or unessential to them, either to be varied or totally disappear. So that if you admit that Sea-green observ'd in the Rainbow, to be less true than the Green of an Herb, because its Duration is scarce momentary in comparison of that in the Herb; you must also admit that Green in the Herb which in a short progress of time de-

degenerates into an obscure Yellow, to be less true than that of an Emerald, because its Duration is scarce momentary, in comparison of that of the Emerald.

But perhaps Prejudice makes you yet inflexible, and therefore you'll farther urge, that the difficulty doth chiefly concern those evanid Colours, which are ap-pinged on Bodies, reflecting Light by Prisms or Triangular Glasses, vulgarly call'd *Fools Paradises*: because these seem to have the least of *Reality*, among

all other reputed *merely apparent*. And in case you assault us with this your last Reserve, we shall not desert our Station, for want of strength to maintain it. For that those Colours are as real as any other the most durable, is evident even from hence; that they have the very same *Materials* with all other, *i. e.* they are the Substance of Light it self reflected from those objected Bodies, and (what happens not to those Eyes, that speculate them without a Prism) twice refracted.

Paradox XLVI.

That there never was an Hermaphrodite.

NOT many years since, there liv'd a Creature in *Moorfields*, that they call'd an *Hermaphrodite*; but they did but call her so, for this *Paradox* shall make it appear there never was an *Hermaphrodite*. 'Tis true, *Randolph* says,

Sir or Madam, chuse you whether,
Nature twists you both together;
And makes thy Soul to each confess,
Both Petticoat and Breeches dress.
Thus we chastise the God of Wine
With Water that is feminine,
Till the cooler Nymph abate
His Wrath, and so incorporate.
Adam till his Rib was lost,
Had the Sexes thus ingroft.
When Providence our Sire did cleave,
And out of Adam carved Eve,
Then did Man 'bout Wedlock treat,
To make his Body up compleat.
Thus Matrimony speaks but thee,
In a grave Solemnity;
For Man and Wife make but one right
Canonical Hermaphrodite.
Ravel thy Body, and I find
In every Limb a double Kind.

Who

Who would not think that Head a Pair,
 That breeds such Factions in the Hair ?
 One half's so churlish in the Touch,
 That rather than endure so much,
 I would my tender Limbs apparel
 With Regulus his nailed Barrel ;
 And the other half so small,
 And so amorous withal,
 That Cupid thinks each Hair to grow,
 A String for his invisible Bow.
 When I look Babies in thine Eyes,
 Here Venus, there Adonis lies ;
 And though thy Beauty be high Noon,
 Thy Orbs contain both Sun and Moon.
 How many melting Kisses skip
 Betwixt thy Male and Female Lip ;
 Betwixt thy upper Brush of Hair,
 And thy nether Beard's Despair ?
 When thou speak'st (I would not wrong
 Thy Sweetness with a double Tongue)
 But in every simple Sound
 A perfect Dialogue is found.
 Thy Breasts distinguish one another,
 This the Sister, that the Brother.
 When thou join'st hands, my Ears struck, fancies
 The Nuptial Sound, I John take Frances.
 Feel but the difference, soft and rough,
 This is a Gauntlet, that a Muff.
 Had sly Ulysses at the Sack
 Of Troy, brought thee his Pedlar's Pack
 And Weapon too, to know Achilles
 From King Nicomedes Phyllis,
 His Plot had fail'd ; this Hand would feel
 The Needle, that the warlike Steel.
 When Musick doth thy Pace advance,
 Thy right Leg takes thy left to dance ;
 Nor is't a Galliard danc'd by one,
 But a mixt Dance, altho alone.
 Thus every Heteroclite Part
 Changes Gender, but the Heart :
 And those which Modesty can mean
 (And dare not speak) are Epicene.
 That Gamester needs must overcome,
 That can play both Tib and Tom.
 Thus did Nature's Mintage vary,
 Coining thee both Philip and Mary.

And *Plato* speaking of *Hermaphrodites*, saith, that *Man-kind* began by *Hermaphrodites*, our first Parents being both Male and Female; and that having then nothing to desire out of themselves, the Gods became jealous of them, and divided them into two: which is the reason that they seek their first Union so passionately, and that the sacred Tye of Marriage was first instituted. All which *Plato* undoubtedly learn'd out of *Genesis*; for he had read where 'tis said (before *Eve's* Formation or Separation from *Adam* is mention'd) *That God created Man, and that he created Male and Female.*—

But (by your leave, Sir *Plato*) I shall prove *Natural Reason* admits no *Hermaphrodites*; for we consider not those who have only the Appearances of genital Parts which Nature may give them, as to Monsters two Heads, four Arms, and so of the other Parts, thro the Copiousness of Matter; but those who have the Use and Perfection of the same, which consists in Generation. For Nature having never put into the Subject an internal and radical Principle of two contrary Desires, as that of Man is to that of Woman (the one consisting in Action, the other in Passion; the one in giving, the other in receiving) they cannot belong to one single Individual; which should also be both Agent and Patient, contrary to the common Axiom founded upon the first Principle, That a Thing cannot be and not be at the same time. Moreover, the Qualities of the Genitures being contrary, that of the Woman cold and moist, and that of

the Man hot and dry, they cannot meet in the same Subject in so excellent a degree as is requir'd to Generation. For the Strength divided, is never so vigorous as united, especially when its Subjects are different. No *Hermaphrodites* ever us'd both Sexes perfectly, but at least one of them weakly and abusively; and consequently, they are justly punish'd by the Laws. For were both Parts equally fit for Generation, 'twere contrary to Policy to hinder them from using the same, Propagations being the chief Nerves of a State.

But, Reader, I know you'll object, There's nothing in Nature so disunited, but is rejoin'd by some Medium. As there are Spirits apart and Bodies apart, so there are animated Bodies consisting of both. Amongst Beasts, Leopards, Mules, Dogs, and many others, partake of two different Natures; the Bat is between a Beast and a Bird, as Frogs, Ducks, and other amphibious Creatures, partly Fish, and partly Terrestrial Animals. The Bonaretz is a Plant and an Animal; the Mushroom is between Earth and a Plant. So since there is Man and Woman, there may also be some Nature containing both. As to the Cause of them, besides Nature's general Inclination to reunite different things, it seems that the same which produces Monsters, produces also *Hermaphrodites*; especially when the matter is more than needs a single Man or Woman, and too little for two. Nature herein imitating a Founder, who casting his Metal in a Mold, if there be any Overplus, it sticks to the Piece which he intended to form. Unless you had rather say, that

that if both the Seeds be of equal Power, and neither predominant over the other, the formative Virtue then produces both Sexes, which it wou'd have distinguish'd into two Twins, had there been Matter sufficient for two Twins.

To this I reply, ' That Hermaphrodites being of those rare and extraordinary Effects, which fall no more under Law than under Reason, 'tis very difficult to assign the true natural Causes of them, or to say there is any at all: Yea, even when Nature acts regularly, we cannot but be more at a loss in the Combinations of Forms and Species, and coupling of Sexes, which are Deviations from the Rule of Nature.

I confess *Hippocrates* affirms, in 6 *Epid.* that a Woman nam'd *Phaetusa*, who after she had had Children by her Husband *Pytheus* the *Abderite*, this her Husband being long absent from her, she came to have a Beard, and the other Badges of Virility. The same he also testifies to have happen'd to *Namysia*, the Wife of *Gorippus* in the Isle of *Thasus*. Of which Effects we shall easily find the reason, if we say with *Galen*, that Woman is an imperfect Animal, and a Fragment of Mankind; and so 'twill be no more wonder to see a Woman become a Man, than to see all other things acquire the Perfection due to their Nature, which they ought to attain, lest their Inclination thereunto be in vain. Moreover, 'tis certain that a Woman desires a Man, as Matter doth Form, Power, Act; Imperfection, Perfection; Deformi-

ty, Beauty; in a word, the Female the Male: Nature affording us many Examples of these *Changes of Sexes*, and *Metamorphoses*. So Metals and Elements are turn'd one into another; Wheat into Cockle; Rye into Wheat; Barley into Oats; Origanum into Wild Thyme; *Sisymbrium* into Mint: Which caus'd *Anaxagoras* to say, *That every thing is in every thing*. According to which Principle, the Male is actually in his Female; and Hermaphrodites are no more, saving 'tis more conspicuous.

But to this I again reply, *That the Transmutation of Sexes is impossible*, by reason of the diversity of the Genitories in Men and Women, which is greater than is here fit to be display'd; and consequently there are no Hermaphrodites. For those Maidens who have been thought to change their Sex, retain'd the Marks of the Feminine Sex only till a certain Age, as that of Puberty, when the increas'd Heat driving the Virilities forth, did the same thing as it doth in Children, whom it enables to speak at a certain Age. Unless you will say, that the *Clitoris* caus'd the Mistake by its Resemblance; as it happens in that Symptom call'd by *Aegineta*, *Cereosis* or *Cauda*, which makes Tribades pass for Hermaphrodites. The Change of Men into Women, (not like that of *Nero* and *Sardanapalus*, but of *Tiresias* mention'd by the Poets) is more impossible; unless they suppos'd that some Causes destroying the Heat of the Genital Parts, and weakning the Strength, the Virilities came to wither and retire inwards, as the *Umbilical Vessels*

do after the Fœtus is born ; and cold Temper superven'd in the that Nature conform'd to the whole Body.

Paradox XLVII.

The Moon lies hid in the Sun.

THE living and vivifying Heat of the Sun, is in it self a true Spiritual Essence ; and out of the same, as from their Universal Father, all real tangible Bodies are produc'd.

*Mark how the lusty Sun salutes the Spring,
And gently kisses every thing ;
His loving Beams unlock each maiden Flower,
Search all the Treasures, all the Sweets devour :
Then on the Earth with Bridegroom Heat
He does still new Flowers beget.*

*The self-same Sun
At once does slow and swiftly run ;
Swiftly his Daily Journy goes,
But treads his Annual with a statelier pace,
And does three hundred Rounds inclose
Within one yearly Circle's space.
At once with double Course in the same Sphere,
He runs the Day, and walks the Year.*

And forasmuch as we see, that by means of the swift Motion of a little common Fire, so vast a quantity of combustible Matter is reduc'd into a Spiritual Being, as into Fire or Heat ; and also that afterwards this invisible Being is brought to a Body again : This premis'd, it is well worth our Consideration, what a vast quantity of Matter and corporeal Substance the Sun (who as the Father, Source and Original of all Fire, doth by the central Effu-

sion of his Rays, feed and maintain all comprehensible tangible Beings of this World, whether they be above or below) doth daily and without ceasing produce and work out or give forth from himself ; as shall be more amply evidenc'd in what follows, when of all the several Parts we shall have made a Whole, and shew'd how all and every comprehensible Body works together, in order to one only Being.

*Thus the Great Lamp by which the Globe is blest,
Constant in Toil, and ignorant of Rest,
Thro different Regions does his Course pursue,
And leaves one World, but to revive a new ;*

While

*While by a pleasing Change the Queen of Night
Relieves his Lustre with a milder Light :
And thus the Sun by Day, or Moon by Night,
Strike on the polish'd Grass their trembling Light ;
The glittering Species here and there divide,
And cast their dubious Beams from side to side :
Now on the Walls, now on the Pavement play,
And to the circling flash the glaring Day.
The Disk of Phœbus, when he climbs on high,
Appears at first but as a blood-shot Eye ;
And when his Chariot downward drives to bed,
His Ball is with the same Suffusion red :
But mounted high in his meridian Race,
All bright he shines, and with a better Face.*

Quest. It is easy to prove that the Light or Heat of the Sun, which is call'd the Light of the Day, is the Male or Father of all comprehensible Beings, and so consequently must be a true spiritual Being in it self: now the Query is, How we are to understand, that the cooling and refrigerating Power of the Moon (which is the Night Light) and the Stars, is the Mother of all comprehensible Beings, and likewise in it self a true Spiritual Being?

Ans. The Sun, as the Father, generates and produces an essential Birth in the Water, forasmuch as in the same the Heat of the Sun becomes corporify'd, from whence afterwards Stones, Metals, Trees, Herbs, and Animals are brought forth. Now it is notorious, that no Birth can be produc'd without the Union of Father and Mother: Now then if Father and Mother must be united, that so from their Union a Birth, as a third thing, may be accordingly brought forth, it is necessary that they, viz. the Male or Father, and the Female or Mother, must be of kin, and

symbolize with each other; forasmuch as the Birth which proceeds from them both, must be compleatly, and in all its parts, Partaker of both their Natures and Essences, without which it cannot be a true and perfect Birth.

Now this Union of Father and Mother, in order to a Birth, can by no means be perform'd in and according to the Body as Body, (yet not for the reason which our modern Philosophers assign, who suppose that all Bodies, as such, and in themselves, are devoid of all Life, and can never be made Partakers of the same) but in and according to the Spirit, of which the Body is made and doth consist, and into which, after it hath attain'd its Perfection, it must with Improvement and Advance be again reduc'd. For a Body, when consider'd and look'd upon as a dead and wholly lifeless thing, and as being an Aggregate only of corporeal Parts put together corporeally, may touch another Body, but cannot be united with it, tho its Parts were brought to the utmost Smallness imaginable: for that

Union is to be perform'd in Unity and Indivisibility, that is to say, in Spirituality and Indefiniteness, which hath made the Body, and cannot be attributed to a Body as a Body.

To which we may superadd this, that no Union can be perform'd, unless the things to be united, do thro and thro penetrate or pierce one another. Now it is notorious, that sensible and comprehensible Bodies cannot so intimately pervade and pierce one another, but can only outwardly touch, and be contiguous. It follows therefore, that all Union is to be perform'd in and according to the Spirit, and by no means in and according to the Body, as being that which is not susceptible of inward and penetrating Union, except it be first reduc'd to a kind of spiritual Body.

And such a spiritual, and not

corporeal Being, must we suppose the Coolness of the Moon to be, by means of the spiritual Coalition and Commixture of which with the spiritual Warmth of the Sun, all comprehensible Beings are produc'd, and in due time again reduc'd into Spirit.

Quest. How is this Union of Father and Mother (the Sun and Moon), perform'd, and how is the said Birth brought forth by and from them?

Ans. A Birth cannot be without a preceding Impregnation, neither can this Impregnation be without two, viz. Father and Mother. For according to the common and usual course of Nature, the Father cannot impregnate himself, nor the Mother herself, neither can the Mother impregnate the Father; so then it only remains, that the Father must impregnate the Mother.

*He smooth'd the rough-cast Moon's imperfect Mold,
And comb'd her beamy Looks with sacred Gold:
Bethou, said he, Queen of the mournful Night;
And, as he spoke, she rose clad o'er in Light,
With thousand Stars attending on her Train,
With her they rise, with her they set again.*

Now if this Impregnation is to be perform'd (which is nothing else but the spiritual Union of both their spiritual Natures and Essences, in order to the birth of a third Being or Body which resembleth them) they the Parents must needs (according to Nature) be of the same specific Nature, or of Kin, and symbolize together; so as the Fa-

ther must be Partaker of the Mother's, and the Mother of the Father's Nature. Now forasmuch as naturally they are of Kin, and both of them work together in one, in order to the bringing forth of one only third Being; it must needs follow, that before the said Impregnation, they both proceeded from the same Unity, and were once united together.

*It was the Time when witty Poets tell,
That Phœbus into Thetis Bosom fell;*

She

*She blush'd at first, and then put out the Light,
And drew the modest Curtains of the Night.*

And that the Union of both was in the Man, as he that hath the Pre-eminence above his Wife, and doth not come from the Woman, but the Woman from the Man.

From whence then it is evident, *That the Mother (the Moon) must of necessity lie hid in the Father (the Sun) and be one and the same*; and that in a far more high and noble degree than she is in her self, viz. according to the Nature and Property of the Father, viz. the Sun.

Forasmuch then as we may suppose it evident from what hath been said, that the Sun impregnates the Moon, and that he dwells in her; and not that the Moon impregnates the Sun, or that she shou'd dwell in him: Neither can it in like manner be

demonstrated, that as the Sun (which is a Fire, and the Day-light) becomes corporify'd in the Water (which is an out-working and out birth of the Night-light, viz. the Moon and Stars) so the Moon and Stars cannot become corporeal in the Sun, which (if it were so) would cause a great Confusion in Nature.

Quest. What kind of Essence or Being is that, which the Night-lights, the Moon and Stars (after they are impregnated by the Sun their Male) do work out and bring forth?

Ans. The Night-light, viz. the Moon and Stars, do by day, with great Desire and Longing, draw in, for their Life, Increase, and Melioration, the Sun, as the Day-light.

*Nor equal Light th' unequal Morn adorns,
Or in her waxing, or her waning Horns;
For e'ery day she wanes, her Face is less,
But gath'ring into Globe she fattens at Increase.*

Now every Star, as well as the Moon, have each of them their own distinct Substantial Life, Essence and Nature; and every one of them draws in the power of the Sun, according to the kind and property of their own Essence, and in it self changeth the same into its own Property; and afterward by night gives forth again in part this attracted Virtue of the Sun, together with some part of its own Essence, viz. the Night. And thus the Out-birth, or Working and Efflux of the Stars downwards into the Moon,

as the Center of the Night-light, happens according to the kind and property of the distinct Essence of each Star. And in this manner the universal distinct Efflux or Out-birth of all and every Star, becomes concentrated in the Moon, into an upper athe-rial Water, which in comparison of the lower and grosser, is a spiritual Water; which also is cool and more subtle than that in and upon which the Birds fly (viz. the Air) - even as the Fish swim in the lower grosser Waters; which last Water is made or pro-

duc'd under the Quick-sand in the Center of the Earth.

This foresaid living essential Virtue of all and every Star, which at first proceeded from the Sun (in which they, in and with the Moon, as an Army under their General, were all hid) as their Seed, which was sow'd above in the Heavens; these Virtues of the Stars, I say, after that by their entring into the Moon they are united and concentred in the same, as the universal Night-light, do work and bring forth out, of, or from themselves (by means of an universal Co-operation of all and every one) these lower Waters; which forasmuch as they be the universal common Effect and Out-working of all and every Star, it follows that every part of the same, even the very least and most imperceptible Drop, must comprehend and contain in it self the innumerable multiplicity of Powers, Essences, and Out-births of all and every Star; that is, of all together, and each in particular: all which are comprehended together in one only indivisible Being, which is the very Body and essential Out-birth of the Stars, who therein have conjoin'd themselves into a Body.

And as the outward Water is produc'd out of the universal Night-light (*viz.* the cooling refrigerating Virtue) which is a spiritual Essence; so can likewise this Coolness (as being the Spirit of this Water-body) pierce thro the said Water, and all Bodies proceeding from the same, nourish, support and work in them, altogether in the same manner as the Heat of the Sun goes thro all Bodies.

From hence therefore we may plainly see and acknowledge, that as the Out-birth of the Sun in these lower Waters (as before-mention'd) is an Oil, Balsam, and sulphurous Essence, into which the Heat or Light of the Sun is chang'd in the Water; so likewise the Out-working or Out-birth of the Moon and Stars is this lower and material Water, which is without Form, and therefore susceptible of all, *as being the Mother of all sublunary Creatures, that are produc'd from the spiritual Union of all Stars and the Moon*; and that the Coolness of the Night-lights is as well a true spiritual Being, from whence all sublunary Creatures do in part receive their Support and Nourishment, as the Heat of the Sun.

Paradox XLVIII.

There' is no Evil.

AMONG the Writings of the *Stoicks*, there are many Singular Strains which we call *Paradoxes*; and what *Cicero* * calls *mirabilia Stoicorum*, the rare and wonderful *Cabal* of the *Stoicks*; of which kind divers are scatter'd by the Learned in their Writings, whereof this is one: That the Evil of Sin only, and not the Evil of Punishment; that which we do, not that which we suffer, deserves the Name of Evil. And this Doctrine hath been deliver'd from

† *Chrysoft.* an eloquent † *Father* from the Pulpit, saying, || *Maximum fieri ex tribulationibus lucrum; & supplicia mortalibus a*

Deo immissa, esse divinae pietatis beneficia: which is as much as to say, That our greatest Foes are our best Friends; that Sufferings are Blessings, and that we often gain by our Losses. These may seem *Paradoxes*, but (upon serious Deliberation) they are found sober Truths: *Poverty*, *Exile*, *Imprisonment*, bodily Infirmities, and the like, which most Men account the chiefest of Evils, are not Evil indeed, but partake more of Good than Evil.

1. *Poverty* is the Harbour of Peace and Security, where undisturb'd Sleeps and undissembled Joys do dwell, *fidelius vident turgentia*. Some rich Men have aban-

don'd their Wealth, and some great ones have degraded themselves of their Greatness to enjoy the Blessings that attend the low Estate of the Poor. *Thurs* are not annoy'd with Thunder-strokes; and Envy, Cares and Turmoils do not haunt the Cell. If a Man can match his Mind to his Means, and level his Desires with his Fortune, and make them *commensurate*, he may dispute Happiness with the Gods, saith that brave Roman, *Seneca*, *Epist.* 23.

2. For *Imprisonment*, if it be not just, there is no Evil in it; no Disgrace at all, since *Socrates* was Prisoner at *Athens*, and since *Phocion* and *Miltiades* (the Ornaments of their Country) dy'd in a Prison; the very Presence of their Persons did purge away the Infamy of that Place, and made it sacred, and far more honourable than the Court where their Judges sat. A Jail was made for Malefactors, but if innocent and good Men be thrown therein, it must lose that Appellation, and be rather any thing else than a Jail: as it is true, that *Causa, non Pœna, facit Martyrem*; so it is as true, that *Causa, non Pœna, facit Carcerem*.

3. *Banishment*: none need to fear it, or startle at it; it hath been the Lot and Fortune of the most virtuous and deserving Men that ever liv'd amongst Men; they that have often preserv'd their Country from Ruin have

Q 4 been

been (by their Countrymen) driven out of it: This was the Reward of *M. Cicero*, *Qui conservata patriæ pretium calamitate exilii tulit*, as *V. Paternus*

* *L. 2. Hist.* *lus* * speaks of him.

And thus have many other worthy Patriots been rewarded. If such noble Examples will not serve to reconcile us to a good Opinion of Ba-

nishment, sure the Letter of *Malvezzi* will, which is a persuasive *Apology* for the same, and is fraught with learned Arguments to that effect.

Lastly, for *bodily Infirmities*; they have wrought much good, by fitting some Men for good Arts and Studies, and others for Heaven by a pious and holy Life.

*Ab! lovely Amoret, the Care
Of all that know what's Good or Fair!
With such a Grace you entertain,
And look with such Contempt on Pain,
That languishing you conquer more,
And wound us deeper than before.
So Lightnings, which in Storms appear,
Scorch more than when the Skys are clear.
And as pale Sickness does invade
Your frailer Part, the Breaches made
In that fair Lodging, still more clear
Make the bright Guest, your Soul, appear:
So Nymphs o'er pathless Mountains born,
Their light Robes, by the Brambles, torn
From their fair Limbs, exposing new
And unknown Beauties to the View
Of following Gods, increase their Flame,
And haste to catch the flying Game.*

† *Thucid.* *Plato* † did set up
l. i. *Hist.* his Academy in an

unhealthful Air in *Attica*, which was as barren for Corn, as it was fertile in good Wits and Arts: for an *Athletick* Habit of Body is not so useful for the Mind; the Strength of the one is perfected in the Weakness

of the other. *Imbecillitas carnis*
|| *In Epist.* || *ad Caturum.* (saith *Salvian*)

mentis vigorem exacuit, & affectibus artibus, vires corporum in virtutes transformantur animorum; & multis sanitatis genus quoddam esse videatur, hominem interdum non esse sanum: this is very full and home to our Business. Eudoxius a famous Orator in St. Basil's time, and who had been converted to the Christian Faith by that holy Father, lay long under a languishing Sickness.

*And now the Health of Doxius still impairs,
From bad proceeds to worse, and mocks the Leeches Cares;
Swoll'n in his Breast, his inward Pains increase,
All means are us'd, and all without Success.*

*The clotted Blood lies heavy on his Heart,
Corrupts, and there remains, in spite of Art :
The Mold of Nature's Fabrick is destroy'd,
Her Vessels discompos'd, her Virtue void ;
The Bellows of his Lungs begin to swell,
All out of Frame is e'ery secret Cell,
Nor can the Good receive, nor Bad expel.
Those breathing Organs thus within oppress'd
With Venom, soon dislend the Sinews of his Breast ;
And in his Heart, as in a Fort, remains,
But yields at last to her resistless Pains.
Thus while the Fever, am'rous of his Prey,
Thro' all his Veins makes his delightful way,
His Fate, like Semele's, the Flames destroy
That Beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
His charming Face is in its Spring decay'd,
Pale grew the Roses, and the Lillies fade :
His Skin has lost that Lustre which surpass'd
The 'Sun's, and did deserve as long to last :
His Eyes, which us'd to pierce the firmest Hearts,
Are now disarm'd of all their Flames and Darts.
Those Stars now heavily and slowly move,
And Sickness triumphs in the Throne of Love.
Nought profits him to save abandon'd Life,
Nor Vomits upward aid, nor downward Laxative.
The midmost Region batter'd and destroy'd,
When Nature cannot work, th' Effect of Art is void.*

}
}

Thus languishing and diseas'd was the Fam'd Eudoxius, but he was so far from Murmuring and Discontent under it, that he made an excellent Grace or Thanksgiving to God for the same ; *Gratias ago* (saith he) *tibi pater, O Conditor hominum tuorum, quod nos (etiam invitos) recte fingis ; & per externum hominem, internum purgas ; & per adversa ad beatum nos finem producis.* Basil. Epist. 117.

Paradox XLIX.

Every Man is Corporally born twice.

AS strange and surprizing as this Paradox looks, I shall prove (by way of Question) that every Man is corporally born twice.

Q. 1. The following Testimo-

nies taken out of the New Testament, will they not give a full Evidence to this Doctrine? As for instance, John 9. 1. till v. 39. where a large account is given concerning the Man that was born

born blind, how the same in a wonderful manner was heal'd by our Saviour, and how his Disciples upon their first Information about the Concern of this blind Man, ask'd their Master (consonantly with this Catholick Doctrine of the *Jews*) ver. 2. *Whether he (the blind Man) had sinned, or his Parents, that he was born blind?* And doth not this Question plainly imply, that this Man *had been in Life and corporal Being, antecedently to this his last Birth?* For how cou'd it else in a natural way be suppos'd of him, that he shou'd sin before he was born? And that for the same he was now punish'd, by being born blind. And doth not our ever bless'd and most wise Saviour most wisely answer this Question? For he seems to allow, that this possibly might have been the Cause which they propounded and suppos'd to be; and therefore doth not in the least reprove his Disciples for the extravagance of these their Thoughts, consonant to this Catholick Doctrine of the Return of Human Souls; but did much more seem to approve of it, and grant that this might have been the Cause; yea, tacitly to assert the same: But yet at last shews them, that this Hypothesis was not applicable to the Case before them; for he tells them, ver. 3. *Neither hath this Man sinned, nor his Parents (so as for his or their Sin this Punishment had berided him) but that the Works of God should be made manifest in him, viz. that this wonderful Cure of Jesus, to the admiration of the Spectators, and the exaltation of the Glory of God, might be per-*

form'd upon him: as likewise, that he might serve for a Type and Instance of the great Works of Christ, who was come into the World to open the Eyes of the Blind.

Q. 2. Forasmuch as in the foregoing Question it hath been shew'd, that the Revolution of Human Souls, was not only known amongst the *Jews*, and acknowledg'd for a certain and incontestable Truth; but likewise confirm'd by our ever blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ himself, it is worth our Enquiry, whether by this means a Door be not open'd, for a better and more clear Understanding of the Intent and Aim of our Saviour, in all or most of the Parables he us'd to propound to the People, as well as his Disciples: As for instance, the Parable of the unjust Steward, recorded *Luke 16. 1. till ver. 8.* who when his Master demanded of him an account of his Stewardship, in the management of which he had not answer'd the Trust repos'd in him, and therefore knew well enough that he must lose his Place; doth not he most craftily make provision for his future Condition, which he was in the prospect of, concluding with himself to imploy the small remainder of time he had left in his Employment, in providing for, and promoting his own Interest, as he found wou'd be most serviceable to his future Condition: and this he did by dealing friendly with the Debtors of his Lord, thereby to ingage them to the like Friendliness and Beneficence towards him, when he shou'd be put out of his Employment, e-

ven by rebating to them a great part of their Debts to his Master, as may be seen at large in that Parable. In the ninth Verse our Saviour begins to open and declare his meaning and aim in this Parable, in these words: *And I say unto you, make unto your selves Friends of the Mammon of Unrighteousness, that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting Habitations.* And afterwards further expresseth himself in the following Verses. Now that the explication of this ninth Verse hath occasion'd much trouble to the learned Expositors of Scripture, as meeting with great difficulty in their Endeavor of clearing and explaining the same, is sufficiently known; whereas, if they had well understood this Doctrine of the Revolution of Human Souls, would they not have done it with much more Ease? For our blessed and wise Master Christ, hath not only in this Parable recommended to us the good use and charitable communication of these earthly good things which the Divine Providence affords us, placing us as Stewards over them; but also excited and persuaded us to this Love and Beneficence towards our Neighbours. For is it not plainly hinted to us, when any one lends a helping hand to the Poor, to Widows, and Orphans, or any other that are in distress; that by this means he is taken in, and gets a place in the Hearts and Souls of those who are freed from distress by him, inasmuch as his Image is so deeply imprinted and rooted in their Mind and Soul, that when this rich Person comes to die, he

then in and with the said Poor, whom formerly he hath deliver'd from their Distress, and into whom he hath been planted, by means of his Love and Beneficence, comes into Poverty and other Distress, in order to his Purification?

Is it not likewise well worth our Animadversion here, that the greatest Riches must be chang'd into the greatest Poverty? And that those rich Persons, who in this manner enter into the Poor, being in want with them, are by means of such their Sufferings advanc'd towards a Spiritual and Heavenly Birth, Growth, and Increase, and that much more than ever they cou'd have been in all their former Riches and high State? And may not we by this means arrive at the true and proper meaning of that hard Saying of Christ to his Disciples, *Mark 10. 23, 24.* (and is also mention'd by the other Evangelists) *viz. That it is a hard thing for a rich Man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven?* but afterwards he adds, that by a rich Man he meant *one that trusts in his Riches*; and, *Luke 18. 17.* that *what was impossible with Man was possible with God, viz.* in the way and manner as hath been said, when the rich Man dies and is born again, or is taken in into the Poor (to whom he hath shew'd himself loving and charitable) who are yet alive, to bud and bloom anew; and that by means of suffering he may grow up to a full Heavenly Stature and Proportion.

May we not likewise to this same purpose alledg that other Parable of Christ in the same

Chapter of *Luke*, concerning the rich Man and *Lazarus*? But we will leave this to the Enquiry and Consideration of him that is a Lover of these Mysteries, and pass by several other places of Holy Writ, pointing to the Case in hand, and proceed to those Testimonies and Proofs of this Doctrine of the Revolution of Souls, which we meet with in the Writings of the Apostles.

Q. 3. If any one will read the 11th Chapter to the *Romans* with attention, and exactly weigh and consider the same, making use of his Understanding and sound Judgment without Partiality or Prejudice, will he not thereby be enabled to find out a true and right Explication of many Passages in the said Chapter, concerning the breaking off of the natural Branches, and their casting away, in order to the grafting in of other strange Branches, which formerly did not belong to the Tree; and then the ingrafting again of the natural Branches, which before were cut off, as is most expressly declar'd in the 23d and following Verses? At the 25th Ver. *Paul* calls it a *Mystery*, and ver. 26. saith, that *when the Fulness of the Gentiles shall be come in, then all Israel shall be sav'd*. Besides several other remarkable Passages in the same Chapter, both before and after the Verses now cited, which wou'd prove very dark and hard to be understood, without being illustrated by this Hypothesis of the Revolution of Souls. And we may plainly perceive from hence, that this Doctrine was held for a certain and approv'd Truth by the Apostles.

Q. 4. And besides these Testimonies, is it not worth our consideration, what the Apostle mentions, 1 *Thess.* 4. 14. to the end, concerning the Resurrection of the Dead, &c? And will it not be a difficult thing to find out the Apostle's Meaning and Sense in those Verses, without laying this Doctrine for a Foundation?

Q. 5. That we may by way of over-possé draw some Arguments from Nature, and the Condition and State of Man, we'll propound this Query: Seeing we find that a Child doth not come into the World, till he hath held out nine Months, or ten Lunar Revolutions in his Mother's Body, as was already mention'd, until he hath attain'd all his Parts and Members; and forasmuch as all the Works of God are perfect, must not therefore the Life also, which dwells and operates in Bodies, have time allow'd to arrive at its perfection by divers Steps and Degrees, even as well as the Bodies of Children stand in need of so much time, to attain their Perfection? And forasmuch as we see that Children when they are newly born, are like clean white Paper (that is without all Images) to the end they may be fit and dispos'd, every one according to his Property, to take in all Objects that present themselves to them, and to work out the same; and seeing that this out-working is very imperfect in Children; yea, that but very few are found amongst old People, which have attain'd to perfection: must not we then conclude, from the power a Man hath to obtain the highest perfection

fection possible in this World, that the said Power must at one time or other be brought into Act and perfected? And that in this World, seeing it is very probable that Man must attain his End, where he hath had his Beginning: For seeing Man consists of many Parts, and that during his Life-time he doth not only work out some few of them to any Perfection, as from his Childhood to his Youth, from his Youth to Manhood, and from thence to old Age; all which Parts are again multifariously diversify'd, as we may perceive that from one Man many do proceed, and they of different Properties. Must not he therefore also have different times allotted him for the working out of those Parts to Perfection? And what other Medium can we imagine for to attain to this perfection, than by dying to their former Body, by which means the Ungodly are snatch'd away from the Stage of this World, that they may no further proceed in their Wickedness, but may be prepar'd to enter into another Body, therein to be punish'd for the Sins of their former Life, and receive the Measure they have measur'd out to others, in order to their being better'd thereby? Whereas on the contrary, to the Pious and Good, a way is made by means of the suffering of Death, for them to attain to a higher degree of perfection, than yet they are arriv'd to.

And do not we thus perceive the reason, why Men must be several times born into this World? For by getting of Children, in whom they partly propagate

themselves, they are dispos'd to receive new Idea's, both Good and Bad, and thereby to enlarge their Circumference, which is their Kingdom: Good Idea's, that by working out of the same, they may be advanc'd to further Perfection; and evil Idea's, that they may subdue and rule over them? And to the end they may be fitted for the reception of both these, is it not necessary, that by Death they lose the remembrance of their former Images?

But if we will not allow and admit of this Doctrine of the Revolution of Souls; then we must assert either that Souls are made perfect in this one Life (which contradicts our daily experience) or that they never arrive to it, which is contrary to the Wisdom and Goodness of God: Or lastly, that somewhere without this World (where yet they had their first bodily beginning, and were plac'd, to the end that therein they might work out their Perfection) they shall attain to Perfection; the which for many Reasons (for brevity here pass by) cannot be admitted.

Q. 6. Is it not likewise well worth our consideration, that even as the Hands and Feet are form'd the last of all the other Members in the Womb of the Mother; so they are the first that die, as Experience teacheth? And doth it not deserve our serious Thoughts, that whereas a Child during the time of nine Months is form'd in his Mother's Womb, amidst so many Cares, Sufferings, and Dangers of Life, and all this (according to the aim of Nature) in order to a degree of out-working

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ing of Life in this World? Now when it happens that a Child dies within a day or two after its Birth, must not we own that the said Child did not reach the aim and end of Nature, to which its formation in the Mother's Womb was directed? And tho indeed there must be a Cause of this sudden cutting off, yet cannot the said Cause be so prevalent and powerful, as is the Divine Wisdom and Providence, and the aim and mark of the Workmaster himself, in cutting off the Child's Life; which is, that the Child by means of Revolution should be wrought out and made perfect, to the end that what hath had a beginning may likewise attain its end.

Q. 7. Moreover, when we find that Children in the Womb be form'd out of Eggs; of which there are so great a number in every Woman, that we do not find one that bears so many Children as she hath Eggs, which she brought into the World with her: Must not we therefore conclude, that the rest of these Eggs were created in vain, in case they should not at some time or other attain to their full perfection? Now to remove this difficulty, must not we conclude, that the Life of these Eggs doth propagate itself another way, to the end that what doth not arrive at perfection one time, may attain it at another? And that therefore the remaining Eggs must necessarily be revolv'd in order to their perfection, at which, in the production of them, Nature had directed her Intention?

In like manner, what can we suppose to be the reason of that

express Command of God, which we read, *Deut. 23. 2.* That no *Bastard* should enter into the Congregation of the Lord to the tenth Generation; but this, that by means of ten Revolutions, the Evil might be wrought out?

Q. 8. If any should query, seeing that Man is constantly chang'd and renew'd, from one Life into another; how is it possible that notwithstanding all these Changes, his Memory should continue with him; may not we return this answer? That how great soever the Efflux or Emanation from any Man may be, yet he continues still as the General and Commander over all his Out-workings and Emanations, only he grows older, that is, approacheth nearer and nearer to perfection, according to the proportion of his Work he hath wrought out in this World; and that the Spirits which he hath given forth are his Remembrancers and Monitors, and still abide with him. And therefore, when a Man brings Wisdom with him into this World, is it not a proof that he hath attain'd, and wrought out the same in another Life or preceding Revolution?

Q. 9. But in case it should be further objected, how is it possible that a Man should several times be born into the World, and yet not be able to call to mind the least of any thing that hath pass'd in the former times of his Life; may not we return this Answer, That the only end of a man's being in this World, is, that he may attain to perfection; and if he attains the same in any of his Life-times (so as he works it out himself) it abides with

with him, and accompanies him thro all his Lives and Revolutions. And that it is not at all material that a Man cannot call to mind, or give any account of the trouble he hath had, before he arriv'd so far as now he is come; no more than it is any trouble to us, or matter of Disquiet, that we cannot remember how we first learn'd to go, or how many Difficulties and Accidents we met with in that Undertaking. It is enough for us that we can go now, and upon all occasions make use of our Feet, without troubling our selves about the Circumstances and Means whereby we attain'd the same at first. In like manner, seeing that Man is possess'd of all these things as his Propriety; yea, that he is all these things himself, would it not be uneasy and troublesom to him, to have his Head always fill'd with these unprofitable Images? And is not this the reason why it is needful for Man, during the time of his Life, as well as at his Death, to die to many of these Images, and that in order to his forgetting of those things, which it is not needful for him to keep in his Memory?

Q. 10. Forasmuch as we find that the Children of Men are differently gifted, viz. that some are wise and understanding, others simple and dumb born; we may put this Query concerning those that are wise, viz. Whether or no those Spirits which come from wise Persons, have not heretofore appear'd, and acted their Parts upon this Theater? As also whether or no any one can be a Man and a Child toge-

ther, and at the same time? Which if it be answer'd in the Negative (as certainly it must) it may be query'd further, Whether all Children be alike fitted and dispos'd for Wisdom? or whether there be not a great difference between them in this respect? Now we know that no body can reach the uppermost round of a Ladder, but by passing all that are between it and the lowest; and to pass over all these in the Life of one Body, is not possible. And in case any one should go about to leap over some of these Steps, wou'd he not find this altogether impracticable? forasmuch as this wou'd be contrary to the Order of the Creation. Yea, wou'd it not be the same as if any one should think from the first beginning of Childhood, immediately to become a young Man, which is impossible? Is it not therefore necessary, in case a Man shall ever attain to his full perfection, as to the uppermost Round of the Ladder, that in order thereto, he appears several times upon this Theater, and be born again; until at last, thro often Dyings and Revolutions, he attain to a perfect Conquest and Dominion over Death?

Q. 11. Is it not likewise very observable, what we see in the transplanting of Herbs and grafting of Trees, that the said Vegetables by frequent Eradications, Amputations, and Transplantations, are meliorated? And that a young Twig, when frequently ingrafted into its own Stock, becomes thereby much better'd and advanc'd; and that every transplanting, cutting off, and

and grafting, is a kind of Death and Suffering? And Man in like manner, being created in this World, must therein work out his Salvation and Happiness, and that by means of frequent and reiterated dying. And is it not upon this very account, that *Adam*, if he had continu'd in Innocence, would have been able to have wrought out his Salvation in one only Life? But that now since his Fall, it must be otherwise; that is, in several Lives, or times of Life?

Q. 12. Lastly, and to conclude, can it be deny'd that all of us proceed from one Unity? Now if any one pondering this in his Mind, shou'd be troubled how to reconcile the great Variety and Difference which is found amongst Men, with the Uniformity of their Original; wou'd not such a one, in order to the clearing of this difficulty, find it of use to him to consider the manifold Members of Man's Body, all of which (tho' ever so different) make up but one Man? And wou'd not he by this means come to understand the true ground of this Variety which is found amongst Men, and acknowledg, that notwithstanding all this, they are but an Emanation from the highest Unity? And when we compare this Body, consisting of many Members (every one of which are operative and working to a higher degree of perfection) to an Army, can we make any other inference from what hath been said, but that every Soldier in this Army that hath well discharg'd his Place, and done his Duty, which belong'd to him at such a time, is afterwards

made an Officer, and so proceeds till he comes to be a General?

But if any Man shou'd object, that this doth too far surpass all bounds of Number, as well as the Reason and Comprehension of Man: May not we answer this Objection, by saying, that it is so much the better, forasmuch as this doth the more magnify and set forth the Glory of God, who is, and is stil'd the Lord of Hosts, and hath created us after his own Image, that we might bear a resemblance with him? Upon which account we are likewise call'd Kings and Priests, because of the surpassing great Increase and Glorification of our Beings, by means of this never-ceasing Melioration and Revolution.

As also this may teach us to have more certain, proper, and becoming Thoughts of God; forasmuch as one only World is much too little to know God in, and find him out to perfection: And that therefore there are Worlds without end, for that we can never come to an end in the Knowledge of God.

For whatsoever the Mind can comprehend, is less than the Mind it self; and consequently Man is much more happy in feeling and perceiving God, than he wou'd be in comprehending him, which is altogether impossible. For there is another way of perceiving God in Man's Mind, besides that which is merely intellectual in the Understanding; which when it is felt, the Mind loseth it self in the perception of a Sweetness which is altogether incomprehensible, and therefore inexpressible, and

and doth not proceed from Man's own Will; or from himself, but purely and alone from God, and surpasseth all Understanding.

Paradox L.

That the shortest Life is the best; or, a Paradox proving that we may justly wish either never to have been, or to have died as soon as we came into the World.

Reader,

I Know the Persons that pray for a long Life (being afraid of Death) will object against this Paradox, saying, ' Nature not contented to produce all things, hath given them a Desire of Self-preservation. Even inanimate Bodies redouble their Activity at the approach of their destructive Contraries, whence proceeds Antiperistasis. But this Desire appears chiefly in Animals, and above all in Man, being grounded upon the Love he bears to himself: Which extreme Love, instigating him to seek all good things contributory to his Contentment, makes him likewise desire long Life, whereby he may continue his other Enjoyments, and consequently avoid all Occasions of Death, as that which interrupts the Course of this Life, and makes him cease to be. Hence, as by general Consent, Death is the most Terrible of Terribles; so, by the reason of Contraries, Life is the most agreeable, and consequently most desirable and best thing in the World; and not desirable only by all Men who are indu'd with Knowledge, but also by all living Things, each after its Mode; and according as they are capable of desiring; Plants attracting their Nourishment, and Animals seeking their Food with Difficulty, and carefully avoiding all Dangers that lead to Death. For tho Nature loves change (whereof she is the Principle) yet 'tis only that of Generation, or of a less into a more noble Substance; that of Corruption and Death she abhors, being not further pleas'd in the Vicissitudes of Mutations, than she gains by the Change; but she is a Loser by Death, which separates the Body from the Soul, in the Union whereof she hath all that she can wish. She may disguise her self, by changing of Shape and Countenance, but can never light upon any more agreeable, than that which she makes appear in the Marriage of a Body with a Soul; which are so perfectly united, that, after their Dissolution, our Souls always retain an Inclination toward their ancient Mates which they once animated.

To these Advocates for Long Life I reply as follows: If the

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Sentiment of Nature makes us | *us, That the shortest is best, and*
 conceive long Life desirable ; | *that we may justly wish, either*
 Reason, which evinceth it full of | *never to have been, or to have dy'd*
 Miseries and Calamities, teaches | *as soon as we came into the World.*

*Oh Life ! thou Nothing's younger Brother,
 So like, that one might take one for the other !*

What's Some-Body, or No-Body ?

In all the Cobwebs of the Schoolmens Trade,

We no such nice distinction woven see,

As 'tis to be, or not to be ;

Dream of a Shadow ! a Reflection made

From the false Glories of the gay reflected Bow,

Is a more solid thing than thou,

Thou weak-built Isthmus ! which does proudly rise

Up betwixt two Eternities :

Yet canst not Wave nor Wind sustain,

But broken and o'erwhelm'd, the endless Ocean meets again.

From the maternal Tomb,

To the Grave's fruitful Womb,

We call here Life ; but Life's a Name,

Which nothing else can truly claim :

This wretched Inn, while we scarce stay to bait,

We call our dwelling Place ;

We call one Step a Race.

We grow at last, by Custom, to believe

That really we live ;

Whilst all those Shadows, that for Things we take,

Are but the empty Dreams, which in Death's Sleep we make.

This was the Judgment not only of the greatest Sages of Pagan Antiquity, many of whom cheerfully quitted Life to escape its Miseries ; but the sometimes famous Republick of *Marseilles*, gave Licence to the miserable to take Poison, which was kept in a publick Store. Yea, even the holiest Personages have been of the same Advice ; as *Job*, amongst others, who calls Man's Life a warfare upon Earth, and curses the day of his Birth ; *Moses* and *Elias*, who pray'd to God they might die ; and *St. Paul*, who desires nothing so much as to be loos'd from this mi-

ferable Body ; in which, as in a dark Prison, the reasonable Soul is inclos'd, and remains against its Will : since being of a Celestial Nature, and so continually longing after the place of its Extraction, Death, which delivers it from its Fetters, must be as desirable to it, as contrary to the Body ; which having nought to hope for after this Life, but to be the food of Worms and Corruption, hath all reason to dread it, and avoid the Occasions of it ; as accordingly all such do who live only for the Body, resenting no other Motions in themselves but of desire to live long. Where-

as Reason instructs us, that here we never possess the Good where- of the immortal Soul is capable by its two Powers, the Under- standing and the Will; which never find any Truth or Goodness in the things of this World but what is sophisticate; it makes us also conceive Life as a violent State, and contrary to the Felicity of our better part.

But perhaps it may here be objected (by the Advocates for Long Life) 'That since Life is the duration of Being, which undoubtedly is the greatest of all Goods (Entirety and Good being convertible) that must be the most desirable which is of greatest Continuance, because it comes nearest Infinity and Eternity, under which all Perfection is compris'd, and which being therefore passionately desir'd by all Men, but not attainable by any, they endeavour to partake as much of it as they can by Prolongation of Life, which is the

foundation not only of the Goods of the Body and Fortune (whose Sweetness makes amends for some Evils of Life) but also of the Mind, in which natural Felicity consists; whereunto, amongst other Conditions, long Life is requisite both for attaining of Knowledge and Virtue, not to be gotten without long time (which render men knowing and prudent) as for making others taste the Fruits of an exemplary Life.

To this I reply, That Beasts, and even Stones, having the good of Existence as well as we, that alone is not sufficient to render Life desirable, in regard Non-existence is much rather to be wish'd, than a Being always miserable, whatever some say to the contrary; since even our Saviour saith, it had been better for Judas never to have been born, than to have fallen into the Crime of Treason. Moreover, Seneca saith, No Person wou'd accept of Life, if he knew how dear it must cost him.

*When I consider Life, 'tis all a Cheat,
Yet, fool'd with Hope, Men favour the Deceit;
Trust on, and think to morrow will repay;
To morrow's falsèr than the former Day;
Lies more, and while it says we shall be blest
With some new Joys, cuts off what we possess'd:
Strange Cox'nage! none wou'd live past Year's again,
Yet all hope Pleasure in what yet remain;
And from the Dregs of Life think to receive
What the first sprightly Running could not give.
I'm tir'd with waiting for this Chymick Gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.*

Hence we enter into the World in Pain. Nor have we more reason weeping, as if it were against our Consent; and as our Lives begin with Tears, so they are continu'd with Labour, and ended with

Pain. Nor have we more reason to desire long Life for the Goods of the mind, which consist in Virtue alone. For if we be Vicious, 'tis expedient both for

our selves and the Publick, that we live but little, for fear of corrupting others by our evil Examples. If Virtuous, 'tis much to be fear'd lest we be corrupted by the Converse of the Wicked, who are very numerous; which was the Cause why God by a special favour took away *Enoch* in the midst of the Course of his Life, and transported him into the Terrestrial Paradise.

But here the Advocates for *Long Life* will again object: 'If a long Life were less desirable than a short, Gods shou'd have deceiv'd those that honour their Parents, by promising them a bad Salary, in recompence of a good Action: Nor ought Physick to trouble it self and those that use it, by so many Rules and Receipts, were a short Life (that is to say, a speedy Death) so desirable; nor would the Laws punish Criminals with Death, if what they give them were better than what they take from them. Moreover, as the long-liv'd Oak and Palm-Tree are more

excellent than the Mushroom, Hyssop, and the Rose; Stags, Elephants, Eagles, Ravens, and the Phoenix, more perfect than Butterflies, and those Insects which they call *Ephemera*, because they live but one day; so amongst men, those that live long, seem to have some advantage above those that are of a short Life, having the Principles of their Generation more vigorous: wherein nevertheless the Sex, Temperament, Climate, Habitation, and manner of Living, make a notable difference; Sanguine men, and the Inhabitants of temperate Regions, commonly living longer than Women, cholerick Persons, and such as live under intemperate Climates.

To these I again reply, Reason having been given man to correct the Inclinations of the Sensitive Appetite, 'tis that alone must judg whether it be expedient for him to live long; not Sense, which makes us judg like Beasts, That nothing is dearer than Life.

*'Tis not for nothing that we Life pursue,
It pays our Hopes with something still that's new;
Each Day's a Mistress unenjoy'd before,
Like Travellers, we're pleas'd with seeing more.
Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give;
For not to live at Ease, is not to live:
Death stalks behind thee, and each flying Hour
Does some loose Remnant of thy Life devour;
Live while thou liv'st, for Death will make us all
A Name, a Nothing, but an old Wife's Tale.*

But Reason, illuminated either by Faith or by Philosophy, teaches us that this World is the place of our Banishment, the Body the Soul's Prison, which she always carries about with her, Life a continual Suffering and War: and therefore he fights against natural Light, who maintains it expedient to prolong so miserable a State.

State. For, besides the Incommodities attending a long Life, which after 70 years, as David testifies, is only Labour and Sorrow, long Life is equally unprofitable towards attaining Knowledge and Virtue. He that lives long, can learn nothing new in the World, which is but a Revolution and Repetition of the same Effects produc'd always by the same Causes; not only in Nature, whose Course and Changes may be seen in the Revolution of the

four Seasons of the Year, but even in Affairs of State, and private matters, wherein nothing is said or done, but what hath been practis'd before. And as for Virtue, the further we are from Childhood, the less Innocence and Sanctity we have, and Vices ordinarily increase with Years. The long Life of the first men having, according to some, been the probable Cause of the deprivation of those Ages.

*Gods ! Life's your Gift ; then season't with such Fate,
That what you meant a Blessing, prove no Weight ;
Let me to the remotest Part be whirl'd
Of this your Play-thing, made in haste, the World :
But grant me Quiet, Liberty, and Peace ;
By Day what's needful, and at Night soft Ease ;
The Friend I trust in, and the She I love :
Then fix me, and if I e'er wish remove,
Make me as Great, that's wretched, as you can ;
Set me in Pow'r the wofullst State of Man ;
To be by Fools misled, to Knaves a Prey,
But make Life what I ask, or take't away.*

Paradox LI.

That it is better to be Lame or Bed-rid, than able to ride or walk abroad.

MANY Things which to Appearance and Taste are gay and wholesom, are in the Use and Fruition clean the contrary; and many such Things which we think make other Men happy, are but Burdens and Inconveniences to them; and such, as if we our selves were condemn'd to enjoy, we shou'd make it part of our first Wishes to be dispens'd withal.

To go no farther for instance than the very business of *Walking*, and Confinement to a *Bed* or *Chamber*; how much seems the one to be valu'd, and how much irksom appears the other! whereas if they were both strip'd into a *naked Consideration*, there is nothing but *Trouble*, and a kind of *Servitude* in the one, and *Rest* and *Acquiescence* in the other.

Not that this is to be understood of *fix'd* and painful *Chronical* Diseases, which rend and tear the Mind asunder, even with the Body (*for certainly it's very pleasant to hear the Stoicks direct a Man not to groan or change Countenance at a Fit of the Stone or Cholick*; as tho a Man's Mind cou'd absolutely be abstracted from his Senses, to which it is so straitly conjoin'd) but I mean of such Imperfections or Weaknesses, as confine a Man only to his *Chamber or a Couch*, leave him his Soul free and at liberty to exercise those noble Functions that her Nature leads her to. It may be objected, that the freest and most active Men might take such Enjoyment, if they pleas'd, and confine themselves at their pleasure. But it is answer'd, when it is said that all the *Businesses, Troubles and Inconveniences of Life* are hereby avoided, that a Man is safe within himself, *uningag'd* to any long or tedious *Attendances*, unconcern'd in any *Factions* ruling in a State; they must needs acknowledge, that it were much better for a man thus *quietly and serenely to be his Prisoner*, than with a great deal of Pains and Trouble carry Shackles about him under the mere denomination of a *Freeman*.

We may add to this, that *Going* in Man seems to be one of the greatest Marks of his *Mortality* and *Weakness*; *Serpents*, which were curs'd to *crawl* upon their Bellies, *curl* and vary themselves so finely in their *progressive Motions*, that it is no less Wonder and Delight to see them, than to behold man himself, that claims the *Monarchy*, walk upright, and

hale one Leg after another.

Besides, we are to consider the *means*, by which men commonly arrive at *Lameness*, and those for the most part are *honourable*. For as there are but few Diseases that cause it, so it proceeds for the most part either from hurts, or loss of *Members*, which must needs be from a man's *particular Valour*, or else receiv'd in the defence of his *Country*. If it be the former, what greater assurance can you have of a high and a daring Soul, than to *sacrifice ones Limbs* to the *Sense and Tenderness of Honour*? If the latter, what more noble and generous Martyrdom can be imagin'd, than to lose part of what we brought into the World with us, as a *Sacrifice* to that *common Mother*, to whom we owe all we have; or to speak a little more pressingly, to all the *Interests* both of our *Altars and Chimneys, Friends, Children, Laws and Liberties*? Certainly upon this occasion one man may safely and rationally be more proud of a pair of *Crutches*, than another man, who hath merely obey'd the Agitations and Stings of *Ambition*, ought in conscience to be of a *Triumphal Chariot*.

But to go no further than the *Mind* of man, all the *Passions* and *Traverses* of it are but so many *Hurries and Tempests*, and they must be calm'd before a man can see himself, as Waters must be smooth'd which a man wou'd make a *Mirror* of.

Or if a man give himself to the pursuit of *Sciences*, there is no way so advantageous as a quiet and serene attendance upon our *Thoughts*. Hence it was that the

Poets confined the *Muses* to Mount *Parnassus*, to *Fountains* and *Groves*, as knowing that *Cities* were not *Places* for any profound and abstracted *Meditations*, and consequently much *Conversation* an *Enemy* unto it. From this reason I believe it was that *Sir Henry Wotton*, after so many *Embassies* and *Negotiations*, concluded an *Epigraph* of his, *Tandem hoc didici animas sapientiores fieri quiescendo*.

But lest I may seem to speak without ground, and not out of *Experience*, and the *Things* themselves, as many subtle and airy *Wits* have done, whose *Contemplations* have been rarify'd into such *Thinness*, that they have vanish'd into nothing: It will be but necessary that I quote an *Example* or two, the one of a *Spaniard*, the other of a *Countryman*. 'Tis *Ignatius Loyola*, and *Mr. Anthony Bacon*, Son to the *Lord Keeper Bacon*, Brother to the *Lord Chancellor*.

The first being a *Spanish Soldier*, and becoming *Bed-rid* of his *Wounds*, recollected that great *Mind* of his which had been usually employ'd in *War*, into that fatal *Invention* of the *Order* of the *Jesuits*, which as in its *Increase* it is in a manner miraculous, so in its *Discipline* it is no less. For of what *Profession*, *Physick* excepted, hath it not brought forth excellent men in great *Numbers*? How have they out-strip all other *Orders* in a few years? And were it not for their blind curs'd dependance upon the *Pope*, whereby they even wilfully put out their own *Reason*, they were certainly to be imitated by the best *Governments* on the

Earth. But as *Physicians* say, That too good a *Posture* of *Health* is *Sickness*, because the *Humors*, being in an *Equilibration*, may the sooner be over-turn'd; and we see the most admirable *Inventions* have brought along with them their *Inconveniencies*; so is this sort of men, out of an intended *harmless Society*, grown up into such *Artifice* and *Insinuation* of *State*, that like your subtlest *Poisons*, they work most dangerously and subtly unseen, and have been so inconsistent with civil *Government*, that *France* once banish'd them for a time, and the *State* of *Venice* for ever,

For the other, as he writ nothing, so his *Infirmity* with-held him from doing much. He that cou'd but consider the marvellous *Spirit* of his Brother, the difference of *Lameness* put into the *Scale*, might easily shape an *Idea* of him, but with this disproportion: the one tower'd into all the heights of *Sciences*, and, like an *Eagle*, was one of the first that cou'd behold *intell'dual Truth*; the other divid'd into the secrets of *State*, and like a cruel *Mineralist*, left no *Vein* unsearch'd. When he lay *Bed-rid*, he got *Essex House* in the *Strand* given him at one time, which, what he sold it for, *Sir Henry Wotton* will tell you, and also ask you this *Question*, What he wou'd have done if he had been able to walk? Certainly he was a man of a vast and a regular *Mind*, so great a *Commander* of himself, and so much a *Master* in the *Arts* of *Life* and *Government*, that his Brother the *High Chancellor* was not to be blam'd, when he wish'd his *Infirmity* upon himself, so that the o-

ther might go abroad about her Majesty's Service.

What I have said of this Head, that is to say, of *Natural Restraint*, as I may so call it, I believe may very well serve also for *Civil Restraint* or Imprisonment, which tho for the most part it be but temporary, as the other is, and assures not of a Continuation so long as Life; yet it seems to be accompany'd with more Horrors and more Dangers. For being inflicted by the civil Magistrate, it seems but as an earnest of some further Punishment. But if we examine the grounds upon which most men are thrown into Jails, which we find to be either for the breach of some Law, or for denying to act somewhat against Law, or else such as

whose Attempts have not been answer'd with Success, there will not any thing so formidable be found in *Lameness*, which by keeping us at home, keeps us out of all Dangers.

Upon the whole it will appear, that since *Restraint* is the most high, happy and wholesome Course of Life; and that our Souls, which are much nobler than our Bodies, are much advantag'd thereby; and yet these Souls, tho such immortal and noble Substances, are but imprison'd and pent up in our Bodies; it were a very great Injustice that the Body shou'd ill resent any Confinement, when the immortal Soul that actuates it, is so close a Prisoner to the Body it self.

Paradox LII.

That 'tis both a Happiness and Honour to be Gelt.

THE Canons make three sorts of Eunuchs; the Natural, the Factitious, and the Voluntary; congruously to our Lord's Division in the Gospel, that some are born, others are made by Men, and others make themselves Eunuchs for the Kingdom of Heaven: which is no more to be taken literally than the plucking out of the Eyes, or the cutting off the Hands when they offend us, but mystically, for those who voluntarily renounce the Pleasures of their Flesh: Their Original is as ancient as the Law of Nations, whereby the Conquerors giving Law to the Conquer'd,

chang'd the Punishment of killing them into mutilation of some Members, and amongst the rest of these, to make them more faithful and affectionate by depriving them of the means of getting Children, and more trusty in keeping of their Goods and Wives. Hence they have come to be so highly esteem'd, that not only the Emperors of Constantinople, the Kings of Egypt, Persia and Chaldea, have intrusted them with the management of all their Affairs; but also, in the Roman Empire, an Eunuch Slave was valu'd at five times as much as another. Besides that their

their Purity has qualify'd them amongst the Heathen for Priests of their Deities ; amongst which the Goddesses *Isis* and *Cybele* admitted no other ; which possibly, by Antiphrasis, were call'd *Galli*. Even in Christianity, the Eunuch of the Queen *Candace* was the first Gentile call'd to the light of the Gospel ; the Expressions whereof *Origen* understanding literally castrated himself, by an Example so singular, that *St. Jerom* chose rather to admire, than to blame the Greatness of his Courage.

I confess if it be true, that *Good consists in the perfection of all Parts, and Evil in their least defect*, the Deficiency of those necessary to the Conservation of the Species, is the greatest of all, since it divests us of the noble Quality and Character of Man, which an Eunuch is no longer, nor yet a Woman, but something less than both. And as the propagation of Men is an effect of the divine Benediction at the beginning of the World, so the Barrenness and Impotence of Eunuchs, contrary to that Fruitfulness, is abhor'd by all the World, and was taken by the *Jews* for a Curse. Moreover, *Nature, which is the Principle of Motions and Generations, seems to disown those who want the Parts requisite to this Action*. The Laws forbid them the Privilege of Adoption, and most Offices and Dignities. God himself, in the old Law, prohibited them entrance into his Church ; and in the New, the Church forbids them the use of her Sacraments. Nor is it any wonder, since every thing in Nature is fruitful, even Accidents

reproducing their Species, which are so many Generations. Wherefore finding no place among natural things, nor in the Categories, it follows that they are Monsters. The Emperor *Adrian* extended the penalty of the Law *Cornelia* against those who make Eunuchs, or consent any way thereunto, *L. 4. S. ad L. Corn.* And before him the Pretors had introduc'd divers Actions touching this Matter, as the Action of Injuries, of the Edict of the *Ædiles*, and of Quadruple in the Law, *27. S. ad leg. Aquil.* And, lastly, the Emperor *Constantine*, expressly interdicted Castration in all the Empire, under pain of Life, and others contain'd in two Laws, *Dè Eunuchis* in the Code.

But notwithstanding these seeming Objections against Castration, I still assert this odd Paradox, That whether you consider Eunuchs in reference to the Body or the Mind, they are happier than others. They are out of danger of being Gouty and Bald, two Maladies, whereof the one extremely torments a Man, and the other dishonours him ; and it cures the most horrible of all Maladies, the Leprosy. On the other side, it puts the same difference between the Manners of Men as it doth between untractable Horses and others. Hence the Castrated are more pleasant company ; and to contribute thereunto, Nature has afforded them the grace of a delicate Voice all their Lives, which forsakes Children as soon as they come to Puberty ; and being exempted from the Diseases which the Excess of Venery brings to others,

others, they are longer-liv'd, and more easily bear the Excess of Wine. *They are deliver'd from the cruel Servitude of Lust, and all the other Passions which attend it.* And in recompence of those Parts wherewith Asses and Mules are better provided than Men, they are early furnish'd with Wisdom and Continnence, which (as the Example of *Susanna's* old Lovers shews) happens later to Man than gray Hairs. Moreover, Eunuchs have a fit Temper for

Goodness of Wit, which, according to some, occasion'd the Greek Name Eunuch, and not their Charge of guarding the Bed, and observing the Deportments of Wives, whose Subtily and Infidelity may delude their Husbands, but cou'd never deceive the Vigilance of these *Argus's*; who in this alone shew what they can do, since they have the Skill to govern that Sex which is indisciplinable by all others.

Paradox LIII.

That our Enemies are our best Friends.

TWILL be a Paradox of general Use, if we can prove *our Enemies our best Friends*, which I shall here attempt to do, tho with great difficulty; for 'tis a Point of great Wisdom to be able to draw benefit from ones Enemies; whereof the Principal is, that they oblige us to stand upon our Guard, to order our Demeanor well, and so to frame our Lives, that they may have no hold against us. For, as Friendship is the Parent of Confidence and Liberty; this, of Negligence: So Enmity begets Diffidence, and this Circumspection, with a great desire of Virtue, and shame of Vice, whose Turpitude makes us bluth more in the presence of an Enemy than of a Friend, who being our other self, complies with our Humours and Inclinations. And as natural Agents are more vigorous in presence of their Contraries (whence Fire

scorches more in Winter than in Summer) so the presence of Enemies redoubles our Strength and Courage; their Neighbourhood obliges us to have always our Arms in our Hands, and keep good Guard: which made *Cato* declaim against those who raz'd the Cities of *Carthage* and *Numantia*, both Enemies to Rome.

And if a Man be vicious, 'tis more expedient still that he have Enemies than Friends; these too easily adhering to his Debauches; but those withdrawing him from them, either by Reproaches, or by the Example of a contrary Life. If he be Virtuous, his Enemies make his Virtue shine forth, whilst it serves him for a Defence and Apology against all their Accusations and Calumnies; and he finds it his Interest to continue his virtuous Practices, that he may still refute them; whereas the Flatteries and Compliances

pliances of his Friends insensibly corrupt him. Besides, seeing a virtuous Man cannot be call'd absolutely perfect, but only to have fewer Defects than another, his dissembling or flattering Friends sometimes know them not; but an Enemy takes notice of them, and blazing them abroad, gives him warning to correct them. Yea, it seems a sign of a virtuous Man to have Enemies: For, besides that *Virtue hath been always enviy'd and hated*, and the higher a Man is in Merit and Dignity above others, he hath the more Enemies; resemblance of Manners begets Friendship, and Disparity Enmity, and more without comparison are Vicious than Virtuous: But the Vicious being unable to love any but those like themselves, hate all who follow not their Example, as the Virtuous do not, and so have the greatest part of the World against them.

I must confess that in some sense *Enmities can produce no Good*, since either Vice, or Malice, or Ignorance is the Cause; it not being possible but either he that is hated must be Vicious, or else they that hate him malicious or ignorant. For, *as Friendship is founded upon, and cannot subsist without Virtue*; so neither can Enmity, without the Vice and Malice of him that hates, or his that is hated, or both together. And as the Effects of Amity are Union, Concord, Security, and Peace; so those of Enmity are Division, Discord, Diffidence, Suspicion, Treachery, Hatred, and other such Effects, noxious not only to a private Person, who cannot draw any benefit from what tends only to his Ruin (as

all Hatred doth) but also prejudicial to the Publick, which is totally destroy'd by Enmity, which breaks the Bonds of Civil Society. On the other side, *If all were Friends*, one Man wou'd be a God to another (as that Ancient said) and all Men concurring together by mutual help, to the accomplishment of one another's Designs, there wou'd be no more difficulty in Affairs, because no Opposition; and the World wou'd be nothing but a Harmony of favourable Successes. Contrarily, 'tis *Enmity makes one Man a Wolf to another*, a Stone of Offence, and the Darnon of his bad Fortune: For, the Benefit of understanding our own Vices by our Enemies Reproaches, is not to be compar'd to that which we receive from the good Counsels of Friends, who are better qualify'd for redressing our Imperfections, because Converse affords the means to know them; whereas the rude *Censures and Affronts of an Enemy*, being never taken in good part, cannot any wise contribute to the Correction of our Manners. A wise and virtuous Man, who voluntarily endeavours to practise Virtue in all Occurrences, finds ways enough to do it, without waiting to be constrain'd thereunto by the Injuries and Censures of Enemies: But the Vicious will draw nothing from them but Fewel to his Rancour and Revenge, without being instructed concerning his Faults by the mouth of those whom he utterly disbelieves. *However, we must draw as much Profit as we can from our Enemies*; and 'tis the only Comfort can be had against Hatred, to make use of

of it as an Antidote against its own Poison. But then, as it would be more expedient to have no Grievs or Poisons, than to be at the trouble of finding Anodines and Counter-poisons; so we may be allow'd to derive some Remedy from Enmities against their Mischiefs, and make as much Profit of Vice as 'tis possible; but 'twou'd be expedient to have neither Enemies nor Vices.

Paradox LIV.

Proving Black's White.

THERE is a Play publish'd not long since, intitl'd, *The Funeral, or Grief a-la-mode*; the ingenious Author of this Play makes the Mourners act the *DIS-MAL* in long Clokes, which he calls *Black*; but the Chear's discover'd in this *Paradox*, and rich Heirs must now think of some other Colour than *Black* to dissemble their Grief, or else own that they wear Cloth (which is call'd *Black*) to denote their Joy for the Death of their Friends. Nay, Gentlemen, never startle at this Advice, for if you refuse to take it, *you are all Hypocrites*; for I shall here discover your Disimulation, by proving that *Black's White*; so that for the future when you see a Man in Mourning (*in Cloth, which he calls Black*) say there goes a *Man in White*, rejoicing for the Death of his rich Father, Brother, Uncle, &c. I own this is the most difficult *Paradox* to prove of the two thousand I intend to publish; for all the World but my self is of this Opinion, that *Black's Black*, and for that reason the most common Mourning (to express sadness for

the Death of a Friend) now us'd throughout all Europe is *BLACK*, which also was always worn by the Romans when they went into Mourning, except during sixty years that they wore White. The wearing of Mourning continu'd ten Months at Rome; the Athenians wore it but one Month, the Spartans no more but eleven days. The reason why they have all chosen *Black* for denoting Sadness, is, because *Black* is the privation of *White*, and proceedeth from the defect of Light; so Death is the privation of Life and Light. Possibly too, the reason why the Cypress Tree was esteem'd a *Funeral Tree*, was, because the Leaves were of a dark Green, and the Nuts tincture Black, and being cut, it never puts forth again; as also Beans were, in regard of the Blackness which appears in them and their Flowers.

Further (say our Advocates for mourning in Cloth, which they call *Black*) Experience shews us sufficiently that the *black* Colour doth not only put us in mind of our Grievs and Sadnesses pass'd, but also is apt to excite new. This

is known to the Senses, and unknown to Reason, by a certain Divine Appointment, which hath caus'd that what is manifest to the one, is hidden to the other. As appears, for that nothing is so natural to the Sense of Seeing as Light and Colours. But yet there is nothing in which our Mind sooner finds its Weakness, than in the Enquiry into the Nature and Properties of Colours and Light. Now (say these Men) *this Blackness* is internal, when the Soul turning it self towards the Images, upon report of which a judgment is made, if that Image is black and deform'd, the Soul must conceive that the Objects represented by it, are so also, and thence ariseth Horror and Sadness.

Hence ariseth the Sadness and Terror which a deep Silence, and the sight of extreme Blackness and Darkness excite in the Soul. For the Soul knows well, that Life is nothing else but Exercise of its Faculties, of which as soon as any thing is depriv'd, there remains nothing to be expected but Death. She wou'd fain exert her Action and cannot; she distinguishes not whether it be thro default of the Object, or whether her Faculty be lost, but she finds a privation of her Actions, and represents to her self to be in the state of Death; whence ariseth Sadness and Fear. For as our Soul dreads nothing so much as Death, so the least suspicion, the least sign and umbrage of Death, is apt to put her into great dejection. And this (say these black Advocates) makes way for the second Reason, why the Soul becomes sad at the sight

of a black Colour, namely, because it never appears in the Body, but Death is at hand. For this Colour is produc'd by the Mortification and Extinction of the Spirits, as a Gangreen, which is either caus'd by Adustion (whereby Coals become black) or by extreme Coldness; thus old Men are of a leaden Colour *tending to Blackness*. Now the Excess of Heat and Coldness is equally contrary to Life. Wherefore as often as the Soul perceives Blackness, either in her own Body or in another, she remembers the *Qualities* which produc'd it, and are contrary to Life which she loves; hence ariseth Sadness. And hence also it is that we naturally love a Countenance well-proportion'd with an agreeable Colour, wherein there is found a Redness mingled with Whiteness, bright and lively with Spirits; which is nothing else but an effect of the Love which our Soul bears to Life. For knowing this to be the Colour of Health, it affects the same even in another; as, on the other side, it abhorreth Death. Look upon a living Body, it is full of brightness, but a dead one is gloomy and dismal; and at the instant that the Soul parts from the Body, a dark Shade seems as it were to veil the Countenance. Now that the Soul may understand, it must become like to its Object. Whence Aristotle said, that the *Intellect* is *potentially* all things, forasmuch as it can form it self into as many Shapes as there are Objects. So then, if it will perceive Blackness, it must become conformable to Black, which it cannot be without great resentment

ment of Grief and Sadness, since its natural Colour is its Brightness; and to deprive the Soul of Brightness and Splendor is to deprive it of Life. This is all that our *Mock-mourners* have to say for their Hypocritical mourning in what they call *black Cloth*. But I'll now pull off the Vizard, and prove all Men are Hypocrites that wear *Black* to express Grief, for our *Black* signifies Joy, which can't be deny'd, if I make it appear that *Black's White*; which must be granted, if you consider that the Object of Vision is Colour; the Organ, the Eye; the *Medium* is a diaphanous Body illuminated. Provided these three be rightly dispos'd, the Organ and the *Medium* free from all Colours, and the Object at a convenient distance, all Men will necessarily behold Colours as they are, and always alike; which wou'd not be so if they were imaginary, or fortuitous. Besides, being the Object of the Sight, the surest of all Senses, they ought to have a real Existence, as all the Objects of the other Senses have. For the Object of the outward Sense must be real, otherwise it cannot act upon the Organ; and the Agent and the Patient ought to agree in the same Genus.

This premis'd, it naturally follows, That *Black* is nothing but *Light* wholly extinct, and a kind of *Darkness*; and consequently, *Black* hath nothing of Reality, but is a pure Privation which our Eyes perceive not; as our Ear discerneth or perceiveth not Silence, but only by not hearing any Sound; so neither doth the Sight behold *Black* (or *Darkness*) but when it sees neither Colour nor Light: so that this

evidently proves *Black's White*; for to bear Silence, and see *Black* (or *Darkness*) is to speak properly a vain attempt of the Soul, which would vainly exert its Action of Hearing and Seeing, and cannot.

Further to prove *Black's White*, consider *Red*, *Purple*, and other lively and bright Colours, according as they degenerate, attain at length to (what we call) *BLACK*, which is made by Adustion. But when Mixtions take a contrary course by Cold, then arise all dead Colours, which terminate in *Black* too by a contrary Cause, namely, the total extinction of Heat; as 'tis seen in old men and dead Persons, who are of a leaden and blackish Colour. As therefore Green is the first, so *Black* is the last of Colours, yea 'tis properly no Colour, especially when the Humidity is already all consum'd, as in Coals; or is separated from the dry parts, as in things become *black* by putrefaction, as the gangrenous Parts of an Animal. Neither is *White* (it self) a Colour, but a mean between Colour and Light.

'Tis true that we are ignorant of the reason of the Mixtion of every Body, and why such a Body hath such a Colour, but not that Colours are not true and real: Yet with this distinction, that the Colours alone which are seen with the Conditions requisite to Sensation are real, that is to say, exist really, and not in the Imagination. For if it were not so, we shou'd see them as well by Night as by Day, and with our Eyes shut as open; as that foolish Antiphon did, who thought he always saw his own Image before him.

And

And a sensible Faculty ought to have a real and sensible Object, since the Object must be of the same nature with the Faculty. But there are Colours (such as we call *Black*) which are not really in the Surface of Bodies, tho they appear so to us by reason of the *divers reception of Light*, or of some other extrinsical Colour of a transparent diaphanous Body, or some other external Cause, which hinders the Eye from discerning the true Colour of the mix'd Body.

And here 'tis worth observing, that the Providence of the Creator chose the azure Tincture to invest the Firmament withal, as the middle Colour between the two Extremes, *White and Black*, that so our Sight might not, when we speculate that universal Canopy, be either perstringed with the excessive Lustre of the one, nor terminated by the absolute Opacity of the other. Because, if the natural Colour of the Firmament were *azure*, as some presume; then wou'd it, by reason of the vast Space betwixt it and our Sight, and the repercussion of the greatest part of the Rays of Light from our Eye, by those *Myriads of Myriads of Myriads of small Bodies*, replenishing that intermediate Space, necessarily appear of some other Colour; the Experience of Seamen assuring, that all Colours (*White and that of pure Flame, retaining to Whiteness, only excepted*) lose themselves in long trajection thro the Medium, and that even Land, which is but a few degrees remov'd from Opacity, appears to the first discovery like a *bleuish Cloud* lying level to the Horizon. It being certain,

therefore, that by how much the farther any Colour recedeth from Whiteness, by so much the less way it is visible; which the *Grecian* intimates in the word λευκος, *albus*, ὡς τὸ λεύκω, quod procul videatur.

So that from the very Nature of *Black*, we have reason to conclude *Black's White*, and can no ways doubt it, if we consider the Diversity of Colours proceeds only from the divers Aspect of Light, which varies the Colours of certain Bodies to our Eye, as in the Rainbow, the Camellion, and the Necks of Pigeons, in things expos'd to the Sun, which seem far whiter than before. To which you must add the Distance and Station of the Beholders; so *Water seems Black or Blue as far off, but near hand colourless*: Turpentine, Chrystal, and the Whites of Eggs in several Situations do the like. Besides, there are four Colours answering to the Elements, viz. *Black to Earth, White to Water, Yellow to Air, and Red to Fire*. For discovering the Causes of whose Diversities, the ancient Philosophers prepar'd a Matter, which by the degrees of Fire, they pass'd thro all the Colours of Nature, and perceiv'd sometimes in their Vessel what they call'd the *Peacock's Tail*, representing all Colours in one single Matter; whence they concluded the variety of Colours to proceed from that of external Fire, moving the Matter less in one part than another. Thus Antimony, which is at first *Black*, is rais'd into *White, Yellow, Red*, and mix'd Flowers, according as they are sublim'd more or less.

Having

Having fairly (and largely) prov'd *Black's White*, 'twill be necessary I conclude my Paradox with shewing the Nature of a *white Colour*, and how 'tis caus'd in the Optick Nerve; for (*say our black Advocates*) if we must deny our Senses, and say *Black's White*, pray let us know what *white Colour* is, which we, and our Fathers before us, have taken for *Black*.

To this I answer: It being more than probable, that the various Species of Colours have their Origin from only the various *Manners*, in which the incident Particles of Light, reflected from the Exteriours of Objects, strike and affect the principal Sensory; it cannot be improbable, that the sense of a *White Colour* is caus'd in the Optick Nerve, when such Atoms of Light, or Rays consisting of them, strike upon the *Retina Tunica*, as come directly from the lucid Fountain, the Sun, or pure Flame, or reflexedly from a Body, whose superficial Particles are *Polite* and *Spherical*, such as we have formerly conjectur'd in the smallest and hardly distinguishable Bubbles of Froth, and the minute Particles of Snow.

And, as for the perception of its contrary, *Black*, generally, tho scarce warrantably reputed a Colour; we have very good ground for our Conjecture, that it ariseth rather from a mere *Privation* of Light, than any *Material Impression* on the Sensory. For, *Blackness* seems identical, or co-essential with *Shadow*; and all of it that is positively perceptible, consisteth in its participation of Light, which alone causeth it not to be

absolutely invisibile. And hence is it, that we have several *Degrees*, or gradual *Differences* of *Black*, comparative to the several degrees of *Shadow*, progressing till we arrive at perfect *Darkness*; and that we can behold nothing so black, which may not admit of deeper and deeper *Blackness*, according to its greater and greater *Recess* from Light, and nearer and nearer access to absolute *Opacity*. To reason, therefore, it is consonant that all Bodies, whose natural Hew is *Black*, are compos'd of such insensible Particles, whose Surfaces are *scabrous*, rough, or craggy, and their Contexture so rare, or loose, as that they rather *imbibe*, or swallow up the incident Rays of Light, than reflect them outwardly toward the Eye of the Spectator. Of this sort, the most memorable, yet discover'd, is the *Obsidian Stone*, so much admir'd and celebrated among the *Romans*; whose Substance being conflated of scabrous and loosely contexted Atoms, causeth it to appear a perfect *Negro*, tho held in the Meridian Sunshine; because the Rays invading it are for the most part, as it were, absorpt and stifled in the small and numerous Caverns and Meanders, variously interspers'd among its component Particles. Which common and illiterate Eyes beholding, delude their Curiosity with this Refuge, that it hath an Antipathy to Light, and doth therefore reflect it converted into *Shadows*.

The Generation of the two *Extremes* and *Ground Colours*, *White* and *Black*, being attain'd by this kind of Inquest into the Rolls

of Reason; the former deriving it self from Light; either immediately and in direct Lines profluent from its Fountain, or by Reflection from Bodies, whose superficial Particles are spherical and polite; the latter from the Negation of Light: there can be no great difficulty remaining concerning the Genealogy of all other *Intermediate* ones, since they are but the Offspring of the Extreme, arising from the *Intermision of Light* and Shadow in various Proportions; or more plainly that the Sense of them is caus'd

in the *Retina Tunica*, according to the Variety of Reflections and Refractions, that the incident Light suffers from the superficial Particles of Objects, in manner exactly analogous to that of the evanid Colours; observ'd in *spherical Glasses* replete with Water, in Prisms interpos'd betwixt the Object and Eye, in angular Diamonds, Opals, &c. For even our Sense demonstrates, that they are nothing but certain Perturbations, or *Modifications of Light*, interspers'd with Umbrella's, or small Shadows.

Paradox LV.

In Praise of the Tooth-Ach, and most Diseases incident to the Body of Man.

I Have known many, as well Men as Women, who would have been easily persuaded, that they had obtain'd all the Quietness which it was possible to reach unto, *if Nature had not troubled them with Bodies much apt and ready to Sickness*: but because they languish'd sometimes with the *Tooth-Ach*, sometimes with Burning Fevers, sometimes with Aches in the Bones, whereto (by Alteration of Weather) they

were very often subject; therefore they should fall into such Despair, as Life was very hateful to them.— I had acquaintance with a Gentleman endu'd with all such things as both Nature and Fortune are wont to enrich their dearest Friends withal, but so tormented beside with continual *Sickness* and *Waking*, that he imagin'd himself more afflicted and troubled than any other Person whatsoever could be. Thus;

*In the close Covert of a Cypress Grove,
Where Goblins frisk, and airy Spectres rove;
Tawns a dark Cave most formidably wide;
And there the Monarch's Triumphs are descri'd;
Within its dreadful Jaws those Furies wait;
Which execute the harsh Decrees of Fate:
Febris is first; the Hag relentless bears
The Virgin's Sighs; and sees the Infant's Tears;*

In her parch'd Eye-Balls fiery Meteors reign;
 And restless Ferments revel in each Vein.
 Then Hydrops next appears amongst the Throng,
 Bloat'd and big she slowly sails along;
 But, like a Miser, in Excess she's poor,
 And pines for Thirst amidst her watry Store.
 Now loathsome Lepra, that offensive Spright,
 With foul Eruptions stain'd, offends the Sight;
 She's deaf to Beauty's soft persuading Power;
 Nor can bright Hebes Charms her Bloom secure.
 Whilst meagre Phthisis gives a silent Blow,
 Her Strokes are sure, but her Advances slow:
 No loud Alarms, nor fierce Assault are shown,
 She starves the Fortress first, then takes the Town.
 Behind stood Crouds of more inferior Fame,
 Too numerous to repeat, too foul to name;
 The Vassals of their Monarch's Tyranny,
 Who at his Nod on fatal Errands fly.

I could proceed to describe other Distempers, but alas what need more Words? To have our Bodies oppress'd with many Diseases, was ever a great Let to the Mind's Quietness, and the cause of living in a most troubled Estate: What shall we then say to such Men? Let us declare unto them after the best manner we can, that all the forenamed

Evils are not of such force, neither do so much displease as the World thinks.— Let us begin then with the burning Heat of Agues: If our Bodies be bridled with a fiery Ague, let us remember, it is much better that our Bodies burn, than our Souls; and how know we, but that the Heat of the one may be profitable for the Health of the other?

*When raging Fevers boil the Blood,
 The standing Lake soon floats into a Flood,
 And ev'ry hostile Humour, which before
 Slept quiet in its Channel, bubbles o'er.*

But happy is that short burning, which doth lovingly warn us of the eternal Flames. When we appear in this World to be so hotly burn'd, let us then imagine, that the Meat appointed for Worms is but a breiling.—

Now to the Tooth-Ach; I must needs confess, that it is an extreme Pain, yet I cannot but say withal, that the greater the Grief is, the sooner the end thereof is

at hand. So it can be no occasion to rob or disappoint us of our desir'd Tranquillity. Herewith likewise let us remember the Gout, to observe the Order I have undertaken; for it is to no purpose to speak of small Diseases. Many there are that exclaim on the Gout, thinking themselves thereby most unhappy; but truly they complain wrongfully, for what Grief receive they thereby, being

being pain'd only in the very vilest part of their Bodies? What would we do, if we were griev'd in the most noble and excellent Parts, as in the Heart, the Head, or the Liver? There are many Duties belonging to a noble and vertuous Man, in all which there is little need of Foot-labour: The Pain in the Feet is sent for a singular Exercise of the Mind; the Profits which we may have by the Gout are infinite, seeing thereby we understand what Hope of right we should have in the Cost of their Building, the Foundation being so weak. That the Head is the Ruler, and not the Foot, was well declar'd by *Septimius Severus*, after he had discover'd the Conspiracy of those Noblemen, who went about to make his Son Emperor in his own Life-time. This *Severus* was wonderfully pain'd with the Gout, notwithstanding he did most prudently foresee the Conspiracy against him. And after he had punish'd (to the great admiration of the People) not only them that conspir'd, but likewise all others that either knew or were privy thereto, he put his Hands upon his Head, and turning to the People, with a loud Voice said, *Now ye may be sure it is the Head, and not the Foot that doth rule.*

I shall next say somewhat of waking, or loss of Sleep, a Disease (as the Physicians say) very strange and hurtful; I mean now to speak thereof, and prove that there cometh more Profit thereby, than Hurt or Damage. He that cannot sleep, may in his waking rejoice, that the time by such means is increas'd; for

what difference can be made between Sleep and Death, but that the one is eternal, and the other for a time? therefore Sleep may properly be call'd a short Death, and Death a long Sleep. Whosoever wanteth Sleep, wanteth likewise the Terrors of the Night, horrible Visions, fearful Phantasies, and dreadful Dreams; he perceiveth not what Grief ensueth, by the strange Illusions of the Devil, and many other loathsome Shadows. And as Death is by wise Men call'd Sleep, so likewise Life is term'd Waking; therefore *he that waketh liveth a double Life*. But to conclude, if thou have lost thy Sleep thro Sicknes, perswade thy self Health will bring it again; if Fear hath taken it from thee, Assurance will restore it again; and if Old Age have bereav'd thee of it, Death being at hand will render it thee again.

The like Arguments may be alledg'd for him that is griev'd in any other part of his Body: let him draw near that is so displeas'd, because his Limbs are *Crazed, Lame, and Weak*, and I will shew him that he griev'd without cause; and altho the Body be broken and afflicted in every part, yet he may nevertheless attain the blessed Quietness of the Mind. What tho all the Body languish, so the Royal Guest within, which is the Mind, continue safe and sound? I stand on this point: What Grief soever happens to the Body, whether it be sharp or gentle, doth accordingly require either a short or a long Patience. Most sure it is that all such Complaints and all inward Grief receiv'd by

Sickness, are no other thing but even an Increase of their Evil. What availeth then such Sorrow for the bad Disposition of the Body, lamenting and complaining thereof day and night, which maketh us more wretched and unfortunate? Let us then think that he who from Heaven beholdeth our Calamities, and noteth withal our Patience, will either ease us with present Remedy, or else bestow on us some singular or excellent Gift.

If *Leprosy* grieve us, a Disease so much to be eschew'd, should we therefore be so disquieted, as to be utterly void of all Patience? So far as my Judgment reacheth, I say, no; seeing it is no other thing but a Defect or Want in the foremost Parts of the Body, and never, or very seldom of the whole Constitution. If it chance to enter deep, to eat and consume the Members, as it did in the Platonist *Plotinus*, yet it reacheth not so far as to infect the Soul, except the Soul consent thereto: It bringeth with it this singular Benefit, it keepeth us from the Company of Men, yea and oftentimes of such Men as are more to be shun'd than Leprosy it self. Let it suffice thee, that the King of Heaven hateth thee not; let it suffice thee, that God the righteous Judge, as well of Angels as of Men, of whom it is written, *That the wicked shall not dwell with him, neither shall the Unrighteous stand before his eyes*; that he, I say, never abhor'd Lepers, but did visit them in their own Houses, and was a Partaker of their Banquets.

Again, whensoever I go to any

famous Temple or Cathedral Church, and see the Gates beset with *Poor People, Deaf, Blind, Dumb, Stammering*; some with ugly Sores, or others toothless with Age, who with pitiful Gestures crave Peoples Charity; immediately I say to my self, Behold how many Accidents happen to Men, whereby they persuade themselves that they lose all Contentation, and are plung'd in a whole Sea of Miseries. But the Deaf Man hath no sufficient reason to be sad, or to deem himself unhappy, considering those Entries or Passages many offensive things make their entrance to the Mind. But will ye more apparently perceive that some kind of Felicity abideth with Deafness? Mark then how the Deaf are receiv'd with Laughter, and sent away with Smilings; and tho seldom or never our Hearts do relent, or wax pitiful at the sight of a deaf Body, yet may he rejoice the rather, because he heareth not the Scoffs, Taunts and Rebukes of bad dispos'd and mannerless Persons.—*Ulysses*, that wise *Grecian*, whom *Homer* praises so much, did with Art endeavour to be deaf; when neither Nature nor Fortune would be so kind as to grant him so pleasing a Benefit, this wise Captain could by no other means escape with assurance from the cursed Songs of the enticing Mermaids. O how happy and fortunate were deaf Men, if they understood their own Good, or would sometime consider, how because those Entrances are shut up, there cannot pass thro to the Mind any Lies, Errors, false Opinions, Blasphemies, or wanton Songs!

Songs! True it is, that a deaf Man heareth not him, who with a dainty cunning Hand toucheth the Lute, or the sharp-sounding Cittern; in recompence whereof, he is free from hearing the braying of Asses, the grunting of Swine, the howling of Wolves, the barking of Dogs, the roaring of Lions, the crying of Bears, and gnashing of wild Boars: He is likewise deliver'd from the loud and ridiculous Laughter of Fools, and the imperfect Complaints of desperate Persons. I remember how a Gentleman once told me, that he being in the furthest Parts of *Calabria*, desirous to pass the Isle of *Sicily*, wish'd that he might be deaf for a time, because he would not hear the dolorous Cries which were made all over the Country for the loss of *Serica*, the Worm which maketh Silk, and whereby the People had most part of their Living. Likewise, being once in the *Bay of Biscay*, I was glad to stop my Ears that I might not hear the hideous roaring of those rowling Seas. Deaf Men are safe from many Deceits, seeing we are by no means oftner deceiv'd, than by dissembling Speeches. The Ears are very dangerous Plagues to our Bodies, especially to Princes, who being puff'd up with the venomous Breath of mighty Flatterers, with extreme displeasure, do bring both themselves and others to miserable Ruin. If we can talk with no other body because we are deaf, then let us talk with our selves, remembring what *Tully* saith, *That he who can talk with himself, let him not desire to talk with any other*; for deaf Men may

talk with those that are dead long ago, reading their witty Sayings, and profiting by them. The same man's Counsel doth likewise wonderfully please me, where he saith, *The Blind may comfort himself with the help of his Ears, and the Deaf may receive Comfort by his Eyes*. Why then should it offend any one to be blind or deaf? Peradventure you are hereby hinder'd from understanding the sweet Notes of Musick, the Numbers of either *Diapente* or *Diapason*, and such-like Proportions of Pleasure: Why, if you hear not with bodily Ears the Differences of mens Voices, the Harmony of Organs, or whatsoever other Instruments, may it not content you to comprehend the self-same matters in your Mind, seeing the Delectation of the Mind is much more to be esteem'd than that of the Ear? Admit that ye can have no knowledg of Musical Numbers, is not the knowledg of the Numbers of Vertues sufficient to attain a blessed Life, therein by Exercise to grow perfect, wherein Deafness can be no hindrance at all? I remember that once I believ'd assuredly that I was suddenly become deaf, nor did it seem any Grief at all to me, but rather urg'd me, with my Heart list'd up to Heaven, to say, *I render thee thanks, O Lord, for all that thou hast sent me, and blessed be thy Name for ever, seeing I chanc'd not to become deaf, before, by hearing, I receiv'd thy Holy Faith*. And further, I thus commun'd with my self: Albeit I shall no more hereafter listen to the sweet Notes of the Nightingale, Lark, Linet, or any other Bird, yet

will I direct the Ears of my Heart to the Melody of Heaven, and Heavenly Voices. And tho I hear not him that shall talk of me, or to me, yet may I nevertheless hear God, who speaketh within my Heart, whose Communication is always of Truth and Peace, whereas the Conference of Men savoureth of Wrath and Discord. —

Now it followeth, that I should let you understand, that neither the *Dumb*, nor the *Stammerer* or *imperfect Speaker*, have any more just occasion to complain, or to despair of their own Happiness than any of them before-mention'd; for the Tongue hath commonly done most grievous Displeasures to many, and been the occasion of much more Evil than Good. He told a Lye, who long ago said, that he had slain the King of *Israel*, and his Son also; yet not being guilty of that wicked Deed, did suffer thereby the Punishment due to a Murderer. If *Calisthenes*, *Cicero*, and *Demosthenes*, who were so eloquent, had been dumb, they had surely liv'd a far longer time, and not have ended their days with so much Heart-sorrow as they did. O how many have I known, both Men and Women, more vile and infamous of their Tongue, than of their Deeds? Truly there is not any one Part of our Body more ready to do hurt than the Tongue is, no nor more hard and difficult to govern; therefore the Prophet said well, *I will look to my ways, that I offend not with my Tongue*. And in another place, the Holy Ghost, considering how proud and apt this Member is to offend, saith, *Blessed is*

the Man that hath not offended with his Tongue. I am sure that (for the most part) all Wars would cease, all Deceits, Fornications, and an infinite number of detestable Deeds would utterly be ended, if the Togue (with its evil Food) did not still nourish and maintain them. Now, if the Dumb have no just cause to complain, or thereby to think themselves any jot the less happy, the Stammerer or unready Speaker hath less occasion of sorrow, especially being thereby compar'd to *Moses*, who was so much belov'd, and familiar with God. I have seen divers possess'd with some Impediments in their Speech, who have been endu'd with many rare and singular Vertues; and on the contrary part, I have noted many, very fluent and eloquent of their Tongue, polluted with manifold ugly Vices. And well may I say, that it is no less Wisdom to hold one's Peace, than to be fine and curious in Talk; for whosoever cannot readily communicate his Thoughts to another, he talketh the more familiarly with himself, or else continueth much better contented with such Testimony, as only appertaineth to what he would say, and not to that which indeed he delivereth imperfectly. —

Again, if you say, what Comfort shall we minister to *such whose Bodies are punish'd with Sores, Boils, or other putrifying Corruptions*, and thereby do become the more unquiet in their Minds? I see many that do very much complain thereof, and yet without any just cause: But what would such do, if they were compell'd.

compel'd to suffer sharp pains indeed, wherewith no Ease at all were mingled, that repine so much at Sores, Blisters, or Boils, which have both their Original and Assuaging, and by the Opinion of many learned Physicians are very wholsom for the Body? He seemeth to me not only too tender, but likewise very effeminate, that will forsake a rough and thorny Path, which brings him at length to a Field full of all Pleasures and Delights. The Body troubled with these Infirmities, needeth no Clock in the night to raise it to holy and virtuous Exercises; and for my own part, if it be my lot to be afflicted with the like Condition, I think it would make me more quick and ready to do good Works, wherein I find my self too slothful and negligent.—

Let us now descend a little lower, and come to *Decrepid*, *Wrinkled*, and *Toothless Age*, which many exclaim against, and bitterly cry out upon: To such I answer, that their Complaints are very unjust; and more easy it is for them to attain the true Heaven and Felicity of the Mind, than young, rash and inconsiderate Heads, who are no way capable of so great a Benefit. Stand before me, I pray you, you that so extremely grieve at Old Age; Are you sorry that you are old? Why, what is this murmuring, but merely to repine and grudge that you have liv'd so long? You travel'd on upon your way, and yet it seems you are sorry for arriving so near your Journey's end. What, would you still travel, and not every day be wearier than other? Do you storm be-

cause you are at your Journey's end? Methinks you ought much rather to be sorry, if you come not thither; and who doubteth, seeing still we go on toward the End, but that the quickest haste and speed is the most natural? Alas, alas, Youth hath no other Guide but Rashness and Impatience, whereas Age bringeth with it sound Judgment and Prudence. Youth hath more Follies than the Peacock painted Feathers, but Age more Honours than can be recounted. In brief, every Age is good to such as are good, and evil to none but such as are evil, or do apply their time to evil Conversation. It is very true, that King *Evander* (as *Virgil* rehearseth) complaining of his Old Age, cry'd out lamentably after this manner: *O that Jupiter would restore to me those Tears which are past!* But *Socrates* never spake such a word; nor *Plato*, *Fabius*, or learned *Cato*, all which were wise and Reverend Old Men. But had *Evander* tasted half the Sweetness which good old *Simeon* did, could we think he would with such earnestness have call'd for his past Days, or have wish'd the renewing of so many Troubles? Assuredly I am persuaded to the contrary. I think he would rather have said with the Prophet David, *Wo is me, because my Dwelling upon Earth is thus prolong'd!* To conclude, the Instability of our Desires is wonderful; we blame Old Age, and yet are afraid at first that we shall not live to it. What a thing is this, that every Man coveteth to live to be old, and yet when he is so, he can hardly endure to be call'd so? But some Man perhaps may

here alledg to me, that willingly he could be content to be old, but then the loss of his Teeth, which makes his Cheeks sink, and his Gums grow mishapen, these are unseemly Sightings in an Old Man or Woman. To this I answer, That there is more Use and Benefit to be made of our loss of Teeth, than any thing we can have by enjoying them. First, we may learn thereby to repose small Confidence in our inward and softest Parts, when hard Bones are so weak, and quickly leave us. Secondly, we may learn what a frail and brittle Creature Man is, seeing those Parts which seem'd so hard and strong in him, are found to be not only weak, but many times the Causers of intolerable Pains and Anguish, and being appointed for the Beauty and Strength of the Mouth, thro their own Defects they become such an Enemy thereto. We read that *Zenobia* Queen of the East, as one of her chiefest Ornaments of Beauty, had such fair Teeth, that whensoever she talk'd or laugh'd, they seem'd like two Ranks of rich orient Pearls; but go to her Grave, and look for them now, and thou shalt find that Death hath favour'd her no more than

another, they are all converted into their first Substance. One Benefit more *Toothless Age* may put thee in mind of, to wit, that as thou hast had here a time of Sojourning, where thou hast fed daintily, and enjoy'd all worldly Pleasures; so now there is another Country to be sought after, another Home, and more certain Habitation, where thou art not to feed on material Meats, such as are chew'd, receiv'd and digested in the Stomach, but such whereto thy Teeth are not availing, nor any Organ of thy Body helpful; the Heavenly Table spread in the Land of the Living, the neverfailing Plenty of all true Abundance, which God (in his good time) make us all Partakers of, *Amen.*—

I shall conclude, with asserting, that as Gold alter'd by the Artificer into ever so many shapes, or used upon all kinds of Ornaments, continueth the self-same true Metal still; so the Wise and Vertuous-minded Man, both in *Sickness* and in *Health*, retaineth still his honourable Constancy. As in a Fire (saith *Socrates*) we discern a clear Brightness, so in a moderate Soul is worldly Felicity soonest seen.

Paradox LVI.

In Praise of a Coward. In a Letter to an Athenian Brother.

My dear and only Brother,
THO your Commission for a Captain's Place (in the Spanish Descent) shou'd make me

think you a Man of COURAGE, yet I know you have too much Wisdom and Prudence ever to advise a Man to a Duel.

The

*The Good we ask, the Ill that we endure,
'Tis all for fear, to make our selves secure ;
Merely for Safety after Fame we thirst,
For all Men wou'd be Cowards if they durst.*

This, Brother, being my case, I ask your Counsel as to a Duel that I am provok'd to fight : for (as you know very well) *stain'd Honour cannot be wash'd clean but with Blood.*—— Yesterday I was call'd Fool, and one took the boldness before my face to give me a Box on the ear. Some that are ignorant in composing such matters tell me, that I must revenge my self, or shall be *posted* for a Coward if I don't : but let him have a care of provoking me ; for,

*Let fear upon the prosperous Hearts take hold,
Cowards themselves in Miseries grow bold.*

But (now I think 'on't) 'tis best sleeping in a whole Skin, and therefore in mere Prudence I forgive the Affront. Besides, those Men whose Judgment is too good to excite me to a Duel, tell me, *that I have been too much abus'd already by the Tongue, and the Hands of this Coward, to provoke his Sword too.* For altho it troubles me to be call'd Fool, yet 'twould much more vex me, if a Scandal should be rais'd that I was dead, If I were shut up in my Grave, he might at his pleasure and in safety speak ill of my Courage : And yet he would never affront me, if he thought I durst fight him.

*As Cheats to play with those still aim,
That do not understand the Game ;
So Cowards never use their Might,
But against such as will not fight.*

Had I not better then stay in the World, that I may be always ready to chastise him, when his saucy Tongue shall provoke me ? Infallibly, those that advise me to the Tragedy, do not consider that if I am the Catastrophe, he'll laugh at my Valour ; if I kill him, People will be apt to think, that I sent him out of the World, because I durst not stay here whilst he was alive : If I take away his Sword, they'll say I dreaded his being arm'd ; or if I should run from him, they'll perhaps say,

*Disguis'd in all the Masks of Night,
We left our Enemy on his flight,
In equal Fear of Night and Day,
He fear'd himself, and run away :*

He never was in greater need,
 Nor less Capacity of Speed.
 Disabled, both in Man and Beast,
 To fly, and run away his best;
 To keep the Enemy, and Fear
 From equal falling on his Rear:
 And tho with Kicks and Bangs he ply'd
 The further and the nearer side,
 (As Seamen ride with all their force,
 And tug as if they row'd the Horse,
 And when the Hackny sails most swift,
 Believe they lag, or run adrift)
 So tho he posted e'er so fast,
 His Fear was greater than his Haste;
 For Fear, tho fleetier than the Wind,
 Believes 'tis always left behind.
 But timely Running's no small part
 Of Conduct in the Martial Art;
 By that some glorious Feats atchieve,
 As Citizens by Breaking thrive.
 It saves th' Expence of Time and Pains,
 And dangerous beating out of Brains;
 For they that fly may fight again,
 Which he can never do that's slain.
 And they who run from th' Enemy,
 Engage them equally to fly;
 And then the Fight's become a Chace,
 They win the Day, that win the Race.

But if we come off with equal
 Honour, to what purpose should
 we expose our selves to the worst
 of all Dangers (which is Death)
 and decide nothing? Besides, al-
 tho I had Mars's Power, and
 could end the Combat to my
 Honour, he might nevertheless
 brag that he had forc'd me to
 commit a great Folly. No, no,
 Brother, I'll not unsheath, to drive
 my Enemy by Death from me:
 For my part, I fear not to be, or
 to let him be. He thinks it an
 Honour to him, that he never
 stood in fear of the Parc&; if
 he'll have me believe it, let him
 kill himself. I'll consult all the
 wise Men for this threescore or

fourscore years, and if I find he
 hath done well, I'll then endea-
 vour to live as many more, and
 repent, to expiate my Cowardli-
 ness. You'll think perhaps this
 proceeding (in a Man of Cou-
 rage) very strange; but, Bro-
 ther, to speak my mind freely to
 you, I find that Life is a fine
 thing, that I had rather content
 my self with this that I enjoy,
 than hazard for a better, and get
 a worse. This Aggressor would,
 it may be, die, that he might be
 quickly out of his pain; But I
 that am more stout, will endea-
 vour to live a great while, that I
 may run the hazard of being a long
 time in a capacity to die. Doth he

think

think to advance his Credit, by declaring that he is weary, and desires to return to Darknes, his first Lodging? What, is he afraid of the Sun? Poor Fool! if he knew what a scurvy thing it is, he would not venture so much haste. 'Tis not bravely done in a Man to hazard his Life before he is thirty years old, because he exposes what he knows not; but if after that Age he ventures it, I'll maintain he's mad, having known it, to venture it. For my part, I like Day-light well and love not to sleep under ground, because one cannot see there. Let him not be puff'd up tho at his Refusal; for I'd have him know, that I have two or three Killing-Thrusts, besides other Sights; and I will not fight for fear of discovering them. I say it again, for fear of discovering them, and yet Reader don't think that [Fear] any Cowardice neither: For,

*Who would believe what strange Bugbears
Mankind creates it self of Fears?
That Spring, like Fern, that insect Weed,
Equivocally without Seed;
And have no possible Foundation,
But merely in th' Imagination;
And yet can do more dreadful Feats
Than Hags with all their Imps and Teats,
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
Than all their Nurseries of Elves:
For Fear does things so like a Witch,
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which;
Sets up Communities of Senses,
To chop and change Intelligences:
As Rosicrucian Virtuosi's
Can see with Ears, and hear with Noses,
And when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both supply'd by Fear,
That makes them in the dark see Visions,
And hag themselves with Apparitions;
And when their Eyes discover least,
Discern the subtillest Objects best,
Do things not contrary alone
To th' Force of Nature, but its own;
The Courage of the bravest daunt,
And turn Poltroons to Valiant:
For Men as resolute appear,
With too much, as too little Fear;
And when they're out of hope of flying,
Will run away from Death by dying,
Or turn again to stand it out,
And those that fled, like Lions rout:*

*For Fear oft braver Feats performs,
Than ever Courage dar'd in Arms ;
It is an Ague that forsakes
And haunts by Fits those whom it takes.*

There are a *Hundred other Reasons* that make me abhor Duels. But doth he think, if he had taken away my Life, that he had done with me? To the contrary, I should by it become more terrible, and I am confident in a *Fortnight* after, he could not look upon me without being frightened. However

Brother, you are a *Soldier*, and shall determine this *Point of Honour* ; but (except you are in very great haste for my *Estate*) do not advise me to draw my *Sword*, for the *Sleeping in a whole Skin* is most agreeable to

Your most Affectionate Brother, &c.

Paradox LVII.

*In Praise of a Wife who is Black, Blind, Wrinkled,
Crooked and Dumb.*

WHICH of thy *Virtues* shall I first admire?
(Rare piece of *Nature's Wonder*) O inspire
My over-amorous Soul, ye *Virgins Nine*,
That bless the *Fount* of flowing *Hippocrene* !
Create a *Fancy* in me that may fly
Above the rowring Head of *Rhapsody*.
Negra, thou art not fair, I cannot say
The blushing *Morn* (bright *Herald* to the *Day*)
Riseth in either *Cheek* ; nor yet suppose
The blameless *Lilly* and chaste bashful *Rose*
Have a *Contention* there, for these (we know)
Change with their *Seasons* ; they but *bud*, and *blow*,
And then expire for ever ; all their *Story*
Is at an end, when they begin their *Glory*.

But thou art *Black*, and therein lovely (too)
Constant, as *Fate*, unto thy changeless *Hew*,
(Like to thy inward Soul) where we may find
Thy Face to be fit *Emblem* to thy *Mind* ;
Constant in all chaste *Thoughts*, and a black *Night*
Sometimes allows more *Pleasure* than the *Light*
Of a clear *Summer-Morning*, when we please
To dedicate our wearied Brains to ease
On a soft *Pillow* ; Marriage Beds allow
The *Night* for *Lover's Actions*, and (we know)

That,

That, e'er the Seasons of the Year decay,
Night claims as much of *Rule*, as doth the *Day*.

Thy ' *Blackness* is thy Happiness ; by thee
The Paint of *white* and *red* *Adultery*

' *Black*.

Can have no Entertainment ; all Mens Eyes
May trust thy *Face*, for it brooks no disguise ;
Thou need'st no *Scarfs*, no *Black-bags* here prevail,
Thy *Face* is both thy *Beauty* and thy *Vail*.

Wert thou not ' *Blind* (some say) thou would'st despair,
For being so, thou think'st thy self as fair

(' *Blind*.

As *Helen* was ; but those are *Fools*, and know
No reason to alledg, until I show

The perfect *Truth*, thou dost reserve thy Eyes,
But to look inward, where true *Beauty* lies.

Thou look'st not on *Vain-glory*, idle *Toys*
That mock the *Sense*, and are not real Joys,

But Lights that lead to *Misery* ; in thee
It is a *Virtue* that thou canst not see.

Some call thee *Wrinkled* ' *Negra*, and are bold ' *Wrinkled*.
To tell me that my *Mistress* is as old

As twice my Age (thus all seek to beguile
Thy precious *worth*) each *Wrinkle* is a *Smile* ;

(Had they my Eyes to see) then they would know
(If they be *Smiles*) why they continue so :

I answer'd, that those *Smiles* are always shown
To tell thou still art Friends with every one.

So art thou termed *Crooked* ' , 'cause they see ' *Crooked*.
Thee (like the Figure of *Humility*)

Still bending to the Earth ; but thou art wise,
And wilt salute all Creatures (since thy Eyes

Deny thee to make Choice) 'twere better be
Always so bent, than lose *Humility*.

Then do they call thee ' *Dumb* (alas) because ' *Dumb*.
Thou art not frequent in the talking Laws

Of idle Women ; must the cruel Throng
Of rank Backbiters say thou hast no Tongue ?

Admit thou hast not, 'tis not thy Intent
That thy chaste Silence should give free Consent

To every Motion ; then they wonder what
Thou movest thy Head, or point'st thy Fingers at.

These were *Enigma's* to them, till I told
The Meaning, and the *Riddle* did unfold,

That none but they, who in thy Thoughts abode,
Can understand the *Virtue* of thy *Nod*.

So, art thou none but mine, for only I
Retain the Knowledge of that *Mystery* ;
And I am thine, who (spite of envious Mocks)
Will marry thee——by way of *Paradox* :

No otherwise (believe me *Negra*) so
I'll lie with thee, and beget Children too.

Thus you that marry ill, and live worse Lives,
(Like me) make *Para-doxes* of your Wives.

Paradox LVIII.

We live in Heaven; or a Paradox proving we are perfectly happy in this World.

The INTRODUCTION.

WE live in Heaven——— World, if we please.——— All
'Tis a Paradox will surprize many serious Christians that
consider this World as a *Stage of Sin and Misery*; but as strange as the Paradox seems, I hope to make
it appear we now live in Heaven, or may be perfectly happy in this
Men naturally desire *Happiness*; all their Plots and Endeavours aim at this End only, and therefore to make this *Paradox* the more intelligible, I'll divide it into *Eight Sections*. I'll begin with

SECT. I.

A View of the Perfection of Earthly Happiness.

TErrestrial Happiness is usually reduc'd to these three Heads, to Riches, Honour and Pleasures; from which, as from several Fountains, all the rest doth spring and proceed, and he that enjoys these may be said to enjoy a Terrestrial Paradise of Happiness.

To define the Riches of the World, were to tell you what every Man knows; the good Effects and Benefits which spring from thence are many and divers. Good Education, Acquaintance, Friends, Lovers, Honour, Authority, and many Pleasures of divers sorts are hereby often occasion'd: So as many rich Men seem to enjoy an Earthly Paradise.

True Honour is defin'd to be the shining Brightness of worthy, virtuous and gracious Actions, reflected from our own Consciences to the Sight and View of those with whom we live: It may be also call'd a graceful Respect or renown'd Reputation, which every Man ought to have in recompence of his Worthiness, which is declar'd unto the World by good and glorious Deeds, and approv'd of by the acknowledgment of good and virtuous Men; and it shineth most brightly in such as are of greatest Birth, of greatest Riches, and of greatest Dignity and Authority both in Church and Commonwealth.

It is not then an imaginary Phantasy, but a splendent Brightness, which maketh him that is the Subject thereof, to shine forth as the sparkling Rays of a Diamond; and forasmuch as it proceedeth from virtuous and worthy Actions, it is always accompany'd with inward Joy and Pleasure. And among noble, good, and great Spirits, nothing is more desirous and pleasant; insomuch as they will spare no Labour, no Pain, but willingly and fearlessly will adventure thro many Difficulties, many Perils to gain the same.

A good Name, saith Solomon, is better than Gold, and more precious than Ointment.

Pleasures are of divers sorts: all the Riches, Honour and Delights of the World serve to please our Minds. What a number of excellent Pleasures and Felicities hath God created in this Terrestrial Paradise which may please our Senses!

And first the Sense of Seeing; As the Heavens in their glorious Aspect, the Sun in its lovely Brightness, the Moon her Silver Rays, the Stars their twinkling Sparks, the Air its fair Nakedness, the Birds enamel'd with all sorts of Colours, the Trees bedeck'd with Blossoms, Fruits and Leaves, the Meadows with Tapestry Green, the Rivers with the Crystal of their Streams, the Sea its huge and pleasant watry Mantle, and an infinite number of Creatures both in the Earth and Sea of different Figures; fair and goodly Cities, Towns, Churches, Houses, Orchards, Gardens, all pleasant Places, and all fair, beautiful, and amiable Creatures!

To please the Sense of Hearing also, How can we but be much delighted amidst the Pleasures of a sweet Harmony, either of Voices or Instruments; at the pretty Purling of a Silver Brook, the sweet running Murmurs of a pleasant Fountain, the pleasing Notes and pretty warbling of Birds, the amorous Accents of a delicate Voice, join'd with the sweet Allurements of the Melody of a Lute, the musical Tunes and delightful Strains of all kind of Instruments; to hear the pleasant and gallant Noises of Bells, Trumpets, Drums, and other delicious Sounds! Also to hear pleasing Discourses, Histories, Songs, Tales, Jest, News, and the like.

So likewise of the other Senses, as the Tasting of sweet and delicious Meats of all sorts, of pleasant and sparkling Wine, and other delightful Liquors.

Also the Smelling of odoriferous Perfumes, Flowers of every kind, and all other sweet and fragrant things; there is such a multitude of Delights and Felicities in the World to please the Senses, as they are innumerable.

Likewise the most pleasant and happy Society of Parents, Children, Wives, Lovers, Friends, Kindred and Acquaintance; and in general, the Enjoyment of Riches, Honour, all sorts of lawful Sports, Recreations, Delights and Happineses, and whatsoever is pleasant and delectable.

Insomuch, as from divers of these Particulars (as might be at large dilated in whole Volumes) springeth abundance of sweet and innocent Joys and Felicities; Enough to charm, and bring our Minds into an Extasy of Joy and Happinefs. In

In all which, if we thoroughly see, that even in this Life we may view them in their Number, Variety, Pleasantness, Excellency, enjoy a Terrestrial Heaven; or in plainer Words, we may be perfectly happy in this World if we please.

Abstract of the First SECTION.

THere is within the Earth so many Treasures,
 Such glorious Honours and delightful Pleasures;
 That who enjoys all these Felicities,
 Enjoys indeed an Earthly Paradise.
 The Sun, Moon, Stars, whose glittering Heavenly Beams
 Dazle our Eyes, likewise the Silver Streams
 Of Rivers, Fountains, pretty Birds to see,
 And other Creatures, Blossoms on each Tree;
 Fruits, Leaves, the Meadows; Woods and Fields so green;
 All pleasant Objects therein to be seen.
 So likewise pleasant Cates, and Banquet-Dishes,
 All sorts of dainty Meats, as Fowls and Fishes;
 Sweet pleasing Liquors, brisk, neat, sparkling, fine
 Canary, and the like delicious Wine,
 To please our tasting Sense, of every kind
 Abundance in this Paradise we find.
 And also Flowers, Perfumes and fragrant things
 Of divers sorts, the Earth yields forth and brings;
 To please the Sense of Smelling, insomuch
 The Pleasures of the Earth are truly such;
 So sweet, so many, that if I should tell
 You what, how sweet, how many, I should dwell
 For ever in Discourse: It doth surmount
 All Pens, all Tongues to shew, and to recount
 The happy Pleasures loving Parents may,
 And Children also mutually enjoy
 Each in the other; likewise Husbands, Wives,
 Lovers and Friends, even during all their Lives.
 We live by Charms so perfect, that we may
 A Paradise of sweet Delights enjoy.

SECTION II.

We ought to enjoy Earthly Perfection (or Happiness) with Contentment.

HAVING view'd wherein Earthly Perfection consists, now, to the Intent we may be further happy therein, let us endeavour to settle our Minds in a contented Estate, in all Accidents and Conditions, and so to enjoy these Terrestrial Felicities with a contented happy Mind.

It is strange that some have put this Truth into a Paradox; That he is the richest and most happy that

is most contented; when nothing is more certain than it; the Soul having no Treasures, no Happiness more properly her own, nor more in effect, than that of Contentment.

He that is poor in Desires, is rich in Contentment. One saith, Who bridled his intemperate Desires, contendeth even with *Jupiter* himself in Felicity; to him that desires but a little, a little seems much; and he that covers no more than what he hath, may be said to possess all the World.

But he that possesses abundance of these Earthly Happinesses, and yet fears the Loss or Want of them, or out of a covetous, ambitious, or intemperate voluptuous Heart, grieves because he enjoys not so much as he desires, is as miserable as he that wants them: those who extend their Desires beyond Nature and Moderation, letting loose their Appetites, to follow Vice and Superfluities, make superfluous Things necessary, their Souls Slaves to their Bodies, they are never contented. They would build Houses of Marble, and after of Jasper and Porphyry: they would first possess a Lordship, then a Kingdom; after that, the World; which if they did, they would then think the World too little, and grieve because they enjoy no more, no better Worlds, being never satisfy'd. They would have they know not what, they are always restless, still desire, trouble and perplex themselves, till they bring themselves into a Fool's Paradise.

But this Mean, for a Man to enrich himself and to make himself happy and contented, by de-

siring little, according to Nature; Moderation and Reason, is very just. It is in every Man's Power, he may find it within himself; Nature hath so provided, that in all things, so much as sufficeth, is at hand, and in our own Power.

A little we know of these Earthly Felicities is enough to suffice Nature; and to live well; and we may take as much Felicity in Sufficiency, as if we possess'd all the Riches, Honours and Pleasures in the World; which if we did, we could enjoy the Superfluity, to wit, that which is above Sufficiency, only by looking on, and Contemplation, so may we while it is another's: What Happiness is there on Earth, which in our Minds, by Contemplation, we may not enjoy?

And we commonly see that poor Men, of low degree, are as contented, as rich, noble, and voluptuous Men; they are usually more free from Idleness, ill Passions, Intemperance, and consequently from such Distempers as are incident thereunto; and we may observe, they are commonly free, fearless, secure, healthy, merry, contented, happy Men.

Having therefore Food and Raiment, let us be therewith contented, as we are divinely exhorted. And concerning Crosses, Want and Troubles, let such Considerations as follow (amongst divers others which might be written) move us to Contentation in all Conditions.

Crosses, Want and Troubles are common to all Men, oftentimes to the best Men. It is a sign of Weakness not to digest that with Contentment, which cannot be avoided, which is common to all,

all, to the best Men, when we have so many and such Companions.

Some Crosses and Troubles are necessary, as Winter to Summer, else Pleasures and Prosperity would become dry, stale, wearisome, and cloy us : It is a mixture of Crosses and Adversity, that makes Prosperity and Pleasures most sweet unto us.

We may convert our Minds from those things that offend us, to those which are pleasing, and afford us Delectation. Tho we have some Want and Troubles, yet perchance we may enjoy many Pleasures and Felicities also ; in so much that if we be not too peevish and wayward, we may drown our Sorrows and Crosses in Pleasantness and Joy.

However, the worst Things have some mixture of Comfort in them ; and it is certain, That all Crosses and Troubles will have an end, Custom and Time will surely wear them away. Custom is a Remedy against the most tedious and irksome Troubles ; even the Gaily Slaves can sing in their Servitude, after they have been some time accusom'd thereunto. Time is the Finisher of all Trouble ; perchance we have already well nigh forgot all the Crosses and Sorrows of our Life-time past ; and such as we do remember, we rejoice that they are past and gone. And this good effect, Crosses and Adversity always leave behind ; Pleasure and Prosperity, after the same is past, is the sweeter. Joy and Pleasure after Sorrow is a strange Enlightning to us, in such sort, as it should seem Nature hath given Sorrow and Troubles for the greater Increase and Service

of our Pleasure and Delight.

Fore-sight, Expectation, Meditation, Wisdom and Fortitude, are excellent Remedies against Crosses and Adversity. Let us therefore hereby endeavour to raise and quicken our Spirits above and beyond Fear and Adversity, contemning all the Frowns and Blows of the World, which do scare and depress only weak and feeble Spirits ; and to settle our Minds in a contented and blessed Tranquillity, which is a beautiful, sweet, equal, pleasant estate of the Mind, such as neither good Accidents nor Ill, Prosperity nor Adversity can mend or depress.

Piety is yet a better Remedy against Crosses and Adversity, and the best way to Contentment and true Happiness. To consider that the Almighty God, our loving Father, doth by his most wise, just, loving and good Providence order and guide all things, is enough to make us sweetly contented in all Conditions. It is a safe and a happy way to apply our Wills to his Will : It is Effeminacy and Cowardice to complain against God, and greatly adds to our Misery : It is Magnanimity and Courage to yield to him : It is perfect Freedom and Happiness to obey God : He that follows his Captain's Commands thro Adversity and Dangers as well as Prosperity, shall be greatly rewarded. The good Soldiers of our Heavenly Captain shall be crown'd with eternal Glory and Triumph.

Let us then do our best Endeavours in all good ways for the attainment of Earthly Happiness, and depend on the Providence

of the Almighty for Success, trusting him in all things, casting all our Care upon him, who truly careth for such as rely on him, and truly knows what is best for us; so may we be assur'd that in what Estate soever we be, the same is best for us, and that all things shall turn to our Happiness; let the World toss and vary it self how it list, we shall ever remain safe and happy: Even Crosses, Losses, Want and all Afflictions shall then increase our Happiness; for,

First, we shall be deliver'd out of all Afflictions, *Many are the Troubles of the Righteous*, saith King David (tho often more are the Troubles of the Unrighteous) but the Lord, saith he, delivers the Righteous out of all. *And they that sow in Tears, shall reap in Joy*: Oftentimes they are deliver'd in this Life, certainly in Heaven. How pleasant will Heaven be eternally to such as have been here in Want and afflicted for a time, a moment in comparison?

Secondly, we may have Joy in all Crosses and Afflictions: Our Saviour saith, *In the World ye shall have Afflictions, but in me you shall rejoice, and your Joy shall no Man take from you. Unto the Righteous doth arise in Trouble, Joy; in Darkness, Light*, saith King David. Afflictions and Want do often stir up and quicken good Souls to look and see far into Heaven, possessing themselves with most sweet and heavenly Joys and Consolations; *I do abound with all Joy*, saith St. Paul, *in the midst of Tribulation*.

Thirdly, the same shall turn to

our good, *All Things work to the Good of them that love God*, saith St. Paul; Afflictions take from us all base Fear and Effeminacy, they are Purgations to cleanse us, and Bridles to with-hold us from Evils. They are Spurs to excite us to all Goodness: *It is good for me*, saith King David, *that I have been afflicted*. Troubles, Want, and Crosses make us wiser, more circumspect, resolute and courageous. The same tries, exercises, increases, quickens, and refines all Heavenly Grace in us; *Your light Afflictions, which are but for a moment*, saith St. Paul, *shall work for you an eternal weight of Glory*. This Glory, if we could truly think of, tho we should suffer all the Miseries on Earth, yet should we greatly rejoice and glory, to think at what an easy rate we should gain such eternal Happiness.

Why then should we not be sweetly contented in all Conditions, seeing there may be such Happiness in Losses, Crosses, Want and Afflictions? And what better Happiness can we learn, than to be contented, and sweetly pleas'd in all Estates and Occurrences; and so to enjoy these Earthly Happinesses with a contented, fearless, free and happy Mind?

Such Men therefore as are well persuaded of the Goodness and Fitness of their Condition whatsoever it be, and their Minds settled in a free, fearless and contented Estate, are to be esteem'd happy Men; and no Men living are able to enjoy more true Pleasure and Happiness on Earth than such Men.

So that whether we lose, want, be contented with, and rejoice in
 have Sufficiency or Abundance, all things.
 let us make a good use thereof,

Abstract of the Second SECTION.

THE way in Earthly Things true Joy to find,
 Is to enjoy them with contented Mind:
 Who covets nought, doth all the World possess,
 And sure he may contend in Happiness
 With Jove himself; but he that fears the Loss
 Of Earthly Things, and grieves at every Cross,
 Or letting loose his Appetite, doth extend
 His criminal Desires beyond the end
 Of Moderation and of Reason, sure
 He is not happy, but he shall endure
 A restless Discontent; he fain would be
 A Lord, a King, an Emperor; then he
 The World would have: nay more, he knows not what,
 Houses of Jasper, neither this, nor that
 Can please his Mind, surely he is not wise,
 He brings himself into Fool's Paradise.
 Give me the silent Shade, the quiet Life,
 The happy Country, free from Cities Strife;
 The Bush where under Tityrus did sing,
 And no more Wealth than may Contentment bring:
 I'll bring the choicest Nymphs into my Cell,
 The Muses and the Graces there shall dwell;
 I will endeavour, sweetest Joys to find,
 To enjoy both Earth and Heaven in my Mind.
 We shall from all Afflictions be releast;
 And Joy will be more sweet when Sorrow's past.
 Unto the Righteous often doth arise,
 In Trouble, Joy; in Darkness, to their Eyes
 Doth heavenly Light appear; so as we may
 In Trouble see and taste of Heavenly Joy.
 Affliction so refines the Soul, that even
 Our Joy shall be thereby increast in Heaven:
 This Heavenly Joy and Glory, if we could
 But truly think and taste thereof, we should,
 Tho all Earth's Miseries were in the way,
 Go thro them all with sweet and pleasant Joy.
 Since that such Joy, such Happiness may be,
 In Crosses, Losses, Want and Misery;
 Let us in all Conditions sweetly rest
 Contented, so shall we be ever blest:
 None can enjoy more Earthly Pleasure than
 Such as be fearless, free, contented Men.

S E C T. III.

We must enjoy Earthly Perfection (or Happiness) in the good use thereof.

TO the Knowledge of, and Contentment in, the Felicities of the Earth, we must add a third Intention, to wit, a good use thereof, if we mean to be happy therein.

So much therefore as we do possess, and may enjoy of these Earthly Happinesses, let us use the same well, and so let us enjoy them freely and cheerfully: Without this good use, and if instead thereof we abuse them, what can we expect but Infelicity and Misery therein, even in this World? for all Abuses (that is, all immoderate and vicious Desires, Intentions, and ill Uses thereof) are Enemies to Health, Peace and Happiness. A multitude of Passions, Perturbations, Cares, Fears, Grievs, Aches, Diseases, Distempers and Miseries, are incident to all Vices, to all Abuses; and no Men, even on Earth, live more unhappily, more miserably, than abusive vicious Men.

While therefore we view the Pleasantness, Number, Variety, Excellency, and happy Effects of Terrestrial Felicities, we are by all means to be very careful that, in the Use and Enjoyment thereof, we exceed not Moderation, nor plunge our selves into the Dangers and Abuses thereof; and so instead of Happiness therein, cause to our selves much Grief and Misery. And that because,

First, Satan is very busy with these Earthly Pleasures and Felicities, prompting us to Abuses, and so endeavouring by their ill use to steal away our Hearts from

all heavenly Graces, and so from God himself: He offers us a Terrestrial Paradise also, and cries, *All this will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.* But he doth notably cozen and mock us, he deals with us as he did with Adam; tho he offers us Paradise, tells us we shall be as Gods, &c. yet he gives us but an Apple, and such an Apple as the eating thereof will bereave us of all Good, fill us with all Evil, and cause us to be driven out of the Paradise of all Felicities, into a World of Misery. His Offers and Gifts are like that painted Box of Pandora, stuffed with all manner of Evils and Miseries; if we could see the Evil and Misery of the Condition, we should think it infinitely too great a rate to buy his gilded Proffers: yet these Earthly Things are sometimes his principal Baits to catch Fools withal, whereby he carries them to all Wickedness; I mean such Fools as King David speaks of, and King Solomon, *Fools are we by reason of our Transgression.* Let us take heed we fall not into his unhappy miserable Fool's Paradise.

Also the strong Torrent of our sensual Corruptions being once set a running after Vice and Wickedness, will often break down the Banks of Moderation, and (if we be not very watchful and cautelous) flow to all manner of Excess and Dissoluteness; for Wickedness and Vice is very deceitful, and with its painted Vanities and sugar'd Baits of seeming

Pleasure, draws and allures our sensual Appetites, sometimes un-awares, beyond the Boundaries of Reason and Temperance, and so blinds us, as that we are often persuaded we are about the Business of Health and moderate Recreation, when indeed we are canvassing for Intemperance, and our Minds even ready to be drawn away to Wickedness and Impiety. And therefore we had need to be careful and cautelous.

The World also, even these Earthly Felicities in themselves, have many dangerous Temptations to Vice and Wickedness, and consequently to hinder the Happiness thereof, and to make us miserable therein, even on Earth.

The Riches of the World (being an huge Heap, and many Benefits springing from the good use thereof) will, if we take not heed, draw our Hearts to Covetousness; and Covetousness having once entered our Souls, will possess us with a base sordid Desire of Riches, and we shall become thereby unjust, deceitful, pinching, niggardly, and full of unworthy Conditions; always possessed with Cares, Fears, Suspicions and Discontents; especially at every Loss or Cross, tho' of small value.

Honour also having a bright Lustre shining to the World, and being much desir'd of great Spirits, doth tempt us to that towering and lofty Vice, Ambition, possessing us with a ravenous, dry, unsatiable Thirst thereof, making us to become full of vain Plots, Fears and Perplexities, and exceeding desperate and melancholy at every Accident, thwarting our Desires therein.

And Pleasures also with their painted and sugar'd Baits allure us, and if we beware not, will cause us to fall into unlawful Lusts, Intemperance, and all manner of Prodigalities, which are at their best but fugitive Follies, and their end Melancholy and Misery; and so we plunge our selves into a multitude of Griefs, Aches, Diseases, Passions, Perturbations and Miseries, which are incident to Intemperance, Idleness, Lust, Riot, and all immoderate and dissolute use of Pleasures.

So that it appears, Vice and Wickedness (tho' the same have an outward Shew of Beauty, yet) is inwardly like a painted Sepulchre, all horrid, foul and ugly, full of base Desires, shameful Actions, Dangers, Vanities, Impediments, Anguish, Distempers, Passions, Perturbations and Miseries even in this Life; the same at the best is surely but a Fool's Paradise.

To the intent therefore that we may be happy in respect of these Earthly Felicities, let us by all means endeavour to avoid the Dangers and Abuses thereof, all unlawful, immoderate, and evil Desires, and Uses thereof.

And in all respects let us endeavour to use the same well. The good use of Earthly Felicities consisteth in three Points: The first, concerning our selves; the second, others; the third and principal, God's Glory; to which the two former are also to be directed.

First, Concerning our selves; Temperance is the Razor and the Rule of enjoying Earthly Felicities; the Razor to cut off all Abuses, all strange and vitious Superfluities,

perfluities, and the Rule of that which is good and necessary, keeping us always within the Limits of Reason and Virtue. Let us therefore in the Use and Enjoyment of Earthly Pleasures, and Felicities, still observe a due Moderation and Order, in respect of Matter, Measure, Time, Manner and all Occasions, in such sort as the same may best tend to our well-being, as to the preservation of Nature, the maintenance of our Bodies and Minds in due Temper and Vigour, so as we may be able to perform all the Duties and Actions of our Life with Alacrity, great Chearfulness and Pleasantness.

There are no Men in the World that live more pleasantly, healthfully, prosperously, and in all respects happily, than the moderate virtuous Man; for by reason of his Temperance in the Desires, and in the use of these Earthly Felicities, his Body commonly becomes free and clear from Crudities, Rheums, Gouts, ill Diseases and Distempers, and so most healthy, agil, lightfom and expedite to all the Motions appertaining thereunto: his Mind also thereby becomes free from Sloth, Dulness, evil Passions and Perturbations; his Affections well temper'd, and his whole Soul apt, perspicuous, free and chearful in the performance of all the Actions and Exercises thereof. His whole Life resembles a fair, bright and pleasant Day, wherein are no Clouds, no Tempests, but all Fairness, Serenity and Peace; he seems to go to Heaven, treading on Roses.

Secondly, in respect of others: We ought so to use and enjoy

Earthly Happiness, as the same may be without Offence, Scandal, Damage and Prejudice of another. The Virtue of Justice ought to be our Rule herein: Charity and Liberality should be also exercis'd hereby. Let us therefore do no harm, but all the good herein that conveniently we may to our Family, Friends, Kindred, Neighbours, as also in general to the Church and Commonwealth.

No Man lives more unworthily, than he that lives merely for himself; but he that uses his Time, his Goods, and his Endeavours for the good of others also, lives most worthily and honourably.

But, Thirdly, all our Endeavours, indeed all our Actions, Pleasures and Enjoyments, ought to be directed to this point, to wit, God's Glory. Let us always remember St. Paul's Rule, *Whatever ye do, let all be done to the Praise and Glory of God.*

Let these Earthly Pleasures and Felicities excite and encourage us to Thankfulness, to all Duties of Virtue and Piety, to look higher, to their Fountain, to God himself, to Heaven, to love and rejoice in him, to contemplate his infinite Goodness, Love, Beauty, Sweetness, Glory and Excellency; and so to enjoy these Earthly Felicities with a Heavenly Mind, and by these also to spy and enjoy a Paradise of Heavenly Delights on Earth: Of all which I intend to write more largely and particularly in the last Section.

So then if we can thus use them, let us freely enjoy them in their greatest Excellency, Pleasure and Happiness.

Abstract of the Third SECTION.

HE that on Earth will happy be, must use
 Terrestrial Happiness without Abuse;
 For all Abuses, all intemperate
 Desires, are Enemies to a happy State:
 A multitude of Aches, Grievs and Cares,
 Distempers, Passions, Perturbations, Fears,
 Anguish and Miseries are incident
 To vicious Men, they seldom are content;
 Tho' Vice seem pleasant, yet assuredly
 Sorrow shall follow all Impiety.
 And therefore vicious Men, as most unwise,
 Do also run into Fool's Paradise.
 There is none living in the World that can
 Live so contented as the virtuous Man;
 He lives most healthy, happy, free, secure,
 Pleasantly chearful, always being sure
 The Treasures, Riches, Pleasures of his Mind
 Shall ever last; his happy Soul doth find
 A free delight in all things, and the way
 To Heaven he rides as in a Summer's day.
 Let Virtue rule us then in Earthly Pleasure,
 Let Temperance in all things teach us Measure;
 So let us then a Mean in all things use,
 In Matter, Measure, Time, without Abuse.
 Let Justice also guide us in this way,
 Let's do no harm, but all the good we may;
 Remembering always, in all things, to give
 Him Glory, who gives these by whom we live.
 From whence these lower Joys do spring, we may
 A Heavenly Paradise likewise enjoy
 Of sweet Delights on Earth, so we may find
 The Joys of Earth and Heaven in our Mind.

S E C T. IV.

We may enjoy Earthly Perfection (or Happiness) freely and chearfully.

KNowing Earthly Happiness,
 being contented in all Con-
 ditions in respect thereof, and
 using the same well, we may now
 in such Knowledg, Contentment
 and good Use, enjoy the same
 freely and chearfully, even in it-
 greatest Excellency, Pleasure and
 Happiness.

Which to the Intent we may,
 we must also banish out of our
 Minds all idle, superstitious, er-
 roneous Opinions concerning the
 same.

Certainly, if we would advi-
 sedly think and be persuaded, as
 the Truth is, that Virtue and Re-
 ligion is a furtherance to the en-
 joying

joying of Earthly Happiness, rather than a hinderance therein, and that the enjoying of the Felicities of the Earth freely, is not contrary to Virtue, Religion and Heavenly Happiness, nor any Hinderance, if not abus'd, but in the good Use and Enjoyment thereof, rather a Furtherance thereunto (all which in due place I shall further endeavour to shew) we should be more careful and diligent in seeking the Felicities both of Earth and Heaven.

Yet see those common and main Errors of the World in this kind: multitudes of Men conceiting that Religion doth debar them from the enjoying of Earthly Felicities, to which they are naturally strongly inclin'd, will not search into the happy ways of Religion and Piety, which leadeth to Eternal Happiness.

And many Men knowing the Vanities, Dangers and Impediments of these Earthly Felicities, do become in their Carriage and Writings too austere, stoical, and rigid in the Enjoyment of the same.

There are many indeed, who would seem to be Men of notable Understanding, do study to contemn and tread underfoot all sorts of Pleasures and Care of the Body, retiring the Spirit into it self, not having any Commerce with the Body, but elevating it self to high things, and so would seem to slide thro this Life insensibly, neither tasting, nor attending it, suspecting not only Recreations and Pastimes, but also Necessities, which God hath season'd with some Pleasure. They come unwillingly into Places of lawful, honest, and harmless Plea-

asures, and hold their Breath till they are gone, as if they were in places of Infection: they fear to use Earthly Pleasures (tho well) and so to enjoy them, because they see some Vanities and Danger in them; so that the Earth, yea even their Life, is burdensom and offensive to them, and they seem to be willing to die before their time.

It is most certain indeed, that there are many Vanities, Dangers and Impediments in these Earthly Felicities; but this hinders not but we may enjoy them in their good use freely and chearfully, as I shall endeavour to shew plainly, answering the Objections to the contrary in the ensuing Sections: And it is also most certain, that moderate, due and convenient Fasting, Abstinence and Forbearance of Earthly Pleasures, Retiredness, Divine Melancholy and Solitariness, as I may call it, Heavenly Contemplation, Extasies, and the like, add Sprightliness and Heavenly Wings to our Souls, so as thereby we become the more Angel-like, apt and prepar'd to receive, retain and enjoy all Divine Graces, all Heavenly Joys and Consolations, even to elevate our Souls to the Heavenly Paradise, and to enjoy God himself and Heavenly Delights in some degree on Earth. But the same ought to be done duly and conveniently, as I intend to shew in the seventh Section, not hindring the free and chearful Enjoyment of Earthly Happiness at due and convenient times also, in the good use thereof, which so may and ought to be enjoy'd freely and chearfully.

And

And it is also certain, that by an immoderate Melancholy, and over-nice and slavish Forbearance of convenient, good, harmless Pleasures, the Spirit may sometimes become singular, vain-glorious, curious, and wandring from harmless and lawful ways. So while these Men would seem to live after a strange manner, wholly above themselves, by not endeavouring to play the Parts of Men as well as Angels, they sometimes proceed to conceive and maintain prodigious *Paradoxes* and erroneous Fancies.

But we are to know, that while we are in this Life, it is very good, lawful and commendable for us to learn well to act the Parts of a Man; yea, it is a Divine Knowledg in a religious and virtuous manner, rightly and duly to govern, use and enjoy, both the Pleasures of the Mind and of the Body also, and not to renounce the meanest of them, but in their good use freely to enjoy them; to which Nature provokes us, Reason also excites us, yea Religion and God himself exhorts us. All which I shall endeavour to shew as plainly as I can.

We must consider, we have Bodies as well as Souls, which require due Refreshments, Recreations and Pleasures, to which every Man findeth in himself a natural Appetite and Desire; yea Necessity compels us thereunto, we could not subsist nor live without these. And Nature willeth very wisely, that these Actions which it hath enjoin'd us for our Necessity, be also delightful, inviting us thereunto not only by Appetite, but by Reason.

What greater Folly is there,

and more against Reason as well as Nature, to account our Actions vicious, because they are natural; unworthy, because necessary and pleasant? It is indeed contrary to Justice, to be too defective, stoical and rigid on the one side, as to be too excessive and superfluous on the other. So that as we ought not to take such Pleasure in Earthly Things, as to prejudice the Health and Safety of our Bodies and Minds by Excess and Abuses, so we ought not also to take so little Pleasure therein, as to hinder the Welfare thereof thro Defect.

In such sort, as we must not disallow and reprove natural and convenient Pleasures, as we do those which are impious, vicious and superfluous, but rather greatly commend the same, forasmuch as that reasonable Mean may be observ'd therein, which is good and commendable in all things. And so, without question, that Delectation which proceedeth from the temperate and good use of Pleasures, is to be enjoy'd freely and chearfully.

And it is also Reason, that the Mind should partake with the Body of such natural Pleasures, which are just, good and convenient. These two, the Body and the Mind, are as it were marry'd together: it is against Reason, not well done, to divide and separate this natural Conjunction, but rather we should renew the same by mutual Offices.

The Spirit ought to quicken and revive the dull heavy Body; the Body also shou'd stay and allay that strange, unnatural, prodigious, proud, extravagant Lightness of the Spirit: The Spi-

rit shou'd assist and favour the Body, as the Husband the Wife, and not reject it nor hate it. It shou'd not abandon the Body, and refuse the natural Pleasures thereof, which are due, convenient, just, lawful and moderate, such as befits the Marriage that is between them. It seemeth Unnatural, Presumption, Pride and Folly so to do, contrary to Right and Reason; It should rather in all cases assist the Body to maintain it always in due Order.

And as Nature and Reason, so also Religion commendeth, yea willeth and commandeth the Enjoyment of Earthly Happiness, within the bounds of Temperance and Virtue. It is true indeed, Religion exhorts and commands us to avoid Intemperance and Abuses herein, and to use them well: But herein it doth greatly increase our Happiness even on Earth; for as hath been shew'd, a multitude of restless Desires, Cares, Fears, Distempers, Anguish and Miseries proceed from all Vice and Impiety even in this World. And no Men on Earth live more pleasantly, healthfully, prosperously and happily, than the contented, temperate, virtuous, gracious Man: So that Religion greatly adds to our free Enjoyment of Terrestrial Happiness, in directing us to avoid the Abuses therof, and to use the same well: And in such good use, it commendeth, willeth and commandeth the Enjoyment thereof freely and chearfully, and greatly blameth such as forbid and teach the contrary: To instance in some Places of the Sacred Scriptures.

Thou shalt rejoice in every good

thing which the Lord thy God hath given thee, thou, and the Levite and the Stranger that is among you, Deut. 26. 11. Because the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy Increase, and in all the Work of thy Hands, therefore thou shalt surely rejoice, Deut. 16. 5.

Behold, that which I have seen (saith the Preacher) it is good and comely for a Man to eat and to drink, and to enjoy the good of all his Labour that he taketh under the Sun, all the Days of his Life, which God giveth him; for it is his Portion. Every Man also to whom God hath given Riches and Wealth, and hath given him Power to eat thereof, and to take his Portion, and to rejoice in his Labour; this is the Gift of God. He shall not much remember the Days of his Life, because God answereth him in the Joy of his Heart, Eccles. 5. 18, 19, 20.

Rejoice in the Wife of thy Youth, let her be unto thee as the pleasant Hind and loving Doe, and rejoice in her Love continually, saith Solomon, Prov. 5. 17.

Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, saith St. Paul, that in the latter Times some shall depart from the Faith, giving heed to seducing Spirits, and Doctrines of Devils: Speaking Lies in Hypocrisy, having their Consciences seared with a hot Iron: Forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from Meats, which God hath created to be receiv'd with Thanksgiving, of them which believe and know the Truth. For every Creature of God is good, and nothing to be refus'd, if it be receiv'd with Thanksgiving: For it is sanctify'd by the Word of God and Prayer, 1 Tim. 4. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

By these few Instances (among divers others which might be added) it appears, that we may freely and chearfully enjoy these Earthly Happineſſes, and that ſuch as forbid or deny the ſame are greatly to be blam'd. The rather, becauſe, as *St. Paul* ſignifieth in the forenam'd place to *Timothy*, *That God hath created them to be receiv'd with Thankſ-giving of them which believe and know the Truth.*

God himſelf is the Author of theſe ; *Riches and Honour come from God (ſaith King Solomon) and the Bleſſing of the Lord maketh rich. He created (ſaith Moſes) the Paradiſe of Pleaſure, wherein he planted Man. They are God's Gifts, ſaith the wiſe Man, and ordain'd of him (which appears alſo by their Variety and Pleaſantneſs) not only for Neceſſity, but for lawful and moderate De-light, Eccleſ. 5. 18, 19.* And therefore if well us'd, are to be eſteem'd as his Gifts and Bleſſings.

Alſo they may ſerve to many excellent uſes, as hath been ſaid in the former Section, even to increaſe in us Heavenly Joy and Happineſs alſo ; of which I intend to write in the laſt Section.

And therefore in all theſe reſpects it appears, That ſuch as uſe theſe Terreſtrial Felicities with moderate Delectation, to the Glory of God, and ſo to good Ends, are better to be reputed, than ſuch as unduly, inconfideratly and raſhly neglect and reſuſe ſo great Good, which God lovingly and freely offers to our Acceptance.

Wherefore Monks, Anchorites, Carthuſian Friars and others of

the rigid and ſtoical ſort of People are in a great Error, who ſuperſtitiouſly reſuſe and neglect Riches, Honours, Marriage, Fleſh, Wine, moderate and lawful Recreations in their good uſe : It ſeems they think themſelves wiſer in reſuſing, than their Creator is in offering ſo great Benefits.

This ſuperſtitious Opinion is moſt commonly found in diſcontented brain-ſick Men : Surely they are injurious to Reaſon, unjuſtly depriving themſelves of the good Enjoyment of much Happineſs, yea to Religion and God himſelf, very much detracting from his Goodneſs, and moſt free Love and Kindneſs.

From whence ſhou'd this Opinion and Belief ſpring, that God taketh Pleaſure in the Reſuſal and Neglect of the good Uſe and Enjoyment of his Creatures, which he freely commends, exhorts and offers to our Acceptance ? But the wiſer Philoſophers and Chriſtians have been and are of another Opinion ; as *St. Paul* was, *Rom. 14. 1 Tim. 4.* The Practice alſo of our Saviour, who ſaith of himſelf, *The Son of Man came Eating and Drinking, &c. Mat. 11.* of the Chriſtians in the Primitive Church, *Who did eat their Meat together with Gladneſs and Singleneſs of Heart, Acts 2. 46.* of thoſe who reſorted to the Feaſts of Charity, mention'd *Jude 12.* which are recorded to be certain Banquets which the Chriſtians kept all together, and of divers other in all Ages, do ſhew that this Opinion of the free and chearful Enjoyment of Earthly Happineſs, in the moderate and good uſe thereof, ought to be embrac'd. The Objections to the contrary

contrary I shall endeavour to answer in the following Sections.

So that if we will be rul'd by Nature, Reason, Religion, by God himself; if we will follow the Opinion of the wiser Christians, the Practice of our Saviour, and of those Christians in the Primitive Church, and others

in all Ages; if we can use these Earthly Felicities with Temperance, to the Glory of God, we may surely enjoy them in such good use freely and chearfully.

Let us then enjoy God in all things, and all things in him, and to his Glory.

Abstract of the Fourth SECTION.

That we in Earth's Delights free Joy may find,
Let's banish Superstition from our Mind:

However some do think that rigidly
The same doth hinder Earth's Felicity;
Whereas, indeed, the same doth much increase
Terrestrial Joys, eternal Happiness.
These Men would seem to be exceeding wise
In studying altogether to despise
All Earthly Pleasures, insomuch they fear
To see or taste thereof, as if they were
Infectious, in their good and harmless use;
And so because of Dangers in Abuse
They weakly fear t' enjoy them, thus they find
The World a Grief, a Burden to their Mind.
Whereas, in Truth, we ought without Abuse
T' enjoy Earth's Happiness, in its good use
Freely, to which Nature does excite us,
And Reason also liberally invites us.
Justice and Temperance do as well condemn
Stupidity, and Failing in extreme
As th' other way, Intemperance in Excess,
Both hindering true Delight and Happiness.
Religion also doth commend the Joy,
Which in the temperate use thereof we may
Receive therein; it bids us freely take
Those Pleasures, which were only for our Sake
Created, and which God doth freely give
For our Necessities while here we live,
And moderate Delectation: let us then
Freely enjoy the same; surely such Men
As will refuse such Joy, so great a Bliss
As Heaven does offer, greatly do amiss.
But Lord, do thou our Minds so guide, so raise,
That we all things in thee, and to thy Praise
May still enjoy, and also that we may
Thy self in all things evermore obey.

S E C T. V.

We may enjoy earthly Perfection or Felicities, notwithstanding their Vanities, &c.

TH E Reasons why many Men do so much condemn the free and cheerful Enjoyment of earthly Happineſſes, are becauſe of their Vanities, Dangers, Impediments, and the like.

But I ſhall now endeavour to ſhew, that we may and ought to enjoy them freely and cheerfully notwithstanding theſe; and firſt in this Section, notwithstanding their Vanities. Thoſe that wou'd maintain the contrary, do worthily and truly tell us, that earthly Riches, Honours, and Pleaſures are vain, ſhort, uncertain, and tranſitory; and that in compariſon of eternal and heavenly Felicities, they are not worthy to be eſteem'd, but rather to be deſpis'd.

It is moſt certain indeed, that thoſe Souls which do often contemplate the heavenly Glory, and are truly rais'd to the Knowledge of Divine things, are elevated above all Pleaſures and Felicities of the Earth, inasmuch as Eternity is above Time, and infinite Felicities above Vanities. And in theſe Thoughts they are often ſo rais'd above themſelves, that if they were capable of Vanity, they wou'd not know themſelves, while their Souls are thus contemplating on the Treasures, the Glory, and the Delights of Heaven: So as they do in part taſte beforehand of the Sweetneſs of thoſe Felicities which they hope to receive at the end of their Life; which makes them very generously to tread under

foot all the Pleaſures and Greatneſſes of the Earth, while their Souls are in ſuch Contemplations, directing their Aims to Heaven.

And it is alſo moſt true, that the Felicities of the Earth are not worthy to be compar'd with thoſe of Heaven, either in Worth or Duration of Time; they are altogether vain, even as nothing in ſuch compariſon.

Yet notwithstanding, in reſpect of our Nature, Infirmities, Weakneſſes and Neceſſities, and in reſpect of themſelves alſo without ſuch compariſon, they are to be well eſteem'd both in reſpect of Time and Worth, even as the Gifts and Bleſſings of God, commended, yea commanded to be enjoy'd in their good Uſe, rather than neglected or refus'd, as ſerving alſo to many excellent Uſes and Purpoſes, even to increaſe in us Divine and Heavenly Joys and Happineſs; of all which I ſhall here diſcourſe ſomewhat more particularly.

And firſt in reſpect of our ſelves, in that they are natural and neceſſary to us. Which appears in their Pleaſantneſs, and Variety of curious Colours, harmonious Sounds, pleaſant Taſtes, and fragrant Smells, which God hath particularly appropriated to every kind of Creature, affording rather Delight than Neceſſity. But if we conſider how neceſſary they are alſo, as that we cannot maintain our ſelves, nor live without them; we ſhall know, that

that they are to us of much worth, and therefore to be well esteem'd and freely enjoy'd in their good use.

Necessity and Pleasure is an excellent Marriage in Nature; and it is good reason that those Actions which are necessary should also be delightful: to which, as hath been said, both Nature and Reason invites us. And therefore such as go about to break this Marriage, do endeavour to disunite that which Reason and Nature hath join'd together.

Whence it may be infer'd, that Superfluity, which is vain and vicious, in all things being eschew'd, we may not disdain freely and cheerfully to enjoy these earthly Pleasures, Recreations and Felicities, which God himself hath ordain'd to be natural, necessary, pleasant, and delectable to us.

Secondly, in respect that they are the Gifts and Blessings of God, ordain'd and created for our good Use and Enjoyment, and which he lovingly offers to our good Use and Acceptance, yea, commends and commands the good Use and Enjoyment thereof, as appears in the former Section; therefore to be well esteem'd, even as his Gifts and Blessings, and in their good

Use to be enjoy'd freely and cheerfully.

Thirdly, they are to be well esteem'd, as serving to many excellent Uses, to God's Glory: And therein, to the Good of our selves and others; natural, as the Maintenance of our Bodies and Minds in due temper; and supernatural, inasmuch as they may be an occasion greatly to increase our heavenly Joy and Happiness: Of which I purpose to write particularly in the last Section.

So as altho in comparison of the heavenly Felicities, these of the Earth are vain, short, and transitory, and with the same not worthy to be compar'd; yet without such comparison, and in respect of our Nature and Necessities, and forasmuch as they are God's Gifts and Blessings, commended and commanded to be receiv'd and enjoy'd; and since many good Uses may be made thereof, to the Increase of our Happiness both here and in Heaven, therefore they are to be enjoy'd. And such as either thro Ignorance, Peevishness, or Superstition, do neglect and refuse the Enjoyment of these earthly Blessings in their good Use, are to be censur'd and blam'd.

Abstract of the Fifth SECTION.

THOSE Souls which raised are above the Sky,
To Heavenly Glory, to Eternity,
In Contemplations, do most certainly
Account Earth's Joys but e'en as Vanity:
In such Comparison they truly deem
All earthly Joys not worthy their Esteem.
While as their happy Souls do thus aspire
To Heavenly Joys, with flaming sweet Desire

They

They do forget the Earth, and being above
 Themselves, inflam'd with Heavenly Joy and Love,
 They are so wrapt in sweet Delights, that even
 They seem to taste already Joys of Heaven.
 So while their Souls are rais'd above the Sky.
 They seem to tread down very generously
 All earthly Joys beneath their feet as vain,
 Not worthy their Esteem, their glorious Aim.
 And surely no Comparison can be
 'Twixt earthly Times, and Heaven's Eternity.
 But tho in such comparison, none deny
 The greatest earthly Joys are Vanity,
 Yet they are perfect thus ; as they are given
 By God himself, are Tokens sent from Heaven.
 ————— And therefore they

Who superstitiously refuse t^e enjoy
 What God himself hath freely, kindly given,
 Are worthy Blame, tho Saints and Heirs of Heaven.
 This is not all, he doth not only give 'em,
 But lovingly commands us to receive 'em.
 And also in such Joy they may invite,
 Attract, encourage, quicken, and excite
 Us unto all good Actions, and may raise
 Our Souls to God himself, to heavenly Joys,
 From whence these spring, and so to taste, to find
 Pleasures of Heaven on Earth, within our Mind :
 So tho Earth's Joys be vain and transitory,
 Yet may we thereof make us Crowns of Glory:

S E C T. VI.

We may enjoy earthly Perfection (or Happiness) notwithstanding
 their Dangers, &c.

ALTHO it be most certain
 there are many Dangers and
 Impediments in earthly Riches,
 Honours and Pleasures, yet these
 may be avoided, and so convert-
 ed to our Felicity, inasmuch as
 to eschew and overcome them,
 or to endeavour so to do, is ac-
 ceptable to God, and by him re-
 warded. And since they are
 to us natural, necessary, com-
 mended, and commanded by
 Reason and Religion it self, as
 God's Creatures, Gifts, and Blef-
 sings, to be enjoy'd in their good

Uses, which are many, as hath
 been shew'd ; their Dangers and
 Impediments hinder not, but we
 may enjoy them in their good
 use freely and cheerfully.

But they who wou'd main-
 tain the contrary, truly tell us,
 first, that earthly Riches, Honour,
 and Pleasures are dangerous, dis-
 posing us to Covetousness, Ambition,
 Intemperance, and sundry Vices.

But we may truly answer :
 Altho these earthly Felicities be
 dangerous, disposing us to such
 Vices,

Vices, this is no sufficient Reason to divert us from the good Use of them. It is absurd to say, a Man may not use a Knife, because some have cut their Fingers therewith; so to say we ought not to desire Riches, Honour and Pleasures in a moderate manner, and so in their good use freely to enjoy them, because they are an occasion that some Men fall into Covetousness, Ambition, Intemperance, and other Vices, is an insufficient Reason.

The Affections, as one saith, are the Nerves and Sinews of the Soul; they serve to contract, to slacken, to lift up, to lay down, to stir and settle the same, where-soever it will, even as the Body is mov'd and remov'd by its Li-gaments; wherefore they are to be preserv'd and moderated, not taken away and utterly destroy'd.

We are to imitate in this a well-experienc'd Horseman, who to tame and manage well his Horse, will not take from him Agility and Courage, but endea-vours especially to bring him to run, to turn, to rise, to curvet, and to stand how and when it pleases him, and not according to the Horse's Will; even so when we perceive our Af-fections inclining to stubborn Dis-obedience, we ought rather to correct and reform the same with Reason and Judgment, than wholly to mortify and extinguish them.

And altho the Riches, Honour, and Pleasures of the Earth be dangerous Temptations to Evil; yet for a Man not to be ill, where he hath no Provocations there-unto, is less commendable and deserving, than to be good in

the midst of Dangers and Temp-tations.

Insomuch that if we can make a good use even of these Dangers and Temptations, by overcoming or endeavouring to overcome them (for God that accepts the Will for the Deed, will freely accept of our good Wishes and Endeavours, and his Power is made perfect in our Weakness and Infirmities, as St. Paul saith) the same shall then turn to our Good and Advancement, we shall be greatly rewarded in Heaven, for such Conquest and Endeavours. In such good Use therefore of these Dangers, we may take St. James's Exhorta-tion, *Count it all Joy, saith he, when ye fall into divers Tempta-tions.*

But it is further objected to this purpose, by such as wou'd deny this Truth: They truly tell us, that we are exhorted in God's sacred Word to forsake, hate and overcome the World; and we may also truly answer, that surely it is not meant therein by for-saking and hating the World, that we should go live in a Mo-nastery, forswear Marriage, vow wilful Poverty, refuse lawful Meats, moderate and expedient Recreations, and the like: But in the same sense as we are exhorted to forsake and hate Father, Mother, Wife, Children, &c. that is, for Christ's sake and the Gospel's, rather than for-sake him and Goodness.

By forsaking, hating and over-coming the World, is meant the Dangers, Abuses, and Evils there-of; certainly not the good things therein, in a superstitious manner. These, as hath been said, may

be enjoy'd, notwithstanding their Vanities and Dangers, in their good use freely and cheerfully.

To contemn, overcome, and be above the World, is indeed a brave Proposition, and many there be who glory to discourse thereof; tho' perchance they scarce know what it is, much less practise it. The World is often dangerous and wanton in a corner, in Solitariness, in Idleness, and in those Places and Actions where some Men make profession of flying from it, and trampling it under foot; which is meant of Hypocrites, who have so much degenerated from their beginning, that there remains almost nothing but the Habit, and that also serves to puff them up, to make them proud and impudent, which is quite contrary to their Institutions.

But to contemn the Use, the Service, the Commodity, and therein the Enjoyment and Pleasures of the World, what Accusation is it against Nature that invites us, against Reason that wills us thereunto, yea, against the Author that made them to these ends? What Ingratitude is it to refuse that which God freely offers?

To sequester our selves from the Company of the World, and from the enjoying of earthly things, because of their Dangers, proceeds, as a Reverent Divine saith, from a weak, base, and distrustful Mind, as if we would so force Goodness upon our selves, that therefore only we would be good, because we cannot be ill: but for a Man to know the highest of worldly Contentment, to live in the throng of the World, and yet to be above it, to use it, enjoy it and contemn it as he pleases, to compel it to his Service without Infection, well becomes the noble Courage of a Christian.

No Man indeed can serve two Masters; we cannot serve God and Mammon: Let us then make the World our Slave, and God only our Master.

It is true indeed then, to be Servants to the World, it is better to go out of it; but to use it as a Master, compelling it to our Service in all good ways without Abuses, as it is more difficult than to sequester our selves from it, so it is also more victorious, and shall be an occasion of greater Triumphs, and brighter Crowns in Heaven.

Abstract of the Sixth SECTION.

WHEN our Affections unto Ill incline,
We ought with Reason and with Grace Divine
Such ill Desires to conquer and to quell:
It is more Praise and Glory to do well
In midst of great Temptations, than to be
Otherwise good, for mere necessity.
And as the Danger's greater, we shall be
The more rewarded for such Victory.
Whereas to sequester our selves for fear
Into a Monastery, or forbear

*Things lawful, as expedient Recreation,
Which may and ought with moderate Delectation
Be us'd, because of Dangers, doth proceed
Out of a weak distrustful Mind indeed.
But for a Man to know the highest Joy
The World affords, and yet without annoy
To live therein, and as a Master use
The same in all respects without abuse,
And can e'en as he list the World compel
Unto his Service, and e'en then do well
In midst of great Temptations; surely he
In Heaven with brightest Glory crown'd shall be.*

S E C T. VII.

*We may enjoy earthly (Perfection or) Felicities, notwithstanding
their Impediments, &c.*

SUCH Men as object against the free and cheerful Enjoyment of earthly Felicities, do truly tell us, that the Enjoyment and Use of earthly Happiness doth often hinder us in the Attainment and also Enjoyment of supernatural and heavenly things.

But we may also truly answer, and are to know, that it is indeed only the Abuses of these Pleasures and Felicities that hinder us therein; otherwise in their good use they may serve as Spectacles to testify the more clearly into Heaven, and may further us in all good heavenly ways. They may stir us up to Thankfulness, and to all Duties of Piety, increase our Love to God, and Joy in him; they may be notable Encouragement to do more worthily, and to go on more cheerfully in the ways of God; and in such good Use they may be sweet and pleasant Additions to our Hope of Heaven.

And by viewing and enjoying these, we may look higher to their Fountain, contemplating the Excellency, Sweetness, and

Beauty of the Creator, who is infinitely more excelling; and so in some measure espy and enjoy the Felicities of Heaven also while we are on Earth. But of this more at large in the next Section. And therefore in their good Use we may enjoy them freely and cheerfully.

But such as would maintain the contrary, do further object to this purpose more particularly. The most material Objections I shall endeavour to collect briefly, and so to answer them. They truly tell us,

First, that Abstinence and Forbearance of Pleasures doth best fit and prepare the Mind for the Well performance of all Divine Exercises and Contemplations.

Secondly, that many ill Men possess and enjoy these earthly felicities, and many good Men want them; which shews, say they, the same are hindrances in Goodness.

Thirdly, that our Saviour says, *It is hard for a Rich Man to enter into Heaven*; and St. Paul, *Not many Mighty, not many Noble are*

call'd: and that the Mourners, the meek and dejected Spirits, are rather pronounc'd Blessed in God's Word than voluptuous Men.

All which I shall endeavour to answer briefly.

Concerning the first, That Fasting and Forbearance of Pleasures fits and prepares the Mind for Divine Exercises, it is most true; and it is very requisite and good that we fast, pray, repent, be abstemious, and exercise our selves in all Christian Duties, so far as we conveniently may without Superstition, as we are exhorted thereunto. And God forbid that I should be guilty of speaking against due and convenient Fasting, Abstinence, and therein Retiredness from the Pleasures of the World to Divine Contemplations, which at due and convenient times is certainly most pleasing to God, and very beneficial both to Body and Mind, disburdening the same of many gross Humours, Vapours, and Spirits, and so taking away Sloth, Dulness, many Distempers, and making our Minds, as far as is possible in this World, like Angels, most free, quick, and sprightly in the Performance of all Divine Exercises, and so most apt and well-prepar'd for the conceiving, receiving, and retaining of all divine and heavenly Illuminations and Consolations.

But herein it is good to observe a due and convenient Order as concerning Fasting, according to the Prescriptions and Customs of the Church and Saints in all Ages, to fast publicly when Authority enjoins us, sometimes privately, according to our Sa-

viour's Exhortation, and the usual Practice of religious Christians, which is good to be done at and in convenient time; as sometimes forbearing a Meal, sometimes a Day till night, or the like, when and so long as we may conveniently and by our own Experience find the same doth make us best prepar'd for all Divine Exercises and Contemplations, and also upon good occasions. It is not good to make an extraordinary Exercise ordinary, which in some sort takes away the Excellency thereof; and because it is an extraordinary Exercise, extraordinary Occasions best besit the same.

And so of other Christian Duties, a due and convenient Order is to be observ'd in all of them, according to that of the Wise Man, *There is a time for all things, a time to be dejected, a time to mourn, a time to refrain from Pleasures, &c. Eccles. 3.*

Yet ought we not to be so superstitiously nice, as to refuse God's Creatures, Gifts and Blessings which he freely offers to our good Use and Enjoyment, and so hinder and prejudice the Welfare of our Bodies and Minds thro defect. But these earthly Felicities also are to be us'd and enjoy'd in due order and at convenient times: The wise Man also saith, *There is a time to laugh, a time to rejoice, &c. Eccles. 3.*

And commonly in the Use and Enjoyment of Meat, Drink, Recreations, and all Pleasures, a temperate Custom, as it is most beneficial to the Welfare of the Body and Mind, so also is it most pleasant: And such Men as so use and enjoy the same, may be commonly observ'd to be the most

most healthy, free, cheerful, and happy Men, and consequently apt and well-prepar'd for the performance of all good Exercises of Body and Mind.

And the free and cheerful Enjoyment of earthly Happiness also, may encourage and stir us up to all divine Exercises, and may be an occasion of many heavenly Contemplations and Consolations, as more plainly appears in the last Section; and so further us in the Attainment and also Enjoyment of supernatural and heavenly things, rather than hinder the same: And therefore in such good use (notwithstanding this Objection) may at convenient times be enjoy'd freely and cheerfully.

It is true also, as it is further objected, that many ill Men enjoy earthly Felicities, and many good Men want them; and good reason for it, because of their Dangers and Impediments, as hath been objected and answer'd. God, like a wise Physician, a loving Father, often keeps his Servants from these things, knowing perchance the same will hurt them, for we are prone to fall into Abuses and Wickedness; and we had much better never enjoy them, than abuse them. But these Dangers, Abuses, and Hindrances may be avoided, converted to our Good, and increase our Happiness, as hath been shew'd and answer'd before.

Or perchance the reason why many good Men want these, may be to try, stir up, quicken and refine all heavenly Graces in them, and so to increase their Glory and Happiness in Heaven: And the reason why some ill Men enjoy

them, may be for their greater Misery and Punishment, in the ill Uses of them; or perhaps lest these earthly shou'd be thought of any value in respect of heavenly Felicities; or divers other Reasons best known to the Almighty.

Yet many good Men also, as the most regular Philosophers and greatest Professors of Vertue, Zeno, Cato, Scipio, Epaminondas, Plato, Socrates himself, and divers others, have us'd, enjoy'd, and written in commendation of Love, and other Sports, Delights and Pleasures. Likewise Abraham, Job, Solomon, and innumerable others, have possess'd and enjoy'd these earthly Felicities: And sometimes Christ himself, as at the Marriage in Cana, wou'd use and approve of the Enjoyment of earthly Creatures, lest they shou'd be thought evil.

They are indeed of themselves good, but of an indifferent nature to us, good or evil as they are well us'd or abus'd. But being well us'd with mediocrity, and to good ends, they are without question rather to be us'd and enjoy'd than despis'd or neglected. *Unto the Pure all things are pure,* saith St. Paul: And again, *Rom. 14. 14. I know and am persuaded by the Lord Jesus, says he, that there is nothing unclean of it self; but to him that esteemeth any thing unclean, to him it is unclean.* And in the same Chapter he intimates such to be the weaker Christians, who are nice and scrupulous in these things.

Yet however we ought not to despise such Men who refuse the moderate Use of earthly Blessings:

sings: St. Paul advises so, *R. 14.* 6. *Forasmuch as he saith of those who eat and drink, as well as of those who refuse, that they both do it to please God, and to give God thanks.* Wherefore it appears, altho such Refusal be Superstition and Folly in such Men, yet since they do it to please God, we ought not to despise or judge them, but rather respect and well esteem them for their good Intents and Purposes.

Let no Man judge you in respect of Meat or Drink, or of an Holiday, or of the new Moon, or Sabbath Days, Col. 2. 16.

True it is, we read of many ancient Fathers and Holy Men, who have been very strict and observant in the Refusal of Riches, of Honour, of dainty Meats, Flesh Wine, Marriage, and all Pleasures and liv'd in Deserts, Cells and Monasteries very abstemiously, eating very seldom, and faring only with Bread, Water, Herbs, or other coarse Meat; and of St. John Baptist, who liv'd a very austere Life, *whose Garments were only of Camels Hair, and Girdle of Skins, his Meat Locusts and wild Honey;* of whom our Saviour saith, *Mat. 11. That he came neither eating nor drinking;* and blam'd them who therefore said, *he had a Devil.*

Wherefore we are to reverence and well approve of the severe Sanctity of those ancient Fathers and Holy Men (respecting their good Intents, being intended and done to the Glory of God, and in and thro Christ Jesus gloriously rewarded) yet we may as much admire those others, as devout and of like Sanctity, who imitate our Saviour. He saith of himself (after he

had toid of St. John Baptist's Severity, as before, *Mat. 11.*) *That the Son of Man came eating and drinking;* but being with Temperance and Moderation, he blam'd those who therefore said, *Behold, a Man gluttonous and a Wine-bibber, a Friend of Publicans and Sinners;* concluding, *But Wisdom is justify'd of her Children;* implying his Innocency, and that there ought to be a wise Moderation in all things.

Now such as imitate our Saviour, and those ancient Christians in the primitive times, *who did eat their Meat together with Gladness and Singleness of Heart,* and such as resorted to those ancient Feasts and Banquets of Charity, of which I have written before, and other vertuous and religious Christians of all degrees in all Ages since, who have not disdain'd to enjoy these Gifts and Blessings of God in their good Use, are much better to be reputed than such as refuse so much Good, which God lovingly and freely offers to our Acceptance, good Use, and Enjoyment.

Such therefore who can live in the World, and yet be so spiritual and heavenly-minded, *that they can use it as if they us'd it not,* how and when they please, for their own Advantage; who can be temperate like our Saviour amongst *Publicans and Sinners,* or as *Lot,* be a good Man in *Sodom:* Such as know these earthly Felicities in their highest Excellency and Pleasures, and yet can avoid their Evils, Dangers and Impediments, and in all good ways use them or contemn them,

as they will themselves; such Men indeed are most worthy of Praise, and to be esteem'd most deserving.

And this to do is a greater Glory, and shews much more and stronger Sanctity and Grace inwardly, than utterly to abandon the World by retiring into a Monastery, or to neglect God's Gifts and Blessings; and consequently shall be more gloriously rewarded in Heaven.

Whereas it is further objected, That our Saviour saith, *It is hard for a Rich Man to enter into Heaven*: And St. Paul, *Not many noble, not many mighty are call'd*, &c. 1 Cor. 1. The reason is, because Riches and Greatness are great Dangers and Impediments; and therefore the former Answers may serve to this Objection also.

Not many mighty, not many noble are call'd after the Flesh, saith the Text. If a mighty and noble Man can be spiritual and heavenly, notwithstanding the Temptations of the Flesh, and the Allurements of Riches and Greatness, which naturally draw our Desires downwards; he is a noble and worthy Man indeed. Thrice blessed are those rich, mighty and noble Men, who can overcome such great Temptations to Evil, as great Honour and Riches allure unto! It is a greater Glory to mount up to Heaven thro Impediments, thro great Temptations and Difficulties, than otherwise.

Whereas it is also objected, That the Mourners, the meek and dejected Spirits are rather pronounc'd blessed in God's Word, than voluptuous Men; It is true

indeed, our Saviour saith, *Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted*; *Blessed are the meek in Spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of God*: But these are indeed Words of Blessedness, of Comfort, and of Exultation, to such as are truly penitent and meek in Spirit, exciting them to Faith, to Hope, to Joy, and Cheerfulness.

It is an Error to think and maintain that Religion dejects us; we see the same is sufficient to cheer, quicken and comfort the Mourners, the lowly and dejected Spirits, and to raise their Joys as high as a Kingdom, as Heaven. For most sweetly and happily doth it teach us, that such Men are blessed, they shall be comforted, to them belonging the Kingdom of God.

Religion indeed tells us, we ought to mourn and be dejected for our Sins and Frailties, rather than always to enjoy the Pleasures and Felicities of the World; but this also is to be done in due order, and at convenient times, as hath been said, *There is a time to mourn, and a time to rejoice*, Eccles. 3. And indeed even true Repentance and Humiliation, in its deepest Sorrow, ought incontinently to work in us a sound and joyful Assurance of Reconciliation to God, in consideration of his infinite Mercy in Jesus Christ to his penitent believing Creatures; and so to open unto us the sweet Fountains of Joy and Cheerfulness, rather than deject us, causing in us a happy and blessed Tranquillity, and exalting our Joys even to the Heavens.

And altho it be most true, that Religion ought to make us deny our selves, and to see our selves, like the *Laodiceans*, poor, miserable, blind, wretched and naked; yet of Christ Jesus (who counsels us thereunto, *Rev. 3. 18.*) we may buy fine Gold, white Rayment, Eye-salve: In him therefore we may be, and ought to think our selves rich, blessed, happy, the beloved of God himself, and Heirs of Heaven.

This heavenly Joy and Exultation of Spirit within us, may also add to the free and cheerful Enjoyment of earthly Felicities, inasmuch as we may enjoy the same with a more happy, free, and cheerful Mind: For why! a gracious, high-spirited, joyful, heavenly Mind enjoys all things more sweetly, pleasantly, nobly and excellently, than a low dejected Mind, which only creeps on the Earth, and can raise it self no higher.

Doth not then Religion most sweetly and divinely teach us to be contented, pleas'd, and happy in all Estates and Condition; so that whether we be afflicted,

mourn, dejected, lose, want, have Sufficiency or Abundance, we may think our selves happy in all things. *Having first sought the Kingdom of God, and the Righteousness thereof*, we may now freely enjoy earthly Happinesses also, as little Additions to that great Hope, which we may and ought to have of those infinite and eternal Felicities of Heaven.

It is an Error therefore to maintain, as some have done, that Men, tho God's Servants, should not enjoy Earth and Heaven also. What a gross Absurdity is it, to think that the Felicities of the Earth (which many wicked Men enjoy) shou'd not be possess'd and enjoy'd by God's Servants in their good Use, freely and cheerfully, since he graciously offers the same, and for whose good Use and Enjoyment they were created! *1 Tim. 4. 4. Being reconcil'd to God in Christ, what Good, what Happiness is in Earth or Heaven that we may not enjoy? For now all things are ours, and we are Christ's, and Christ is God's.*

Abstract of the Seventh SECTION.

ALTHO that many Hinderances be In earthly Riches, Honours, Pleasures; we In their good Use without Abuses may Them notwithstanding cheerfully enjoy. It is from Heaven, whence the Blessings spring, So that whilst we are sweetly solacing Our selves in Thoughts of God and Heaven, we may In some degree Pleasures of Heaven enjoy. 'Tis true indeed that moderate Abstinence, So as the same be with convenience, Disburdens our gross Minds, and makes them lightful, Perspicuous, free, most quick, and very sprightly.

But too much Abstinence, beyond due measure,
And over-nice Restraint of lawful Pleasure,
Doth much perplex the Mind, and so annoys
Our very Health and Peace, it Life destroys.
But usually a temperate Custom's best,
And such as use the same are surely blest.
Then surely such heroick noble Hearts,
As can be good amongst a shower of Darts;
As also such as notwithstanding Quires
Of Syrens tempting unto ill Desires,
Can yet be chaste and temperate, shall be
Rewarded greatly for such Victory.

Thrice blessed then
Are such great, mighty, rich and noble Men,
Who notwithstanding many strong Temptations,
Alluring and inchanting Provocations,
Can yet (contemning Evils) mount the Skies,
To Heaven thro all these charming Difficulties.
In Heaven they live, which sweetly doth possess
Them with true Peace, true Joy, true Happiness:
It also makes Earth's Happiness far sweeter,
So as we may enjoy the same much better;
For when such raised heavenly Joys we find,
We may enjoy the Earth with heavenly Mind.
So having sought God's Kingdom, now we may
The Pleasures of the Earth freely enjoy;
In such sort as we may esteem them even
Little Additions to our Hope of Heaven.

S E C T. VIII.

We may enjoy earthly Perfection (or Happiness) with a heavenly Mind, insomuch as by the good Use and Enjoyment thereof, we may demonstrate this Paradox by our own Experience, That we live in Heaven in this World.

I Have in the former Sections insisted somewhat largely upon the free and cheerful Enjoyment of earthly Happiness in their good use, answering the Objections to the contrary; the rather, because certainly if Men were well persuaded of this Paradox, That external Happiness is not contrary, but rather a Furtherance, both to internal and eternal Happiness, they wou'd with more swift Desires, run the ways that lead

them both to the Felicities of Earth and Heaven: And also because the too rigid and stoical Severity of many Men, both in their Carriage and Writings, is a great occasion that multitudes of People in the World, especially such as are young, and of a pleasant Nature, will not follow the Divine Precepts of Vertue and Religion, thinking the same too severe, melancholy, and solitary.

Whereas

Whereas indeed the ways of Religion and Vertue are most lovely, pleasant and beneficial: *Her ways are ways of Pleasantness, and her paths are Peace,* Prov. 3. 17. The same is sufficient to reward the Followers thereof, even in this Life, with perfect Pleasure, and a multitude of Benefits. It is no way deficient, but in all respects amiable and excellent; adding to the Pleasantness and Delights of earthly Pleasures, Felicities, and Recreations, and making these also serve to increase heavenly Joys and Consolations. And when our Minds are rais'd to the Knowledge of heavenly Pleasures, we may then also enjoy the Felicities of the Earth with a heavenly Mind.

Let us therefore endeavour by and thro these lower Delights and Happineses of the Earth, these little glimmering Rays, proceeding from that Sun of Glory, God himself, to espy some Light of his heavenly Glory and Happiness; and so in some measure to spell, learn, and enjoy the Felicities of Heaven on earth.

We are not to disdain, to make use of these earthly in the acquisition of heavenly things, nor to make earthly Comparisons and Similitudes; for altho there be no Comparison between them either in Time or Excellency, yet as Children have need at first to be allur'd to the attaining of great and excellent matters, by such Toys and Trifles as they apprehend, so in respect of our weak Apprehension, such Comparisons and Similitudes often are and may be us'd in a convenient manner: So as we may

make a very good Use of earthly Felicities in this respect, as of a prospective Glass; for by and thro these earthly, our weak Sight may see more plainly into heavenly Happineses, and consequently be excited to seek and enjoy the same.

Let us then, by Reason's Light, thro these terrestrial things, endeavour to learn, and contemplate higher, more excellent, heavenly Happiness. Reason is of such force, as that it can pass from things known to things unknown; it can abstract from visible things, things invincible, from corporeal, incorporeal, generals from particulars, and high, mystical, and heavenly things, from low, apparent, terrestrial things: So as hereby we may in some measure contemplate God himself, and his heavenly Glory.

It is a common Doctrine, the World is made for Man, and Man for God; and that there is no Happiness in the World from which we may not draw some Instruction to know God, our selves, and our Duty. If therefore first in general we consider all the Felicities in the world in their greatest Worth, Beauty, Sweetness and Pleasantness; Reason will tell us, that if there be so much Excellency in the Creatures, the Créator is in all respects much more excellent; and that if we may enjoy such and so many Pleasures and Felicities in Creatures, much more and better may and shall we enjoy in God himself, and taste and see how good the Lord is, as David says.

The Felicities of the Earth in their greatest Worth and Excellency,

lency, are but as Drops proceeding from the Ocean of his infinite Sweetness. If we may enjoy so much Pleasure, so much Happiness in these little Drops and Foretastes, how much more may and shall we in those Rivers of Pleasures, in that Sea of Happiness, which is in God in the Heavens? Reason also tells us, if there be so much, so many, and such excellent Treasures, Glory, Delights, and Felicities on earth, the Place of our Mortality, of our Pilgrimage, possess'd also by God's Enemies; there is abundantly more Happiness in Heaven, the Place of our Eternity, our Kingdom, and possess'd only by God himself and his Friends.

And besides the Instruction which man draweth in general from earthly Felicities, he may likewise in Particulars, even by Reason, spy and learn some Knowledge of God himself, and his heavenly Glory and Happiness.

As for Example, the azure'd Heaven so richly deck'd and bespangled with Stars, and rolling Torches over our heads, which never cease; enjoying the same by Contemplation, he mounteth higher, and is carry'd with Admiration, Fear, Love, and Reverence of the Author, and Sovereign Lord of all: So that we can, even by our corporal Eyes, from the Earth look to the Moon, the Sun, the starry Heaven, and therein sweetly please our selves in the View and Contemplation of their glorious Aspect, their bright, lovely, twinkling, silver, heavenly Rays; from thence by the Eye of Rea-

son we can see further to the Christalline Heaven, yea to the Imperial above the Spheres, and there contemplate far more excellent Glory, Delights and Happiness. So as even by Reason, in and thro these earthly Felicities, our dim Eyes, as thro Spectacles, may espy some Light of God himself, and of his infinite Beauty, Pleasantness, Sweetness, and Excellency.

But if we add the Eye of Faith also to our Reason, we may view further and see more plainly this Author of all Happiness, God himself, and his celestial Glory; and taste of the Ocean of his infinite Sweetness and heavenly Pleasures.

And as Reason, so Faith also, in the View and Contemplation of Heaven, may make a very good use of earthly Comparisons, Similitudes, Delights, and Happiness. We often find in the Sacred Scriptures, that earthly Comparisons are us'd to express heavenly Excellences to our Apprehension; so as by the Riches, Honour, Kingdoms, Crowns, Glory, Delights, and Pleasures of the Earth, we may look infinitely higher by the Light of Reason and of Faith, and thereby contemplate those infinitely more excellent Treasures, Crowns, Kingdoms, Glory and Delights of Heaven.

Faith goes before Time, and makes things future present in such sort, as thereby we may, even in this Life, in some degree possess the Happiness of Heaven; inasmuch as by faithful and heavenly Contemplation, we may even set our Souls in Heaven beforehand, tasting already of future

ture Happiness, entertaining our selves with God himself and his Angels, and so enjoying in our Thoughts and Contemplations, a Paradise of Heavenly Pleasures and Felicities on Earth.

Let us therefore often in Contemplation, by the Light of Reason and of Faith (which are the best Optricks) view and contemplate those glorious Crowns, Treasures, Delights and Felicities, which we expect hereafter to possess in the Heavens; and as in a Mirrour behold his Glory, who is the Fountain and Perfection of all Pleasure and Happiness.

It is the poor, despis'd and miserable Man's only Hope and Joy on Earth, to be rich, honourable and happy in Heaven. The rich, honourable and prosperous Man also, with reason imagines, that if Terrestrial Prosperity afford him some Felicities and Pleasures, he shall be much more happy when he shall possess those eternal Riches, Honours and Pleasures of Heaven.

Let our Souls then often soar aloft upon the Wings of Reason and of Faith, unto the Empirean Heaven, where our Desires shall be accomplish'd with all manner of Felicities. Wou'd we have Thrones? This Imperial Heaven shall be our Footstool. Wou'd we have Crowns? Glory and Immortality shall environ our Heads. Do we desire Treasures? inestimable Riches are in this House of our God. Wou'd we have Pleasures? Rivers of Pleasures are at his right Hand for evermore.

Let us then unty our selves from the covetous, ambitious, intemperate and vicious Desire of these Earthly Felicities, and with

a Heart full of Desire and Love, elevate our Thoughts to those most glorious Riches, Kingdoms and Pleasures of Heaven.

The Riches of the World, so much as we do possess in the good use thereof, let us still enjoy freely and chearfully: only let us convert our covetous, base, sordid and vitious Desire thereof, to the Love, Desire and Enjoyment of a contented Mind, and of the Riches of Divine Grace, these eternal Treasures of Heaven; yea even to possess God himself: In such Desires let us greatly rejoice.

So also Honour and good Repute may we still enjoy; and instead of that ravenous and unsatiable Thirst of airy and vain Honour, compos'd of Pride, Vain-glory, Hypocrisy and sundry Vices, let every one of us aspire (by the assistance of the Divine Power) to be Lord of Himself, the World's Master, to triumph over all infernal Powers, to be a Son of God, an Heir to the Kingdom of Heaven; and in such Desires and Aspirations let us take marvellous Joy and Pleasure.

All lawful and good Pleasures also in such good use let us freely enjoy; only let us convert our vain, vitious, unlawful, intemperate desire thereof, to desire and wish for those most sweet Pleasures, which proceed from a happy Tranquillity of the Soul, and Joy in God, and to taste in some measure beforehand of that Divine Manna, that Celestial Nectar, those Fountains of Pleasures which we hope and expect to enjoy with God himself for ever in the Heavens.

Let us then freely and cheerfully walk into this Terrestrial Paradise, the vast Palace of the World, and enjoy the Felicities thereof; for to this end they were created, that we should use them well, and so enjoy them.

Even the meanest Delights thereof were ordain'd for this purpose, and may be of excellent use: As for Example,

The Chirping of Birds, which learn to sing of Nature, to charm our Ears thro the sweet Harmony of their Warbling; when these please our Ears, then may we think of the sweet Musick of Saints and Angels which shall ravish our Spirits.

And the Fountains, tho insensible, yet strive with the sweet Murmurs of their pretty Purlings to afford us Delectation. When this delights our Thoughts, then may we contemplate those Heavenly Fountains of Life which shall fill us with extreme Delectation for ever.

In this Terrestrial Palace, the Spring, the Summer and Autumn are incessantly busied in producing our Happiness for a Season: but let us think, in the Celestial Paradise, an Eternity shall fill us with more Felicity than we can imagine.

Here we see the Sun, Moon, Stars, the Skies, Fire, Torches, Pearls, Gold, and divers other glorious Sights and Beauties; let us then think of that Glory, of which if we cou'd (with St. Peter) espy but one Ray, we shou'd like him be so dazled at the Glittering thereof, as we shou'd for ever desire to dwell there, and to build Tabernacles.

When we see and taste of

sweet and pleasant Cates, Banquetting, Festival and dainty Meats of all sorts, of sparkling and delicious Wines, and other pleasing Liquors, let us then think of that Celestial Manna, the Food of Heaven, of that Divine Nectar, the Sweetness of Eternal Joy and Happiness, that everlasting Love-feast, to which the Angels shall invite us, and where we shall enjoy infinite Pleasures and Happiness for ever.

This Divine Manna, this Heavenly Nectar, if we could but taste thereof, but truly think thereof indeed, it were sufficient to charm our Spirits, and sweetly to bring them into a most pleasing Extasy; insomuch, that in such Heavenly Thoughts and Contemplations, we may already in some measure feast on the Joys of Eternity, taste of the Delights of Heaven on Earth.

And so I might instance in a thousand other occasional Meditations.

Thus, if we can use these Terrestrial Happinesses well, we may freely and cheerfully enjoy the same, even with a Divine, a Heavenly Mind; and they may further us in the Attainment, and also Enjoyment, of Heavenly Delights and Happiness.

And when we have made such a good use of them as Children do of their ABC and Battledore, or of Toys and Trifles, such as they apprehend; by these learning and coming to the knowledge of far more excellent Matters; and afterwards seeing themselves beyond and above them, do even contemn these, in comparison of the more excellent things which they have then learned,

learned, yet still scorn not to use these Letters and Rudiments of Learning; but so, as that they can be above them, and use them as they list, for their own Advantage:

So let us, having by these Earthly Felicities spel'd and learned Eternal and Heavenly Excellences, endeavour to be above, and even to contemn these Earthly in comparison of the Heavenly Felicities, which are infinitely more excellent; yet so, as that without such comparison, and in respect of our Nature, and Necessities of their Author, and their Goodness, we still esteem them well accordingly, still use them for our own Advantage; and so in all respects, to increase our Joy and Happiness, still endeavouring by these (as by Letters) to read and learn further into those infinitely more excellent Treasures, Glory and Delights of Heaven.

And certain it is, that those Souls which are rais'd to a super-

natural and divine Temper, to a high degree of Knowledge and Contemplation in the Heavenly Felicities, *are the most happy Men, even in this World*, inasmuch as they enjoy the Happineses of the Earth, with a gracious, chearful, joyful and heavenly Mind, and also do in some measure already taste of and enjoy those Felicities which they pretend to receive hereafter, and to enjoy eternally, while their Souls are here solacing themselves in the Contemplations of Heaven.

Insomuch that even on Earth, in such Divine Contemplations, *we may live in Heaven*, enjoying also a Paradise of Heavenly Pleasures and Happiness, tasting in some degree the Delights of Heaven beforehand: *so as it seems we may enjoy two Heavens*; the first Heaven on Earth, the other Heaven in Heaven; ascending at the end of the Career of this Life, *from one Heaven to another*, from this Terrestrial to the Celestial Paradise.

Abstract of the Eighth SECTION.

SEE then, Religion's lovely Pleasantness;
*It crowns us every way with Happiness;
 It adds unto Earth's Joys and Recreations,
 And makes these add to Heavenly Consolations:
 And when such Heavenly Joys in us we find,
 We may enjoy the Earth with Heavenly Mind.
 When we in Earthly Blessings take Delight,
 We may look higher, thence direct our Sight
 Above the Spheres, to God himself, to Heaven,
 From whence these come, and there contemplate even
 Th' Eternal Glory which we shall possess,
 E'en God himself, and Heavenly Happiness.
 For by the Eye of Reason, our dim Sight
 May thro these Earthly Pleasures spy some Light
 Of Heavenly Joys, and so may be excited
 To taste thereof, to which we are invited.*

Reason will tell us, if in Creatures be
Such Excellency, much more may we see,
Taste and enjoy in the Creator's Worth,
From whence, as little Drops, these do spring forth.
If in these Drops some Pleasures we do take,
How much enjoy in that Eternal Lake,
That Sea of Sweetness, which we shall possess
In God himself, and Heavenly Happiness!
Thus, as thro' Earthly Pleasures, our dull Sight
May (as thro' Spectacles) by Reason's Light
Look up to Heaven, to God himself, and spy
Some Glimpses of his glorious Majesty,
And so may taste already, in some measure,
The Ocean of his sweet and Heavenly Pleasure.
But if we add Faith's Light to Reason's Eye,
We then may far more plainly, clearly spy
The Glory of God, his bright Celestial Treasures,
And taste the Sweetness of his Heavenly Pleasures.
Faith's of such Power, such Force, as that it can
Make future Things seem present to a Man;
Most sweetly pleas'd and joyful, thus we may
On Earth a Heavenly Paradise enjoy.
Let's often then by Faith, and Reason's Light,
From Earth unto the Heavens direct our Sight;
And there contemplate on those glorious Treasures,
Crowns, Kingdoms, sweetest and eternal Pleasures,
Which we expect hereafter to possess
In God himself, in Heavenly Happiness.
Let then our Souls be mounting up aloft
Upon the Wings of Faith and Reason, oft
To God, to the Imperial Heaven, where
We shall be fill'd with sweetest Pleasures; there
Would we have Crowns? immortal Glory shall
Environ us; if Thrones, the Imperial
Heaven shall be our Footstool; or if Treasures,
Eternal Riches are with God; if Pleasures,
Rivers of Pleasures, various endless Store
There are at his right Hand for evermore.
Freely then let us trace this Paradise,
The World's vast Palace; let us with our Eyes,
Our Ears, and all our Senses (since we may)
The Pleasures thereof chearfully enjoy.
Even the meanest Pleasures were (we see)
Created for this purpose, and may be
Of excellent use, as chirping Notes of Birds,
(Who sing to please our Ears) the same affords
Us pretty Delectation; when they sing,
Who can but please to hear their Warbling?

*Let this inspire us full of sweet Desires;
 To hear the Angels' sing in Heavenly Quires;
 Who, with the Musick of their Harmony,
 Shall charm our Souls into an Extasy.
 The Fountains also, tho' insensible,
 Do strive, as far as they can possible,
 With their sweet purling Murmurs to delight us;
 So let these pretty Pleasures then invite us
 To think of Heavenly Fountains, of that River,
 Which with extreme Delights shall fill us ever.
 On Earth TIME doth produce Joy for a Season,
 In Heaven ETERNITY, Joy past our Reason;
 Let transitory Joys then put's in mind
 Of Heavenly Joys, whereof no end we find.
 On Earth we see many and glorious Lights,
 Sun, Moon, Stars, Fire, Gold, other pleasing Sights
 And shining Beauties; let us then, I pray,
 Think of that Glory, which if but one Ray
 We cou'd espy, the Glittering thereof would
 So dazle our weak Eyes, as that we should
 For ever (like St. Peter) wish to be
 And dwell where we this glorious Sight may see.
 So if we thus can use Terrestrial Joy,
 Looking thereby to God; to Heaven, we may
 Enjoy the same with happy, Heavenly Mind,
 And thereby also Heavenly Joy may find:
 So that on Earth already, we may even
 In some degree, enjoy Delights of Heaven;
 And when this Life's Career shall have an end,
 From Heaven on Earth, to Heaven in Heaven ascend;
 A Paradise of Pleasures so we may
 Both here on Earth, and in the Heavens enjoy.*

Paradox LIX.

Proving Fishes are the most docible Creatures living.

FISHES exceed all Creatures in point of Health, even to a Proverb, which is a thing altogether necessary to the Functions of the Soul. Moreover, they are of a very long Life, which begets Experience, as that doth Understanding. Their Health is manifested by their Fecundity: and since Coldness is the Complexion of the Wise, and Salt is reckon'd the Symbol of Wisdom; Fishes, the Inhabitants of the Sea, and the coldest of all Creatures, must have a share thereof. Besides, if softness of Flesh be

a sign of goodness of Wit every where else, as 'tis in Man (and Physiognomy teaches us to draw consequences from other Creatures to him) Fishes have this Advantage above all the Inhabitants either of the Air or Earth; both which were indeed made for Man; but the Sea was primarily made for Fishes, its other Conveniences being only accidental. Silence, the common distinction between the Wise and the Foolish, is natural to them; whereas the Voices and Chantings of Birds and other Animals, are oftentimes the occasion of their Ruin. Yea, they are so subtle, that Fishermen cannot take them but with a white Line, of the Colour of the Water; otherwise if it be gross and visible, they will not come near it. Diffidence, the Parent of Safety, is more common to them than to all other Animals, and their Vigilance is greater. Land-Animals have no sleight equal to that imperceptible Charm, whereby the *Torpedo* chills the Arm of the Fisherman; or to that of the *Cuttle-fish*, which when she is in danger of being taken, blackens the Water with her Ink to keep her self from being seen; or to that of the *Polipus*, who becomes of the Colour of the Rock upon which it holds, to avoid being perceiv'd. And tho the Element of Water so separates us from the Commerce of its Inhabitants, that the hundredth part of what concerns them is unknown to us; yet there is none but observes, that Fishes need more sleights to secure themselves from the Ambushes and Hostilities of others, than the Beasts of the Field have, which are also more easily taken. The Fish call'd the *Mullet*, strikes off the Bait of the Hook with her Tail, instead of being taken by it; and if she cannot do so, she is contented to bite it round about: And the Sea-wolf finding her self taken, shakes her Head this way and that way with much Pain, till she hath cast out the Hook again; and for the same purpose, the *Sea-Fox* turns her Inside outwards. The *Loubing* and *Sea-Dog* finding themselves surrounded with the Net, make a Hole in the Ground and sculk therein, till the Net be drawn over them; but the *Dolphin* rejoices in the Net, because he may with Ease fill himself with his Fellow-Prisoners; yet when he perceives he is drawing near the Shoar, he bites the Net; which if he cannot do quick enough, the Fishermen knowing him a Friend to Man, pardon him the first time, and only thrusting a Bulrush thro his Skin let him go; if he be taken again (which seldom happens, as *Plutarch* saith, out of whom most of these Relations are taken) he is beaten. Yea, they are ingenious not only for themselves, but for others; for when the *Gilt-head* hath swallow'd the Hook, his Companions bite the Line, and if one of them fall into one of the Meshes, they lend him their Tails to bite and draw him thro; and when the *Barbles* see one of their Companions caught, they get upon him, and with the indented Spine they have upon their Backs cut it asunder. *Crassius's Lamprey* wou'd take Bread out of his hand, and was bewail'd by him when it dy'd. The Story of *Arion*, and that

that of the Fish call'd *Manaro* in the Island of *Hispaniola*, which was delighted with Praises and Musick, carry'd nine or ten Persons upon his back; and having been wounded by a *Spaniard*, disappear'd: The *Raye*, which *Olaus* writes, defended a Man from Dogs upon the Shoar of *Denmark*: And the *Sea-Eel*, which the *Indians* carry behind their Boats to let him play about the *Tortoises* and other Fishes which they take; are abundant Instances that *Fishes are the most do-cible Creatures living*. This also is justify'd by the *Pinatere*, which pricks the *Oyster* to advertise it when its Prey is within; by the *Spongothera*, which performs the

same Office for the *Spange*; and by the *Whale's Guide*, whom she suffers to sleep in her Throat, and without whom she wou'd dash against the Shore; by the *Pike*, which keeps company with the *Tench*, whose sliminess serves to close his Wounds; by the *Tunnies*, who always set their good Eye toward the Shoar, and move well order'd in a cubick Squadron; by the *Sea-Urchins*, which presaging a Tempest, lade themselves with Stones for fear of being carry'd away by the Waves; and by all Fishes in general which swim against the Wind, lest it shou'd open their Scales, excepting one whose Scales are set the contrary way.

Parador LX.

That every kind Mistress (be she e'er so Ugly) is truly Beautiful.

I.

MISTAKE me not, I am not of that Mind
To hate all Womankind;

Nor can you so my Patience vex,

To make my Muse blaspheme your Sex;

Nor with my Satyrs bite you:

Tho there are some in your free State,

Some things in you, who're Candidate,

That he who is, or loves himself, must hate;

Yet I'll not therefore slight you.

For I'm a Schismatick in Love,

And what makes most abhor it,

In me does more Affection move,

I love the better for it.

II.

I vow I am so far from loving none;

That I love every one;

If Fair I must, if Brown she be,

She's lovely, and for Sympathy,

'Cause

'Cause we're alike, I love her;
 If *Tall*, she's *Proper*; and if *Short*,
 She's *humble*, and I love her for't:
Small's pretty, *Fat* is pleasant, every sort
 Some graceful *Good* discover:
 If *Young*, she's pliant to the Sport;
 And if her *Visage* carry
Grey Hairs and *Wrinkles*, yet I'll court,
 And so turn *Antiquary*.

III.

Be her Hair *Red*, be her Lips *Gray* or *Blue*,
 Or any other *Hew*;
 Or has she but the *Ruins* of a *Nose*,
 Or but *Eye-Sockets*, I'll love those;
 Tho *Scales*, not *Skin*, do clothe her,
 Tho from her *Lungs*, the *Scent* that comes
 Does Rot her *Teeth* out of their *Gums*;
 I'll count all these for high *Encomiums*,
 Nor will I therefore loath her.
 There are no *Rules* for *Beauty*, but
 'Tis as our *Fancies* make it;
 Be you but *kind*, I'll think you *fair*,
 And all for *Truth* shall take it.

Paradox LXI.

That only Cowards dare die.

EXTREMES are equally re-
 mov'd from the *Mean*; so
 that headlong *Desperateness* as
 much offends true *Valour* as back-
 ward *Cowardice*; of which sort
 I reckon justly all *unforc'd*
Deaths. When will your valiant

Man die of *Necessity*? So *Cow-*
ards suffer what cannot be avoi-
 ded: Will he die when he is *rich*
 and *happy*? then by living he may
 do more good; and in *Afflictions*
 and *Miseries*, *Death* is the chosen
 Refuge of *Cowards*.

Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest.

But it is taught and practis'd a-
 mong our *Gallants*, that rather
 than our *Reputations* suffer any
 Damage, or we any *Misery*, we
 shall offer our *Breasts* to the *Can-*
non's Mouth, yea to our *Sword's*

Point: And this seems a very
 brave and a very climbing (which
 is a *Cowardly*, and indeed a very
 groveling) Spirit. Why do they
 chain these *Slaves* to the *Gallies*,
 but that they seek *Death*, and
 would

would fain leap into the Sea? which was then become *Madness*, Why do they take Weapons from to make his own *Breath* an *Instrument* to stay his *Breath*, and labour to choke himself; but, alas! of that ease which *Cowards* affect, a *speedy Death*? Truly this he was *mad*. And I knew another that languish'd under the *Life* is a *Tempest* and a *Warfare*; and he who dares die to escape the *Oppression* of a poor *Disgrace* so much, that he took more pains to die, than wou'd have serv'd to have nourish'd *Life* and *Spirit* enough to have out-liv'd his *Disgrace*. I have seen one in that extremity of *Melancholy*, *grace*.

Paradox LXII.

That a wise Man is known by much Laughing.

RIDE, si sapi, o puella ride; not he be only most *wise*, who if thou be'st *wise*, laugh: hath most use of *Laughing*, as well For since the *Powers* of *Discourse*, as he who hath most of *Reasoning* and *Discoursing*? I always *Reason* and *Laughter* be equally did and shall understand that proper unto *Man* only, why shall *Adage*,

Per risum multum possis cognoscere Stultum.

That by much *Laughing* thou may'st know there is a *Fool*, not that the *Laughers* are *Fools*, but that among them there is some *Fool* at whom *wise Men* laugh; which mov'd *Erasmus* to put this as his first *Argument* in the mouth of his *Folly*, that she made *Beholders* laugh: for *Fools* are the most laugh'd at, and laugh the least themselves of any. And *Nature* saw this *Faculty* to be so necessary in *Man*, that she hath been content that by more *Causes* we should be importun'd to laugh, than to the exercise of any other *Power*; for things in themselves, utterly contrary, be-

get this effect; for we laugh both at *witty* and *absurd* things: At both which sorts I have seen *Men* laugh so long, and so earnestly, that at last they have wept that they could laugh no more. And therefore the *Poet* having describ'd the *Quietness* of a *wise retir'd Man*, saith, *Quid facit Caninus tuus ridet?* We are told that even the extremity of *Laughing*, yea of *Weeping* also, hath been accounted *Wisdom*: And that *Democritus* and *Heraclitus*, the *Lovers* of these *Extremes*, have been call'd *Lovers of Wisdom*. Now among our *wise Men* I doubt not, but many would be found who

who would laugh at *Heraclitus's* Weeping, none who weep at *Democritus's* Laughing. At the hearing of *Comedies*, or other witty Reports, I have noted some, who not understanding *Jests*, &c. have yet chosen this as the best means to seem wise and understanding, to laugh when their *Companions* laugh; and I have presum'd them ignorant, whom I have seen unmov'd. Thus a wise Man is known by much Laughing.

A wise Man that knows at what to laugh, and a valiant Man

that dares laugh; for he that laughs is justly reputed more wise than him that he laughs at. What is our *superstitious Civility* of *Manners*; but a mutual tickling Flattery of one another? Almost every Man affecteth an Humour of *Jesting*, and is content to become Fool to no other end, but to give his wise Companion occasion to laugh; and to laugh is so common to wise Men, that I think all wise Men (if any such read this Paradox) will laugh both at it and me.

Paradox LXIII.

That every True Wife is False.

I.

SINCE thou'rt condemn'd to wed a thing,
And that same thing must be a She;
And that same She to Thee must cling
For term of Life of Her and Thee;
I'll tell thee what this Thing shall be.

II.

I would not have her Virtuous,
For such a Wife I ne'er did see;
And 'tis a Madness to suppose
What never was, nor e'er shall be;
To seem so, is enough to thee.

III.

Do not desire she should be Wise,
Yet let her have a waggish Wit;
No circumventing Subtilties,
But pretty Sights to please and hit,
And make us laugh at her, or it.

IV.

Nor must thou have one very Just,
Lest she repay thee in thy kind;
And yet she must be true to Trust,
Or if to sport she has a Mind,
Let her be sure to keep thee Blind.

X 3

V. One

V.

One part of Valour let her have;
 Not to return but suffer Ill,
 To her own Passion be no Slave,
 But to thy Laws obedient still,
 And unto thine *submit her Will.*

VI.

Be thou content she have a Tongue
 That's active, so it be not loud;
 And so she be strait-limb'd and young,
 Tho not with Beauty much endow'd,
 No matter, so she be but proud.

VII.

Tir'd she shou'd be, not satisfy'd,
 But always tempting thee for more,
 So cunningly she ben't espy'd,
 Let her act all parts like a Whore,
 So she ben't one, I'd ask no more.

VIII.

But above all things, let her be
 Short-liv'd and rich, no strong-dock'd *Joan,*
 That dares to live till Fifty Three;
Find this Wife, if thou must have one,
But there's no Wife so good as none.

Paradox LXIV.

That the Self-Murder of the Pagans was justifiable.

EVIL appears such only by comparison; and he that sees himself threatned with greater Evils than that of Death, ought not only to attend it without fear, but seek it as the only sovereign Medicine of a desperate Malady. What then, if Death be nothing, as the *Pagans* believ'd, and leave nothing after it? For we must distinguish Paganism, and Man consider'd in his pure state of Nature, from Christianity and the State of Grace. In the former, I think *Diogenes* had reason, when meet-
 ing *Speusippus* languishing with an incurable Disease, who gave him the good day, he answer'd, *I wish not you the like, since thou suffereſt an Evil from which thou mayſt deliver thy ſelf;* as accordingly he did when he return'd home: For all that they fear'd in their Religion after Death, was, Not being what their *Faſti* taught them of the State of Souls in the other Life, being so little believ'd that they reckon'd it amongst the Fables of the Poets. Or if they thought they left any thing behind them, 'twas only their

their Renown, of which a courageous Man that kill'd himself had more hope than the Soft and Effeminate. The same is still the Custom of those great *Sea-Captains*, who blow themselves up with Gunpowder to avoid falling into the Enemies' Hands. Yet there's none but more esteems their Resolution, than the Demenor of Cowards who yield at Mercy. This is the sole means of making great Captains and good Soldiers by their example, to teach them not to fear Death, not to hold it, with poltron Philosophers, the most Terrible of Terribles. And to judge well of both, compare we the abjectness of a *Perseus*, a Slave led in Triumph, with the Generosity of a *Brutus*, or a *Cato Uticensis*: For 'twere more generous to endure patiently the Incommodities of the Body, the Injuries of an Enemy, and the Infamy of Death, if man had a Spirit proof against the strokes of Fortune. But he, tho he may ward himself with his Courage, yet he can never surmount all sort of Evils; and according to the Opinion of the same Philosopher, *all Fear is not to be rejected*. Some Evils are so vehement that they cannot be oppos'd without Stupidity, as *Torments of the Body, Fire, the Wheel, the Loss of Honour*, and the like; which 'tis oftentimes better to abandon than vainly to strive to overcome them. Wherefore, as 'tis Weakness to have recourse to Death for any Pain whatsoever, so 'twas an ignominious Cowardice amongst the Pagans, to live in Torment and Grief.

Then the generous Resolution of those great Men of Antiquity,

ought rather to have the Approbation than the Scorn of a reasonable Mind; and 'tis proper to low Spirits to censure the Examples which they cannot imitate. 'Tis not meet, because we are soft, to blame the Courage of a *Cato*, who as he was tearing his own Bowels could not forbear laughing even while his Soul was upon his Lips, for Joy of his approaching Deliverance; nor the Constancy of a *Socrates*, who to shew with what Contentedness he receiv'd Death, convers'd with it, and digested what others call its Bitterness, without any Trouble, the space of forty days. *Sextius* and *Cleanthus* the Philosopher follow'd almost the same Course; Only they had the more Honour, for that their Deaths were purely voluntary. For the Will forc'd by an extrinsecal Cause, performs nothing above the Vulgar, who can obey the Laws of Necessity: but when nothing forces us to die but our selves, and we have good Cause for it, this Death is the most gallant and glorious. Nor is it unjust, as is pretended, any more than the Laws which suffer a Man to cut off his Leg for avoiding a Gangreen. Why should not the Jugular Vein be as well at our Choice as the Median? For as I transgress not the Laws against Thieves when I cut my own Purse, nor those against Incendiaries when I burn my own Wood; so neither am I within the Laws made against Murderers, by depriving my self of Life: 'Tis my own good which I abandon, the Thred which I cut is my own. And what is said, that we are more the Publick's than our own, hath no ground

ground but in our Pride, which makes us take our selves for such necessary pieces of the World as not to be dismembred from it without a noble loss to that great Body. Besides, were we so useful to the World, yet our own turn must be first serv'd. Let us live then, first for our selves, if it be expedient; next, for others: but when Life becomes worse than Death, let us quit it, as we do an inconvenient or unbecoming Garment. Is it not a sign of Generosity to make Gouts, Stones, Aches and all other Plagues of Life yield to the stroke of a victorious Hand, which at one Blow puts an end to more Maladies than all the Simples of *Galen*, and the Antidotes of *Apicenna*?

And therefore I cannot approve the Determination of the Stoicks, who say that vulgar Souls live as long as they can; those of the wise, as long as 'tis fit, departing out of Life as we do from the Table, or from Play when we are weary: That the Examples of *Priscia* who accompany'd her Husband in Death; of *Piso*, who dy'd to save his Children; of *Sextus's* Daughter, who kill'd her self for her Father; of *Zeno*, who did as much, to avoid the Inconmodities of

old Age (which made it pass for Piety at *Rome* a long time, to cast decrepit old men head-long from a Bridge into *Tiber*) are as culpable as he who surrenders a Place when he is able to defend it. For whereas *Plato* exempts such from the Punishment against Suicides, who committed it to avoid Infamy or intolerable Necessity; and what *Pliny* saith, that Nature hath for this end produc'd so many poisonous Plants for five or six sorts of Corn, that there is but one way to enter into the World, but infinite to go out of it; the imputing it to Stupidity not to go out of a Prison when one hath the Key, adding that 'tis lawful to execute that which 'tis lawful to desire, as *St. Paul* did his own Death; yea the Example which is alledg'd of *Sampson*, of *Razias*, and of eleven thousand Virgins who precipitated themselves into the Sea to save their Chastity; in the Church are effects of a particular Inspiration, not to be drawn into consequence, and out of it Examples of Rage and Despair disguis'd with the Mask of true Fortitude and Magnanimity, which consists chiefly in supporting Evils, as the Precedents of so many religious Souls attest to us.

Parador LXV.

In Praise of a Tired Horse that was stolen.

'T WAS hot, and our *Olympick* Charioter
Limbeck'd the Body of the Traveller ;
 Which to prevent, I like the *Sun* did go :
 He was on Horse-back, I on Horse-back too :
 Soon we go to view the Desolation
 That *Hockstedt* Fight made in the *Gallick* Nation :
 But my Horse was so *superstitious* grown,
 He would fall down, and worship every Stone :
 Nay he, in reverence to each holy Place,
 Was often seen to fall upon his Face.
 And had I been inclin'd to *Popishness*,
 I needed have no other *Cross* but this.
 Within a Mile or two, without Command,
 Do what I could, this *fade* would make a stand :
 I *prais'd* him, thinking Glory were a *Spur*
 To prick him on, all would not make him stir.
 All worldly Things do pass away we know,
 But yet my Horse wou'd neither run nor go.
 What everlasting *Creature* should this be,
 That all things are less *permanent* than he !
 So long I *kick'd*, the People did suppose,
 The *armless* Man had beat a Drum with's Toes :
 But tho a *March* or an *Alarm* I beat,
 The senseless Horse took all for a *Retreat* :
 The Peoples Jeers mov'd me to no remorse,
 No more than all my *Kicks* did move my Horse.
 Had *Phaeton's* Horses been as mine is, they
 Needed no Reins, they'd never run away.
 I wish'd for old *Copernicus* to prove,
 That while we both stood still, the Earth would move.
 Oh for an Earthquake, that the Hills might meet
 To bring us home, tho we mov'd not our Feet !
 All would not do, I was constrain'd to be
 The Bringer up of a *Foot Company*.
 But now in what a woful Case were I,
 If like *French Troopers* I were put to flee ?
 I wish all *Cowards* (if that ben't too much)
 If they won't stand but leave their Friends i'th' Lurch,
 In the next Fight, when they begin to flee,
 They may be plagu'd with a *Tyr'd Horse* like me ;

And one there is that must expect that Cross,
 For a *Poor Trooper* now has stol'n my Horse.
 But let him go, I'll vex my self no more,
 Lest my Heart break, as did my Stable-door:
 'Twas but a Horse, if he be gone, he's gone;
 'Tis not a Horse that I do stand upon.
 Now by this Cross I am so temperate grown,
 I'll bridle Nature, since my Horse is gone.
 I have a little Learning, and less Wit,
 That Wealth is sure, no Thief can pilfer it.
 Riches they say have Wings, my Horse had so,
 For tho' he'ad Legs, yet he could hardly go:
 But Thieves and Fate have such a strong Command
 To make those go, which have no Feet to stand:
 He was well skil'd in writing Elegies,
 And every Mile writes, *Here my Rider lies*.
 Now since I've ne'er a Beast to ride upon,
 Wou'd I might never go, my Verse shall run:
 I'll mount on *Pegasus*, for he's so poor,
 From Thief or true man one may ride secure.
 I would not rack Invention for a Curse
 To plague the *Thief*, for fear I make him worse:
 I wou'd not have him hang'd, for that wou'd be
 Sufficient for the *Law*, but not for me.
 In Charity I wish him no more pain,
 But to restore me home my Horse again.
 And 'cause I would not have good Customs alter,
 I wish who has the Horse may have the *Halter*.

Paradox LXVI.

That the Gifts of the Body are better than those of the Mind.

THE Body makes the Mind, thro mine Ears, and affords it
 not that it created it a Mind, apt Organs for the Conveyance of
 but forms it a good or a bad Mind; all perceivable Delight. But a-
 and this Mind may be confounded las! my Soul cannot make any
 with Soul without any Violence part, that is not of it self dis-
 or Injustice to Reason or Philoso- pos'd, to see or hear, tho' with-
 phy: then the Soul it seems is out doubt she be as able and as
 enabled by our Body, not this by willing to see behind as before.
 it. My Body licenseth my Soul Now if my Soul would say, that
 to see the World's Beauties thro she inables any part to taste these
 mine Eyes, to hear pleasant things Pleasures, but is her self only
 de-

delighted with those rich Sweetnesses which her inward Eyes and Senses apprehend, she shou'd dissemble; for I see her often solac'd with Beauties, which she sees thro my Eyes, and with Musick, which thro my Ears she hears. This Perfection then my Body hath, that it can impart to my Mind all its Pleasures; and my Mind hath still many, that she can neither teach my indispos'd part her Faculties, nor to the best enjoy'd parts shew it Beauty of Angels, of Musick, of Spheres, whereof she boasts the Contemplation. Are Chastity, Temperance and Fortitude Gifts of the Mind? I appeal to Physicians whether the Cause of these be not in the Body. Health is the Gift of the Body, and Patience in Sicknes the Gift of the Mind: then who will say that Patience is as good a Happiness as Health, when we must be extremely miserable to purchase this Happiness? And for nourishing of Civil Societies and mutual Love amongst men, which is our chief end while we are men; I say, this Beauty, Presence and Proportion of the Body, hath a more masculine Force in begetting this Love, than the Virtues of the Mind; for it strikes us suddenly, and possesseth us immoderately; when to know those Virtues requires some Judgment in him who shall discern, a long Time and Conversation between them. And even at last how much of our Faith and Belief shall we be driven to bestow, to assure our selves that these Virtues are not counterfeited? for it is the same to be and seem virtuous, because he that hath no Virtue, can dissemble none; but he who hath a little, may gild and enamel, yea and transform much Vice into Virtue. For allow a man to be discreet and flexible to Complaints, which are great virtuous Gifts of the Mind, this Discretion will be to him the Soul and Elixir of all Virtues; so that touch'd with this, even Pride shall be made Humility; and Cowardice, honourable and wise Valour. But in things seen, there is not this danger; for the Body which thou lovest and esteamest fair, is fair: certainly if it be not fair in perfection, yet it is fair in the same degree that thy Judgment is good. And in a fair Body, I do seldom suspect a disproportion'd Mind, and as seldom hope for a good in a Deformed. When I see a goodly House, I assure my self of a worthy Possessor; from a ruinous weather-beaten Building, I turn away, because it seems either stuff'd with Varlets as a Prison, or inhabited by a negligent Tenant. And truly the Gifts of Fortune, which are Riches, are only Handmaids, yea Panders of the Body's Pleasures; with their Service we nourish Health, and buy Delights. So that Virtue, which must be lov'd for it self, and respects no further end, is indeed nothing: And Riches, whose end is the good of the Body, cannot be so perfectly good, as the End whereto it levels.

Paradox LXVII.

A King turn'd Thresher.

Farewell ye gay Bubbles, Fame, Glory, Renown!
 Farewell you bright Thorns that are pin'd to a Crown!
 Your little Enchantments no more shall prevail;
 Look, look where my Scepter is turn'd to a Flail!
 O who can the Bliss of a Monarch discern,
 Whose Subjects are *Mice*, and whose Palace a *Barn*?
 In spite of curs'd Fortune he *Kings* it below,
 While he looks all around him, and sees not a Foe.
 The Groans of the *murder'd* in Death and Despair,
 Ne'er reach his calm *Kingdom*, but die in the Air:
 Fierce *Battles* roar on, but too weak is the Voice,
 For he *threshes* and *threshes*, and drowns all the Noise.
 * The Soul of *Domitian* sunk into a Clod,
 * *Dionysius's* Scepter was as light as his Rod;
 * And the *Little-Great Charles* with his Shovel and Spade,
 Dug a hole, and lay down in the Grave he had made.
 But a thousand times brighter my Stars do appear,
 And I ne'er was a *Monarch* in earnest till here:
 On a heap of fresh Straw I can laugh and lie down,
 And pity the Man that's condemn'd to a Crown.
 No Armies of *Frogs* here croak by my *Throne*,
 I can rise, I can walk, I can eat all alone:
 Reliev'd from the Siege of importunate Men,
 I enjoy my original Freedom agen.
 Scarce peeps out the Sun with a blushing young Ray,
 * E'er my brisk feather'd Bell-man will tell me 'tis day;
 Proud with his *Servallio* behind and before,
 He cheerly triumphing, struts along by the Door.
 Here's an honest brown *George* which my Scrip does adorn,
 Here's a true *Household-Loaf* of the hue o' my Corn;
 Here's a good *Rammel-Cheese*, but a little decay'd,
 As fat as the *Cream* out of which it was made.
 * When Death shall cross Proverbs, and strike at my *Heart*,
 When the best of my *Flails* is no Fence for his *Dart*;
 I'll open my Arms, not a Groan, not a Sigh,
 Dropt soft on the Straw, with a Smile I will die.

N O T E S.

* [A King turn'd Thresher.]

I think I may venture to pronounce this an Incredible Paradox, and so others that know no better may be apt to think too; but I can assure 'em,

*sem the Foundation of the Story is as infallibly true, as any in—
Lucian's true History.*

² [The Soul of Domitian sunk into a Clod.]

When his Envy could not be sated on the Christians, he left the Empire in discontent, and retir'd to the Salonian Gardens,—as Cowley.

³ [Dionysius his Scepter was as light as his Rod.]

That Tyrant driven from his Kingdom, travel'd into Greece, and set up Schoolmaster ; where his Cares are here affirm'd as heavy as when a King.

⁴ [And the Little-Great Charles with his Shovel and Spade,
Dug a hole, and lay down in the Grave he had made.]

Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, who after as great a Ruffle in the World as has been made these several Centuries ; after War, not only against most of Europe, but Argiers in Africa too ; at last on some discontent, or the unpleasing Face of his Business, resign'd the Empire, and retir'd to a little House and Garden, which he cultivated with his own hand. and there liv'd and dy'd.

⁵ [E'er my brisk feather'd Bellman will tell me 'tis Day.]

Meaning Chaunticleer,—as Granfire Chaucer has it ; or in new English, no better nor worse than a Cock,—that Baron Tell-Clock of the Night, as Cleveland christens him.

⁶ [When Death shall cross Proverbs, and strike at my Heart,
When the best of my Flails is no Fence for his Dart.]

The common old Proverb here meant, is, that

—There's no Fence against a Flail.

Paradox LXVIII.

That an Absolute Tyranny is the best Government.

SINCE that Power is the very Life and Essence of every Government, and those Governments are the most perfect, that have the most Power, and that Power is most intense which resides in one, and more weak and faint which is dispers'd among a many ; since all People hate to be govern'd by their Equals, and therefore chose to put themselves under an Umpire, it must needs follow that Lordly or Absolute Monarchy is the best and most natural Government.

If we conceive that most correspondent to the Law of Nature, which most Nations do agree in (tho in other things they dissent) and that we see upon all the Globe very few and little Republicks, but many and vast Kingdoms ; we may deduce from thence, that most People do desire to be under the Sway of one, who if he be not endu'd with a supreme and unlimited Power, is rather their Servant than their Prince : and it is but ridiculous to think that so great a part of Mankind

Mankind would be content to obey their Slaves.

Nor doth it proceed from Cowardice; for we see the old and modern Persians, the stoutest

Septentrional Nations, the Turks, Scythians, and Muscovites, at this day pride themselves so much in this Government, that they adore their Emperors as Gods.

*Some Kings the Names of Conquerors assum'd,
Some to be great, some to be Gods presum'd;
But boundless Power, and arbitrary Lust,
Made Tyrants still abhor the Name of Just;
They shun'd the Praise this Godlike Virtue gives,
And fear'd a Title that reproach'd their Lives.*

Nor doth it proceed from Stupidity; for the wisest and politest Nations have imbrae'd it: and tho some Politicians have term'd it but the Privation or Disease of Government, yet many more have accounted it the only best way of Rule, and that from the Course and Order of Nature, which in every kind forms a Supremacy, as the Eagle among Birds, the Lion among Beasts, the Vine among Vegetables, and the Ruby among Stones.

Besides, what more contrary to the Ease and Order of the People than the Multiplicity of Laws, litigious Interpretations of them, and obstreperous Lawyers? But all this is cut off and sav'd, when the Fountain of Law is in one breast, and the People may presently know the Resolution and Interpretation from one that cannot do wrong. For all Law being in the King, and he by Maxim not capable of doing any wrong, whatever he doth must be just and right; and what greater Happiness to a People, than granting them speedy Justice?

The Proportion of every man's Spirit may be measur'd by his Wishes: Now the greatest Souls

aim at nothing so much as at Rule, and at no Rule in comparison of that over Men. Now if Virtue and excellent Endowments cannot be truly rewarded with any thing that is evil, and Nature never teaches any man useless Inclinations; it must follow that Superiority seems to be set as a Whetstone and Reward of Virtue. And what Soul would not disdain to govern, where he is pounded up with servile Restrictions, and limited by those who were born to obey him?

Besides, what better way to keep a Kingdom quiet, than by employing the poorer sort of People upon such Works, as the Prince shall either fancy or delight in? Thus we see the Pyramids at this day remaining the Fame of the Place whereon they stand; and we read of the Hortipensiles of Babylon, &c. none of which had ever been done or known, had not the Care and noble Wisdom of the King employ'd the People that way, who else might have sunk into Luxury, or snorted themselves into implacable Enmities.

Besides, all the Wisdom of the Politicians could never shape out three kinds of Government;

Demo-

Democracy, which is nothing but Dregs and Confusion, and an audacious Licence to do every thing, and indeed an Interfice of Government, rather than Government: *Aristocracy*, when only the Nobles have the Rein in their hands, and are so apt to burst into Factions, that it could not thrive nor prosper any where. *Aristotle* indeed in his *Politicks* mentions some few obscure ones; and we know but one extant at this day. And *Monarchy*, which is the only perfect System of Government, which indeed includes Optimacy within it self; for a Prince must have Counsellors,

who if they were Guardians to him, and might impose their Advice, what a repugnant, inconsistent, contrary thing were a Monarch to himself? But if the last Judgment of every thing be to be left to him, and no Man can so absolutely rule his Understanding, but that it must be somewhat sway'd and byas'd by his Will, it will follow, that it is necessary to the very Essence of a Prince, to have his own Will free and uncontrolable; and then what a poor thing is a Prince if he be not obey'd? or if he e'nt, he is still absolute: For,

*Princes by Disobedience yet command,
And by new- quell'd Rebellions firmer Stand :
Till by the boundless Offers of Success,
They meet their Fate in ill-m'd Happiness.*

You will say, they may be vicious Persons, but their Vices are only as private men, and cannot render them in their publick Capacity either less just or less skilful: Besides, they stand open to the Eyes and Envy of all Men, and so every little slip of theirs may be observ'd and blaz'd, which if they had been private Persons, had been as obscure as Midnight. Or put the case their Vices be high and big, they seldom want superior Vertues to cloud and shadow them.

But perhaps you will say further, that the Rays of these Suns will but quicken bad Humours, and beget abundance of Insects and Monsters; and among all Monsters, none so eminently evil as Flatterers and Favourites. But I pray you, will you not give People that do great things

to enjoy the poorest Reward, the Relation and Report of them? Or in case they did nothing memorable, would you not allow them that groan under the Burden of publick Affairs, so small a Diversion and Entertainment as Flattery? Which indeed, soberly consider'd, is so necessary to allay the Miseries of Life, that the most unfortunate Men, when they want others to do it to them, do it for themselves, and pleasantly chase away all ugly Thoughts and Ideas, by their happy feeding themselves with a few lovely Dreams.

In a word, since the very Heathens could see that Royalty stream'd forth immediately from Jove himself, and that Royalty is but a dull languid thing, if it be clog'd with the least Restriction: That *Monarchy* which enjoys

joys the most perfect Liberty is the most Majestick and Excellent, and is cloth'd with the greatest abundance of Names and Attributes: And since Duality is the very Damm of Division, and the utter Destroyer of all Prerogative, it is but just that all Sovereignty reside in one. And even those Philosophers, who stand most stoutly for the Infinity of Worlds, do also consent and acknowledg that there is but one God.

Parador LXIX.

That a Batchelor may love his Mistress, and yet never know how, or why.

I.

'TIS not my Lady's Face that makes me love her,
 Tho Beauty there doth rest,
 Enough t'inflame the Breast
 Of one that never did discover
 The Glories of a Face before;
 But I that have seen thousands more,
 See nought in hers, but what in others are,
 Only because I think she's fair, she's fair.

II.

'Tis not her Vertues, nor those vast Perfections
 That croud together in her,
 Ingage my Soul to win her,
 For those are only brief Collections,
 Of what's in Man in Folio writ;
 Which by their imitative Wit,
 Women like Apes and Children strive to do;
 But we that have the Substance, slight the Show.

III.

'Tis not her Birth, her Friends, nor yet her Treasure,
 My freeborn Soul can hold;
 For Chains are Chains, tho Gold;
 Nor do I court her for my Pleasure,
 Nor for that old Morality,
 Do I love her, 'cause she loves me:
 For that's no Love, but Gratitude, and all
 Loves that from Fortunes rise, with Fortunes fall.

IV.

If Friends or Birth created Love within me,
 Then Princes I'll adore,
 And only scorn the Poor;
 If Vertue or good Parts could win me,

I'll turn *Platonick*, and ne'er vex
My Soul with difference of Sex;
And he that loves his Lady, 'cause she's fair,
Delights his Eye, so loves himself, not her.

V.

Reason and *Wisdom* are to love high *Treason*,
Nor can he truly love,
Whose *Flame*'s not far above,
And far beyond his *Wit* or *Reason*,
Then ask no reason for my *Fires*,
For infinite are my *Desires*:
Something there is moves me to love, and I
Do know I love, but know not how or why.

Paradox LXX.

That Drunkenness is better than Sobriety.

I Find that the great Virtue and Excellency of Wine, hath been of our Elders so intirely known and approv'd, that the highly esteem'd *Asclepiades* did it so much honour, as to couple the Faculties and Virtues thereof with those of the very chiefest Gods: Which is agreeable with the Consent of Holy Scripture, whereby was authentickly pronounc'd, that Wine was sent to Men, as by the especial Grace and immortal Gift of God, therewith oftentimes to refresh and recreate their Spirits, overmuch weaken'd and travel'd with long Cares, which they suffer continually in this World. And here-with altogether agreeth the Opinion of good *Homer* in many places of his divine Poesy. And whosoever shall require of me greater Proof and Assurance, I desire them to consider how that Truth it self (which is the thing that hath, and yet at this day doth over-rule the greatest Case in the world) from all Antiquity applauds the Virtue of Wine. This is it which made place for the antient Proverb, known sufficiently of every one, that in *Wine is Truth to be found*; wherein Fools, Children and drunken Men, are most accusom'd to display it.

Wherefore I cannot sufficiently marvel at the great fault of learned *Democritus*, who would sometimes maintain, that Truth lodgeth her self in the bottom of a Well. This is greatly against the Advice and Opinion of all the *Greeks*, who evermore defended, that her Lodging continually was in Wine: Whereto very well consenteth *Horace*, one of the most excellent Latin Poets, who so soundly confirm'd this matter in his learned Verses, made and compos'd by the help

Y of

of this *sweet Liquor*, wherewith | bounded, as he could deliver it
his Stomach so plentifully a- | back again at his eyes.

*Crown high the Goblets with a cheerful Draught,
Enjoy the present Hour, adjourn the future Thought;
Indulge thy Genius, and o'erflow thy Soul
Till thy Wit sparkle like the cheerful Bowl.*

To the same purpose the great Philosopher *Plato* would prove and maintain, that Wine was a *very firm and sure Foundation of mens Spirits*; by the Favour and Virtue whereof, I may easily conjecture, that he found the Invention of his goodly Ideas, of his Numbers, and of his Laws so magnificent: also that with the Aid of this sweet Drink, he spake so deeply on the charming Argument of Love, and likewise dispos'd his so well-order'd Commonwealth. Withal he maintain'd that the Muses flourish'd far and near in the very Smell of *Bacchus* Liquor; and the Poet that drunk not profoundly thereof, could frame no Verse excellent, high-flown, or of good measure.

But leaving Verse and Poesy, let us come to the *kind Drinkers of clear Water*; I would willingly demand of them, what Good they can receive in this World, by using such an unsavoury Drink? In the first place, how can a Drinker of Water well accomplish household Duty, when the natural Seed is more moist than any thing else, and less strong for the Procreation of Children? which is the cause such People are always weak, feeble, sick and colour-less. Likewise ye never saw a Drinker of Water, but was depriv'd of the true Strength of all his Members, and hardy Courage of Heart.

He hath so little Stomach, and so weak an Appetite to digest his Meats, as commonly his Life is short or else unhealthful. For this cause it was, that *St. Paul* knowing *Timothy* (albeit he was very young, and in the Strength of his Age) to take delight in drinking nothing but Water, admonish'd him to use therewith a little Wine, if it were but for the Health of his Stomach, and prevention of such Diseases, whereto (by his Complexion) he was overmuch subject.

I wait, upon this point, the Reply of some opiniative Person, who will tell me, that such was not the Advice of *Cistus Bullingerus*, nor yet of *Novellus Trincongius*, who drank three measures of Wine daily, call'd *Con-gii*, which contain'd three Gallons and three Pints of our measure; for which the Emperor *Tiberius* promoted him to Honour, and at the last made him Consul of *Rome*. I again reply on the contrary, that such was the Opinion of the most wise and prudent King *Solomon*, who said in his Proverbs, *That Wine comforteth and refresheth the Hearts of Men*: likewise it is witness'd by the Consent and Testimony of all modern Physicians, as the most singular Remedy to chase Grief from the Mind of Man. Then,

Underneath

Underneath this myrtle Shade,
 On flow'ry Beds supinely laid,
 With od'rous Oils my Heads o'erflowing,
 And around it Roses growing;
 What should I do, but drink away
 The Heat and Trouble of the Day?
 In this more than Kingly State,
 Love himself shall on me wait.
 Fill to me, Love, nay fill it up,
 And mingled cast into the Cup
 Wit and Mirth, and noble Fires,
 Vig'rous Health, and gay Desires:
 The Wheel of Life no less will stay
 In a smooth than rugged way:
 Since it equally does flee,
 Let the Motion pleasant be.
 Why do we precious Ointments show'r,
 Noble Wines why do we pour,
 Beauteous Flowers why do we spread
 On the Monuments of the Dead?
 • Nothing they but Dust can show,
 Or Bones that hasten to be so.
 Crown me with Roses whilst I live,
 Now your Wines and Ointments give;
 After Death I nothing crave,
 Let me alive my Pleasures have,
 All are Stoicks in the Grave.

But if peradventure the mis-
 believing Miser will not give
 credit to our modern Physicians;
 let him then consider what is to
 be found written by Hippocrates,
 Galen and Oribasius, that Wine
 serves for a Medicine to the cold
 and dull'd Sinews, gives Comfort
 to the weary and heavy Eyes, be-
 stows an Appetite on the taste-
 less Stomach; rejoices the sad and
 afflicted Spirits, banishes the Im-
 becillity of the Members, gives
 Warmth to the Body, provokes
 Urine, restrains Casting, moves
 Sleep, takes away ill Digestion,
 consumes moist Humours, and
 makes a kind Harmony in the

Body. Galen saith] moreover,
 that Wine lengthens the Life,
 and prevents Sickneſs, moves
 the Hearts of Men to Force
 and Proweſs, recreates natural
 Heat, and gives Vigor to the
 Spirits.

O how well did that good La-
 dy Hecuba (of whom Homer
 ſpeaks ſo honourably) know the
 precious nature of Wine, when
 (above all things) ſhe exhorted
 her valiant Son Hector, to cheer
 up and revive his Members, wea-
 ry'd by continual Travel which he en-
 dur'd in Arms, with drinking of this
 Divine Liquor? And Cowley cries,

*Here's to thee, Dick, this whining Love despise,
Pledge me, my Friend, and drink till thou art wise;*

*It sparkles brighter far than she,
'Tis pure and right without Deceit,
And such no Woman e'er will be;
No! they are all sophisticate!*

*Here's to thee again, thy senseless Sorrow drown,
Let the Glass walk, till all things too go round;*

Again till these two Lights be four:

*No Errors here can dangerous prove,
Thy Passion, Man, deceives thee more,
None double see, like Men in love:*

*Fill the Bowl with rosy Wine,
Around our Temples Roses twine,
And let us cheerfully awhile,
Like the Wine and Roses smile.*

Crown'd with Roses we condemn

Gyges' wealthy Diadem:

To day is ours, what do we fear!

To day is ours, we have it here.

Let's treat it kindly, that it may

Wish at least with us to stay;

Let's banish Business, banish Sorrow,

To the Gods belongs To-morrow.

The Learned Pindar was no less a Lover of Wine than Cowley. 'Twas this made him a peerless Heroical Poet: Never could he have accomplish'd his so high and excellent Poem by the Virtue and Goodness of Water, but by changing his Style into the great Praise and noble Description of the Virtue of Wine. The chiefest and most notable Men in the world, made likewise such account and estimation thereof, as the most part of them join'd on his side, and march'd under his Ensign. For example, let us remember that Holy man Noah, who first planted the Vine, and the Favour that he bare to Wine. Neither was it less lov'd by Agamemnon, Mark Anthony, Lucius Cotta, Demetrius, Tiberius, and

their Children, Bonosus, Alcibiades, Homer, Ennius, Paucuvius, Cossus, Philip, Heraclides, and many others, who for this cause were never reputed the less wise or vertuous.

And if we should need to make a more ample Discourse on this behalf, by such Nations as were addicted to this Drink, we shall find that the Tartars greatly subjected themselves thereto, and much more the Persians, whose Custom was, to consult of their gravest and greatest matters of importance amongst their Cups and Bottels of Wine: And so were the Germans wont to do, according as Tacitus witnesseth, making Wine their principal Oracle. The Macedonians in like manner were beyond all things

things else great Lovers of Wine, for whom their Emperor *Alexander* instituted the most brave fight of drinking with Carousing.

King *Mithridates* was greatly given to Wine, and yet for all that ceas'd not to war manfully against the *Romans* for the space of forty years together. I am very sorry, that I want apt words and worthy terms, whereby to express the singular Virtue which Wine of it self bestows on the Hearts of men: I am well assur'd, that if I could recount them all unto you, they would drive you into no little admiration.

But you'll say perhaps, doth not Wine deserve supreme Praises, in making a Sluggard, or gross conceited Person to become a sweet, pleasant, and affable man? a Blockhead or Lobcock, to be a Man apt and skilful? of a Coward or faint-hearted Craven, to make a Man hardy, bold and courageous? who (without good Wine) should find himself alone, even stark naked, as it were, tho he be arm'd with a thousand other Defences. Hath not *Greece*, by the means of Wine, won Fame and Honour thro all *Europe*? And in like case, *Bohemia* and *Germany*. What shall I say of *Polonia*, and generally of all *Dalmatia*? What is spoken of *Italy*, I will refer my self to the Report of *Pliny*, who writes that Drunkenness reign'd there in his time in such sort, as they would not only drink themselves under-foot, but likewise compel their Horses and Mares to drink Wine unmeasurably: So much was Drunkenness (thro all Parts of the World) prais'd, celebrated,

and held in such account and esteem, that he that would not be drunk, at the least once a month, was not reputed a friendly Companion.

Young *Cyrus* would needs be accounted worthy to rule, because he especially undertook to drink a greater quantity of Wine than any other in his Kingdom; yet felt he not thereby any Perturbation of Spirit. *Plutarch*, in the Life of *Lycurgus*, gives this good note on the *Spartans*, That it was a custom amongst them, to wash their new-born Childrens Noses and Eyes with Wine, to make them more strong, healthful, and the better able to endure all pains whatsoever. Infinite Power of Wine! in how many kinds dost thou shew and discover thy self helpful to men! Well hast thou acquainted them with sufficient Proof of thy Virtue, when the very least part of thy Power can abate and utterly destroy the Strength of deadly Hemlock!

Wherefore do ye think honest *Hesiodus* recommended and enjoind by his learned Verses, that twenty days before the rising of the Dog-star, and twenty days after, only pure Wine should be drunk, without tasting one drop of Water? If this Custom had been entertain'd and observ'd by the great *Lycurgus* of *Thrace*, he had not been so barbarously cast headlong into the Sea, for putting Water into his Wine. To this effect serves the Opinion of *Celsus*, a very excellent Physician, who among other Precepts ordain'd (touching the Government of Health) to drink sometimes beyond measure. And to

proceed a little further, let us consider how many profitable Medicines, Baths, and Emplaisters are made with Wine. The *Hircanians* would wash the Bodies of their Dead with Wine, either to purify them, or perhaps because they imagin'd that by the Virtue of this good Liquor, they might be recall'd or brought to life again.

Marvel not then, if good Drink be pleasing to common People, seeing we find, that the very wisest and best learned have always maintain'd the Law held and allow'd among the *Greeks* in their Meetings and Banquets, which was, that so soon as any one came among them, during their Feast-time, they would constrain him to drink or get him gone; which yet at this day is observ'd in *Germany*, if not of all, yet at least of the greater number.

I will not assert that the Puissance of Wine had sometime such Authority, as to make the *Senes* take Arms, and thereby to obtain such Victories, as are worthy to be register'd in perpetual Annals. Nor will I tell how in the Year of the Foundation of *Rome*, three hundred and eighteen, *Lucius Pyrrhus* was sent against the *Sarmates*, whom by the Aid of Wine only he

conquer'd, made subject, and yield Tribute to the People of *Rome*. Wine was afterward in so great Reputation with our Forefathers, as *Mezentius* to recover only some quantity thereof for his Disease (according as *Varro* hath left to us in writing) gave succour to the *Rutillians* against the *Latins*.

And if it were lawful in this case to produce Holy Scripture, do we not find, that our Lord at the Wedding in *Cana of Galilee*, miraculously vouchsaf'd to change Water (being a thing less good and excellent) into Wine most delicate and precious? With Wine were the Wounds of the poor *Samaritan* wash'd. And besides, some say that good old *Abraham* made his daily Offerings to God, with the best Wine in his Vaults.

I could willingly proceed further in this matter, which especially pleases me beyond all other, were it not I have always shun'd Prolixity; wherefore I will stay my self in this place, earnestly intreating my Reader to embrace this so sweet Desire of Wine, and to forsake the insipid drinking of Water or small Beer, because it makes men so melancholy, and bestows on them such slender Strength and Vigor.

Paradox LXXI.

Proving, There is nothing New under the Sun.

Nature is so much pleas'd with Diversity, as it seems a kind of Novelty, that she hath imprinted a Desire of it in all things here below. This is truly the *Athenian Itch*, which will never be quite cur'd, till men are possess'd, *There is nothing New*; for whilst there is, they'll be itching after it. Then seeing I told my Reader that my *Athenian Sport* would consist of two thousand *uncommon*, which looks as if my meaning was, *new Subjects*; for fear he should apprehend me in that sense, 'tis time now that I tell him, that by *uncommon* I do not mean *New*, but only *Paradoxes* that are curious, or very rarely handled.—— No, Reader, it had been a great Presumption in me to have pretended to any thing *New*, when Solomon tells us, *There is nothing New under the Sun*, Eccl. i. 9. And Dr Winter adds, *Nor in the Moon neither* (a Picture of this mutable World) of whose Increase tho we have every year new ones a full dozen, yet all is but the *Old one over and over*. Even that which we call the *New Year*, is no more than the old one run out, and turn'd up again, like an Hourglass to run out, the same Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, Months and Days, as before.

The Sun returneth every morning to the same place he came from, with like Form, and self-same Substance.—— The Days

and Nights pass by course, and ever continue of like Essence.—— The Fields are every year deck'd with the same Flowers, like pleasant Herbs, and the very same Accidents yearly.—— Nothing is the Object of our Senses, but what is ordinary and familiar. We see nothing strange and *New*: What we do to day, that we do to-morrow, and every day. What Men call a *Discovery*, is a mere Banter upon our Understanding; for my Lord Bacon, in his Book of Aphorisms, proves that which we call *New and Upstart*, to be the truest *Antiquity*.—— And the sage Commonwealth of the *Lycians* heretofore ordain'd, that all those who should propose any *Novelty in matter of Law*, should deliver it in publick with a Halter about their necks, to the end that if their Propositions were not found to be good and profitable, the *Authors thereof* should be strangled in the place.—— The Antients held it ominous to pretend to any *New Form*, even of matters of Indifferency. When *Darius* had alter'd the Fashion of his Sword, which us'd to be *Persian*, into the Form of *Macedonian* (in the year immediately before he fought with *Alexander*) the *Chaldees* or Southsayers prophesy'd, That into what fashion *Darius* had alter'd his Sword, so Time would reduce his State; and that the *Persian* Glory was drawing unto her last Period, by subjecting her self unto the

Sovereign of Macedon : Which Prediction was soon confirm'd by the next year's Conquest.——

And as the Antients held it ominous to pretend to any New Form, So 'tis as clear in the Instance I gave in the Sun, Moon, &c. and other parts of the Creation ; That things here below seem *New* to many, and are so miscall'd, which in themselves are old, and known so to sounder Judgments.

'Tis true, Mr. Sault tells us, *that Philosophy it self had never been improv'd, had it not been for new Opinions.*—— Nay, the very Mob, since the War with France,

are turn'd *Athenians* too ; and you can scarce meet a Porter in the street, but he'll question you, *What News ?* And some take as much pleasure to spread what they call *News*, as others do to hear it. R. B. in his Book of *Extraordinary Adventures*, tells us of a Barber, who kept shop at the end of the Suburbs call'd *Pyreum* in *Athens* ; he had no sooner heard of the great Discomfiture of the *Athenians* in *Sicily*, from a certain Slave fled from thence out of the Field, but leaving his Shop at sixes and sevens, he ran directly into the City to carry the Tidings fresh and new,

*For fear some other might the Honour win,
And he too late, or second should come in.*

Now upon reporting these unwelcome Tidings, there was a great stir within the City, the People assembled to the Market-place, search was made for the Author of this Rumour. Hereupon the Barber was haled before the Body of the People, and being examin'd hereof, he knew not so much as the Name of the Party from whom he had heard the News ; upon which the whole Assembly were so mov'd to Anger, that they cry'd, *Away with the Villain, set the Rascal upon the Rack, have him to the Wheel, who had devis'd this Story of his own fingers ends.*—— The Wheel of Torture was brought, and the Barber was tormented upon it. In the mean while, there came certain News of that Defeat, and thereupon the Assembly broke up, leaving the Barber rack'd out at length upon the Wheel, till it was late in the Evening, at

which time he was let loose ; yet was no sooner at liberty, but he must inquire News of the Executioner, what he had heard abroad of the General *Nicias*, (and in what manner he was slain.——

So that Men have such a hankering after Novelties, that they'd even die to see something *New* ; and this *Itch* after News is become as general as 'tis fallacious.—— The poor Taylor that works in a Garret, can scarce forbear leaving his Goose, to run to a Coffee-House, to ask where the Descent must be. A constant Companion to this House, going in all haste for a Midwife, or to save the Life of a Friend who was dying, must call in, and drink at least two Dishes of Coffee, and smoke his Pipe, that he may know how the World goes abroad, let it go how it will at home.—— O what precious Time do the London Coffee-

Coffee-Houses devour ? And therefore 'tis Dr. Wilde tells us, *News and New things do the whole World bewitch.* But by your leave, Doctor, you may be mistaken; for all are not born or live in *Athens*, tho (to their shame) most are sick of the *Athenian Disease*, in a Desire to hear and seek *News*, which they never find: For, Doctor, I shall prove anon there is no such thing. Neither do they reflect upon what they hear; for they seek only *News for News sake*, and make it their business to go to the
 * By Covent- Wits * Coffeehouse,
 Garden. to Dick's, to Jonathan's, to Bridge's,
 to Joe's, to Fellowes's, to Smith's,
 to pick up *News*, and then to report it to the next they meet, and to be sure it loses nothing by carrying.— But there are

some that were never tainted with this *Athenian Itch*.—— I have heard my Father often say, he never was at a *Coffee-House* in his whole Life; but he's the only Instance of that kind that I ever knew: yet I can't think him a new Instance, for doubtless there be Men of the same Principle. There be no human Actions that we see now-a-days, but what have been practis'd in times past; yet I must own, that before the War the *Coffee-House* was the place whither People only came, after Topping all day, to purchase at the expence of their last Penny the Repute of sober Companions, for *Coffee is a sober Liquor*; but now they are the Congress of *Rome, Venice, Spain, Geneva, Amsterdam*, and are flock'd to by all, as the *Mint of Intelligence*.——

*Hither the idle Vulgar come and go,
 Carrying a thousand Rumors to and fro;
 With stale Reports some list'ning Ears do fill,
 Some coin fresh Tales in Words that vary still;
 Lies mixt with Truth, all in the telling grows,
 And each Relator adds to what he knows.
 All Acts of Heaven and Earth it boldly views,
 And thro the spacious World inquires for News.*

The *Coffee-House*, where *News* is so much inquir'd for, is no better than a Nursery for training up the smaller Fry of *Virtuosi*, in confident rattling. But en't it strange, that any should be so mad as to run from *Coffee-House* to *Coffee-House* to pick up *News*, when in reality there is no such thing? For what has the Name of *News*, which like the *Athenians* of old they so itch after, is no other, as my Poem shews, than newly augmented Lyes. Re-

lations sound diversly, as the Air of Affection carries them; and sometimes in a whole Volly of *News*, we shall not find one true Report: and therefore 'twas the Advice of a Father to his Son, 'Let the greatest part of the *News* thou hearest, be the least part of what thou believest, lest the greatest part of what thou believest be the least part of what is true. And where Lies are admitted for *News*, the Father of Lyes will not easily

easily be excluded. — Perhaps what they miscall *News*, may have some ground of Truth for its beginning; but being tost from one to another, it is bury'd and lost in the multitude of *New Additions*, and there's nothing we can warrant for *pure News*.

But then you'll object, these *Additions* are new. No, Reader, *Terence* tells you the contrary, by saying, *Nihil est jam Dictum quod non Dictum sit prius*: Nothing is spoken now, but what has been said in former times. And that Philosopher *Renaudots* tells us, our very Thoughts, tho they be innumerable, yet if they were register'd, would be all found ancient. — Then to what purpose do we hunt for News? 'Tis true those Papers that pretend to News, tell us sometimes of a King's being beheaded (and what is King *James's* Abdication but a Parallel Case?) — of an Earl's cutting his own Throat, and then flinging the Razor out of the Window; — of the penitent Death of some great Lord; — of a bloody Fight; — of a Lover hanging himself; — of a Virgin ravish'd; — of a wise Alderman; — and now and then of a Woman C——ding her Husband, &c. But these (tho real Truths) are no *new Things*, but what we have seen over and over. — Not but I must own, if there were a *new Thing* under the Sun, the Author of the *Post-Man* would find it out. But he's an honest Gentleman, and writes nothing but Truth, and Truth is always the same; and if his Papers be always the same, what News can there be in them? — Or say, his Papers were all Invention (which

comes nearest to News, of any thing that is not so) yet still they are void of News; for Invention is nothing else (for the most part) but a simple Imitation in Deeds or Words. — So that the *Flying-Post*, *Post-Man*, and *Post-Boy*, do Weekly labour in vain; for all their pretence to News, is no better than an old Design to enrich the Bookseller, which I don't tell as a piece of News, but as a thing acknowledg'd by ev'ry Hawker. But tho we are disappointed of News, where we most expect it, yet whoever is troubled with impertinent Fancies, or would hear ridiculous Stories, he need but step to the Coffee-house, and hear the several Humours of the pretended Newsmongers, as worth Remark.

One begins ye the Story of a *Sea-Fight*; and tho he never was so far as *Wapping*, yet having pirated the Names of Ships and Captains, he tells you Wonders, that he waded up to the middle in Blood on the Quarter Deck, and never thought Serenade to his Mistress so charming as the *Bullets Whistling*; how he stop'd a Man of War of the Enemies, under full Sail, till she was boarded with his single Arm, instead of Grapling Irons: and then concludes with railing at the Conduct of some Great Officers (which he never heard of till last Week) and protests, had they taken his Advice, not a Soul had escap'd them.

He has no sooner done, but another begins Remarks — upon the *London Gazette*; — and here he nick-names the *Spanish* — Towns, &c. and enquires whether *Madrid* and *Barcelona* be

Turks,

Turks or Saracens?—*Stilo* No-
vo, he interprets some Warlike
Engin invented by the Duke of
Savoy to confound *Vendome*,—
and for *Hungary*, &c. he believes
it to be a Place where People are
ready to starve.—Neither is
any thing more common than to
see one of these *News-Hunters*
spend half an hour in searching
the Map for *Counterescarp* and *Brigadeer*,—not doubting but
to find them there, as well as *Ve-*
nice, *Rome* and *Amsterdam*, &c.

Another relates t'ye all the
Counsels of the *French Court*, the
German Diet, the *Roman Con-*
clave; and those of *Portugal*,
Spain and *China* are as well known
to him as his Right hand; and
this *Gibberish* is listened to with as
great attention as *Orpheus's Beasts*
did to his charming Musick.—

Then a Fourth stands up, and
(he pretending to be a Traveller)
tells the Company, That in his
late Voyage to *Ophir* (tho no bo-
dy knows where 'tis) the Master
of his Vessel fill'd his Ship with
300 Tun of Gold in one Night.
—This tickles the Auditors!
So on he goes to tell them, that
from thence he went to the *Fu-*
bilee, from whence (after kissing
the Pope's Toe) he went to *Ve-*
nice, to see the Carnival; and
here he met with

Tom. Coryat the Harlot Tom.
gives a plea- Coryat marry'd,
sant Charaſter lay with her one
of her in his Night, and swears
Book he enti- he thinks her a
tles, Crudities. very demure piece
of Impudence.—

Being weary of *Italy* (perhaps)
he tells us in the next place he
travel'd to the *Indies* (I have a
Brother there, I hope he did not

meet him) where he view'd the
Chambers of the Rising Sun,
learnt the number of his Horses,
and their several Names—His
Eyes being not yet satisfy'd, he
rambles next to *Persia*, where he
shook Hands with the Great Mo-
gul, *Preſter John*, and lay three
Nights with the King of *Bantam*.
—From thence (being resolv'd
to out-ramble *Drake*) he took
Shipping for the *Holy Land*, but
that being now overgrown with Su-
perſtition, he ſtaid there but two
Nights, and then embark'd for
New-England; where he fairly
kiss'd an *Indian Queen*, and din'd
with 200 *Sachems*. At length be-
ing quite tir'd, he embark'd for
England, but took *Tartary* in his
way home, where he got a Hair
from the Great Cham's Beard;
and to convince ye, Gentlemen
all, this is no Lie, here 'tis.—

The Traveller having told 'em
all that he ſaw, and a great deal
more, an old Beef-eater falls to
rubbing their itching Ears. He
pretends to diſcover all the Se-
crets of the *Cabinet-Council*; he
knows all the Affairs of *Whitehall*
to a Cow's Thumb, and (which
is a thing I never minded) which
Lady is Painted, and which not.

Before his Diſcourſe is ended,
perhaps comes in a *ſreſh News-*
Hunter.—Begins, Gentlemen
have you heard any thing of a
ſtrange Whale now at *Greenwich*?
Have any of you ſeen the *Moroc-*
co Ambaſſador, who they ſay is
landed incognito? or which of
ye have ſeen the ſecond *Sampſon*
that carries 2000 l. weight on his
Shoulders, outdraws all the Horses
in Town, and will ſnap aſunder a
Cable Rope as if 'twere Sewing
Thred? If theſe Queries are
ſlighted,

slighted, his next words are — What do ye think Gentlemen of the new Design (*for an Act of Parliament*) to make Usurers charitable, and Misses forsake their Gallants?

By this time an old Toast that had been fast asleep with his Hat

over his Face, ³ *Moral Essays*, (*for there's 3* *al-* Vol. 2. p. 178. *ways some shame*

in being burden'd with an useless Knowledge) awakes, and having 500 Inventions dancing in his Noddle, resolves he won't be out-ly'd, and so tells them their News is nothing to his — He has an *Advice-Boat* on the Stocks that shall go to *Riga*, and come back again in three Hours. A Trick to march *under Water*, by which he'll sink all the *French Fleet* as it lies at Anchor; and which (Gentlemen) is beyond this, I've just now found a way to catch *Sun-beams* for making the Ladies new-fashion'd Towers, that Poets may no more be damn'd for telling Lies about their *Curls and Tresses*.

Thus, Reader, you see there is *nothing New* at the Coffee-house (and I shall prove anon, nor any where else) and what stuff that is which they tell for *News*. Men come to the Coffee-houses purely to vent their strange and wild Conceits; and an Opinion, how foolish or fond soever, here receives Entertainment. You'll believe this, when I tell you that in the time of *Monmouth's Invasion*, I slept to a Coffee-house, where I found several asking for *News*. Gentlemen, said I, I can tell you what's very surprizing: — Come, let's have it, said one; — Nay, tell it, said another. —

Why, 'tis this, *The West is strangely victorious*, and I am told but an hour ago, — *The Duke of Monmouth is to be made Prince George*. Oh strange! said one: 'Tis no more than I expected, said another, Nay, said a third, I did not doubt but he'd be our Deliverer. — And to add to the Jest, 'tis no *new Thing* to the West Countrymen, to say, the Duke of *Monmouth* is yet alive. One would ha' thought this Report, That the Duke of *Monmouth* was to be made Prince George, had been *News*; for tho Dr. ³ *Burnet* ³ *In his Travels* tells us of *Two* to Italy p. 246. *Nuns being changed into Men*, yet I never before heard of one Man's being transform'd to another: Tho had it been true, it had been no *News*; for I doubt not but those skil'd in *Natural History* can give Instances of it. *But this was a Fable, and the Moral to it is this.* —

That there is no *News*, nor *new Thing*, and that the *News* we so itch after, is nothing but Satan's Policy to abuse our Ears in hearing, our Tongues in speaking, and our Hearts in believing Lies, to disable us from discerning the Truth. — So much for *News* in Prose, and King *James* the First said, he'd never believe any *News* in Verse, since the ¹ *See his Apo-* hearing ¹ of a *theems*, p. 14. Ballad made of the Bishop of *Spalata*, touching his being a Martyr, &c.

But perhaps you'll say, Tho the *Coffee house*, *Weekly Papers*, and *Mens Humors*, have nothing *new*, yet search further, and you'll find *Novelties* — What think ye of

of the *Athenian Mercury*? Was not that a new Project? Was not a Pretence to answer all nice Questions, and Cases of Conscience (yet so as the Querist might never be known) a new Attempt? Was it ever practis'd in England, Holland, France, Germany, &c. till you set it a foot under the Title of the *Athenian Mercury*? If not, 'twas a new Project, and (being yours) will ye disown a Brat of your own begetting?

To this I answer, — I wou'd not rob my *Athenian Brethren* of the Honour justly due to them for that nice and difficult Undertaking; yet I a'n't so vain as to think the *Athenian Mercury* was a new Project. 'Tis true, the answering any reasonable Question which shou'd be propos'd, was a thing of such a Nature as all the Ingenious appear'd highly pleas'd with; nor has the Esteem and Success it met in the World, given us much Reason to repent of that Undertaking; for 'twas a Whim that pleas'd the Ladies (who honour'd it with several Poems) and was continu'd to Twenty Volumes, but is far from being a new Project: for don't we read something like it in the Queen of Sheba, 1 Kings 10. 1, 3. who hearing of the Fame of Solomon, came to prove him with hard Questions? and her Questions, however Nice and Curious (to use the Phrase in our *Athenian Title*) were all told her by Solomon: Neither was there any thing hid from the King, which he told her not. — And as we took the Subject from the Queen of Sheba, so we took the Title from the old *Athenians* St. Paul speaks of, Acts 17. 21. who spent their time in no-

thing else, but in asking of Questions, and reporting what they thought was new. — And if Arts and Inventions flourish'd at Athens, whilst they were unknown in England, yet you see (in that one Instance of the *Athenian Mercury*) they were afterwards to appear in their Time; yea, the Mysteries of Salvation were always — in intellectu Divino ('tis an Affront to English it to a Paradoxical Reader) which made our Saviour say — That Abraham had seen him. And this is the Sense wherein it is true, — There is nothing new under the Sun. —

Then en't it odd, that the *Athenians* (being Men of Learning) shou'd tax St. Paul for being a Setter forth of strange Gods, and a Broacher of new Doctrine? Acts 17. 18, 19. When Solomon, who was many hundred Years before St. Paul, pronounces of his own Times, that there was not then, nor shou'd ever be any new Thing? How much more then is it true in our Time, being so many years after him? — Thus have I prov'd there is Nothing New. Or, Reader, if ye think I han't, I might further consider the *Formæ Substantiales*, as Renaudots calls 'em; and we shall find there is not one of that sort new, not only in its Species, but even in its individual Qualities, which indeed appear New to our Senses, but yet are not so for all that: as the Shape of a Marble Statue was in the Stone, not only in Possibility, but also in Act, before the Graver made it appear to our Eyes, by taking away that which was superfluous, and hinder'd us from seeing it. 'Tis a saying, there is but one good Wife in the World,

World, and every Man enjoys her (or, in other words, if he that's marry'd could see another good Wife besides his own, he'd see something wou'd be *thought New*) but it is not because *it is so*, but because *it seems so*; other Wives, as good, or better than ours, never coming to our Knowledge—Much less likely is it that *New Diseases* shou'd be produc'd, as some have believ'd, imagining that the Antients were not curious enough to describe all those of their Times, or their Successors diligent enough to examine their Writings, to find them there. That Diseases, some hundred years ago, were the very same as they are now, is evident in that one Distemper the *French Pox*—which tho charg'd to Monsieur's Account, as a *new Disease* of his own begetting, yet 'tis easily prov'd by *Sennertus* and other Authors, that 'twas found at *Naples* many hundred years before 'twas call'd the *French Disease*; and I cou'd as easily prove it had not its Rise at *Naples*, but was frequent in other Places, before it was heard of there.—So that (as I said before) many things appear new which are not so, if we look into 'em.—Thus Printing, and Guns, which we believe were invented within these 200 years, are found to have been in use among the *Chinenses* above a thousand years ago.—A like Instance we have in the *London-Lotteries* (and that establish'd by Act of Parliament) which some will tell ye were ne-

ver heard of till the *English Wits* set them on foot; tho 'tis not a month since I heard an *Italian* say, these Lotteries were practis'd in *Venice* many years before they were mention'd in *London*.

And so again for the *Penny-Post*; some assert 'twas a new Invention of *M——y's*, when he never once dream't of such a thing, till that ingenious and industrious Citizen *Mr. Dockwra*, had first propos'd it to the World; and I sha'll ever think the Citizens of *London* owe him a *signal Mark* of their Favour, for the Service he has done to them and their *Childrens Children* on that account: For my own part, whenever the present *Chamberlain* dies, had I right to a thousand Votes, he shou'd have 'em all for his Advancement to that Honour, and that out of the sense of the great Service he has done (*even me, as a Member of this City*) in bringing the *Penny Post* to Perfection.—But yet, Reader, to keep to my Text, I don't think the *Penny Post* is a new Project. For what can the Man do that cometh after the King, but that which hath been already done? And I don't doubt but the *Penny Post* is practis'd in some far Country, but I must own (to *Mr. Dockwra's* Honour) I cou'd never learn when nor where.

Finding nothing new amongst the Men, I'll next visit the Ladies, for they love to be gaz'd upon; and for that reason, if there's any thing new, to be sure they have it: but if you'll believe a Poet,—

—————*They've nothing New, not scarce their Faces,*
Every Woman is the same.—————

Tho I'm the *softest Creature in Nature*, yet am I bad Company for Ladies, for they'l fit a whole day in talking of nothing but the *newest Fashions* (and how much they're admir'd by this Beau and t'other Beau) —How can I have Patience to hear this, when I'm positive *there's nothing new*? And when they ask me when I saw any *new Play*, I bluntly tell 'em, there is no such thing: For you know, Madam, and so would they, if they'd look into old Authors, that Dryden stole from *Shakespeare*, and *Shakespeare* from *Ben. Johnson*; and they all so steal from one another, that there's no Wit in any *Play*, but what we had fifty years ago. — But tho there's *nothing new in Plays*, yet one would think there were *something new in Ladies Dresses* (they dress in such a towering manner) but if you examine their Wardrobe, you'l find what they call *new Fashions*, are but old Fashions reviv'd; for Fashion brought in Silks and Velvets at one time, and Fashion brought in Ruffs and Grays at another. — Fashion brought in deep Ruffs

and shallow Ruffs, thick Ruffs and thin Ruffs, double Ruffs and no Ruffs; Fashion brought in the Tunick and Vest, the broad kneed Breeches, the narrow brim'd Hat, the Shoulder-Knot, the Top-knot, &c. But these are so far from being *new*, that they are Fashions that have been several times out and in, and in and out, and so will succeed each other (perhaps) to the end of time. — This we see verifys'd in the *Vardingale*; for Fashion brought in the Vardingale and carry'd out the Vardingale, and hath again reviv'd the Vardingale from Death, and plac'd it behind, like a Rudder or Stern, to the Body; in some so big, that the Vessel is scarce able to bear it. — So much as the wearing of *Top-knots*, which is thought to be a *new Fashion*, was practis'd of old; this Monumental Pride, or *High Building of Head-Gear* is not of a new Invention, as Men take it to be, but of an old Edition; for *Juvenal* in his *Sixth Satyr* makes mention of them — *Tot premis ordinibus*, &c.

*Such Rows of Curls press'd on each other lie,
She builds her Head so many Stories high,
That look on her before, and you wou'd swear
Hector's tall Wife, Andromache, she were;
Behind a Pigmy, so that not her Waste,
But Head seems in the Middle to be plac'd.*

And as *Top-knots* are an old Fashion, so is *Womens wearing the Breeches* (as much as 'tis wonder'd at) a Custom as old as the *Fall of Man*: 'tis no new thing to see Women fight and rave, and to forget Obedience to their tender Husbands; not but there was

a time in England when Men wore the Breeches, and debar'd Women of that gadding Liberty which they now take; but Eve got the start of Adam in sinning, and ever since for a Woman to wear the Breeches is no new thing. If you won't believe it on my word, read

read Mr. Turner's *History of Providence*, and there you'll find (in Chap. 51.) *That the first Man Adam, the righteous Lot, the faithful Abraham, the meek Moses, the strong Sampson, the wise Solomon, the zealous Peter, the Philosopher Socrates, the Orator Cicero, were all either over-reach'd or over-power'd with Women.*—So that 'tis no new thing for Women to wear the Breeches. And tho' one wou'd think it a new thing, 'tis none to find some of the fair Sex first at making Love, or taking upon them the part that once belong'd to Men. Neither are She-wits any new thing. I know one can resolve the nicest Points in Divinity (I mean the Divine Sabina) another that understands and teaches Algebra, a third that understands Latin—and a Fourth, call'd *Philomela*, who has taken the Name of the Nightingale, and her Notes are as sweet as the Voice of that is Musical. And for the ingenious *Daphne* (that's dead and gone) she was an Angel drest in Flesh and Blood. But She-wits flourish'd in former Ages as well as now: So that I visit the Ladies to as little purpose as I do the Men, for there's nothing new in Petticoats. And I think, Reader, 'tis as clear as the Sun, there's nothing new under it. And since I believ'd this, I've laid aside my Thoughts of Travelling; for to what purpose should I travel, when the whole World has nothing to shew me, can be call'd New? And you have heard this was Solomon's Opinion, who was one of the wisest of mere Men: and well hath he said, *There is nothing new under the Sun*; because (as Dr. Winter observes) *Things subject to Mutation are eve-*

ry Minute growing old, until at last they be no more. The State of Glory and blest Eternity is above the Brightness of the Sun: But the Starry Heavens come far short of it; *They wax old as doth a Garment, and they shall pass away,* Psal. 102. 26. 2 Pet. 3. 10. There is indeed a Day of Renovation coming, when he who of old made out of nothing all new things in the World, shall out of a ruin'd old World, worse than nothing, *make all things new,* Rev. 21. 5. But this will be a work above the Sun, and till then, *there is nothing New.*

Yet we see nothing pleases the deluded World but the Name and Thought of Novelties.—The Devil and his vile Instruments cry up their deluding Trash for New, as Women do their Oysters, whenas they stink of Age. Custom is a great Matter, — *New-England, New-York, and New-Market* (which has been built this hundred Years) is like to be so call'd to the World's end. — Cunning Salesmen give a sudden turn to an old Coat, and then sell it for a new Garment, and thus we are trick'd out of our Money. Thus old forsaken Errors are become new cry'd up Lights: and the *Quakers Thee and Thou*, and selling Goods — at a word — is no more than we find in the *Gnostici* and *Carpocratists* of former Ages.—

Or if we look amongst the *Jacobites*, we shall still despair of any thing new: for 'tis no new thing for Men to pack Juries to serve a turn, to deliver up Charters, to sell their Country, to murmur after a great Deliverance, or to refuse taking the Oaths

Oaths till a good Déanery greases the Passage. — All this is no new Thing, divers hundred of Years since the Christian Governor of the Castle of *Turk. History.* of *Abydus*, was himself and Castle betray'd into the hands of the *Turks* by his own Daughter; and an hundred and forty years before that, *Aleppo*, the strongest City of the Christians in those parts, was betray'd to the *Turk* by the Governor. — To swear and forswear, and to play at fast and loose with a Crown (as a late Author observes) is no new thing. Neither is it any new thing for Men to cheat, slander, duel, whore; and to pick a Pocker under the Gallows, is a Custom as old as Tyburn. — Neither is it a new thing to see a Man accuse himself (for a guilty Conscience e'nt easy without it) or for Men of a mean Birth to grow proud, if they grow rich, and to forget their Duty both to God and Man: This is but *Shakespear*

and *Ben. Johnson* brought again upon the Stage: And now I talk of Poets, I may venture to say 'tis no new thing to see Poets starve. — (*Oldham* cou'd scarce pay for his Garret and a Sunday's Dinner; and for the famous *Butler*, he was kept so poor, that he was forc'd to die and be inter'd on Tick) — But 'tis no new thing to see Poets build Castles in the Air; and I'm sure 'tis no new thing to see a Chymist spend his Estate in searching after the Philosopher's Stone. —

And lastly, To see Men of Piety and Sense slighted, and Fools and idle Persons regarded, is no new Thing. — For Merits and good Service to be starv'd in the Poor, for high Crimes to be pardon'd and dignify'd in the Rich; and in a word, for plain-hearted Men neither to be patiently heard, nor at all believ'd, is no new Thing. Reader, shall I stop here? For you see the further I search, the less hopes I have of finding any Thing new.

Paradox LXXII.

That it is best for a Young Maid to marry an Old Man.

FAIR one, why cannot you an old Man love?

He may as useful, and more constant prove.

Experience shews you that maturer Years

Are a Security against those Fears

Youth will expose you to; whose wild Desire

As it is hot, so 'tis as rash as Fire.

Mark how the Blaze extinct in Ashes lies,

Leaving no Brand nor Embers when it dies,

Which might the Flame renew: thus soon consumes

Youth's wandring Heat, and vanishes in Fumes.

When Age's riper Love, unapt to stray,
 Thro loose and giddy change of Objects, may
 In your warm Bosom like a Cinder lie,
 Quickned and kindled by your sparkling Eye.
'Tis not deny'd, there are Extremes in both,
 Which may the Fancy move to like or loath :
 Yet of the two, you better shall endure
To marry with the Cramp than Calenture.
 Who would in Wisdom choose the Torrid Zone,
 Therein to settle a Plantation?
 Merchants can tell you, those hot Climes were made
But at the longest for a three Tears Trade :
 And tho the Indies cast the sweeter Smell,
 Yet Health and Plenty do more Northward dwell ;
 For where the raging Sun-beams burn the Earth,
 Her scorched Mantle withers into Dearth ;
 Yet when that Drought becomes the Harvest's Curse,
 Snow doth the tender Corn most kindly nurse :
 Why now then woo you not some *Snowy Head,*
 To take you in mere Pity to his Bed?
 I doubt the harder Task were to persuade
 Him to love you : for if what I have said
 In Virgins, Vegetable like, holds true,
He'll prove the better Nurse to cherish you.
 Some Men, we know, renown'd for Wisdom grown,
 By old Records and antique Medals shown ;
 Why ought not Women then be held most wise,
Who can produce living Antiquities ?
 Besides, if Care of that main Happiness
 Your Sex triumphs in, doth your Thoughts possess,
 I mean your Beauty from decay to keep,
No Wash nor Mask is like an old Man's Sleep.
 Young Wives need never to be Sun-burnt fear,
Who their old Husbands for Umbrella's wear ;
 How russet looks an Orchard on the Hill,
 To one that's water'd by some neighb'ring Drill ?
 Are not the floated Meadows ever seen
 To flourish soonest, and hold longest green ?
 You may be sure no moist'ning lacks that Bride,
Who lies with Winter thawing by her Side.
 She should be fruitful too, as Fields that join
 Unto the melting waste of Appenine :
 Whilst the cold Morning-Drops bedew the Rose,
 It doth nor Leaf, nor Smell, nor Colour lose ;
Then doubt not Sweet ! Age hath Supplies of Wet
 To keep you like that Flower in Water set.
 Dripping Catarrhs and Fontinells are things
Will make you think you grew betwixt two Springs.

And should you not think so, you scarce allow
The Force or Merit of your Marriage-Vow;
Where Maids a new Creed learn, and must from thence
Believe against their own or others Sense.
Else Love will nothing differ from Neglect,
Which turns not to a Virtue each Defect.
I'll say no more but this; you Women make
Your Childrens reck'ning by the Almanack.
I like it well, so you contented are
To choose their Fathers by that *Calendar*;
Turn then old *Erra Pater*, and there see,
According to Life's Posture and Degree,
What Age or what Complexion is most fit
To make an *English* Maid happy in it:
And you shall find, if you will choose a Man
Set justly for your own Meridian;
Tho you perhaps let One and Twenty Woo,
Your Elevation is for Fifty Two.

Paradox LXXIII.

*In Praise of Slandering; in a Letter to a Noble Lord who
had been slander'd for his Conduct in the last Cam-
paign.*

My Lord,

THO my Friendship pays its
Incense no where with so
much Devotion, as when it bows
to your Merit; and tho your
charming Letter had a bait hung
at its each Line, yet I am equal-
ly afraid and ashamed to return,
in answer to either, that desir'd
Consolation which may shew ve-
ry much Vanity in me to under-
take, and very little Friendship
to be able to perform. For, ei-
ther your Misfortunes are not so
pointed as you represent; and
then I must shew your Weakness,
when I detect the Defects of what
conquers you: Or, if they have
Powers resembling the Greatness
of those Complaints which you
form of them; then it will shew
too much Disunion in our Friend-
ship (pardon the Presumption of
that word, seeing you have autho-
riz'd what it expresses) to be a-
ble to comfort you, when you are
not able to comfort your self,
and not to be discompos'd by the
same Absence of Spirit and Cou-
rage, that obliges you to crave
that Assistance which my Mo-
desty or Sympathy should make
me decline to offer. Yet, seeing
you possibly crave this, to try ra-
ther my Obedience than to supply
your Necessities; I will expose
my own real Defects, to help
those

those imaginary ones in you : and this being the last thing I am ever to print, I shall think my Reputation expires nobly, when it dies a Martyr in your Quarrel.

The Misfortune you complain of, is ; that your Name is loaded with Slanders and Misreports ; and that your Innocence doth not protect you against that Injustice : and albeit I am sorry to see so Noble a Name as yours so ill lodg'd, as in the venomous Mouths of the indiscreet World ; yet I am glad to hear that your Fortunes are so full, as that you find no Incommodity but what is so foreign, and may be so easily remov'd.

Be pleas'd therefore to consider, that tho you imagine all the World talks of you, yet that is your and not their Error ; for, few have either Time, Convenience or Humour, to enquire into or hear such Reports, as those which trouble you : And I know by Experience, that where Men fall into your Misfortunes, or under any Affront, they conceive all they meet or know consider nothing so much as their Case : Whereas I my self have met such Persons without any lessening Thoughts of them, and without any change in my Humour towards them, besides what was wrought by a Pity to see reasonable Men slip into such an Error. It is the nearness of Concern which induces Men to believe this ; and so they should conclude, that seeing others are not so concern'd in these Mis-informations, they will not apprehend them with the same Feelings. Every Man imagines his own Distress greatest, and admires why others are not sensible of his Suf-

ferings ; whilst those admire why he sees not his own to be much less than he imagines. And as Self-Love makes us imagine that all the World hears of our Advantages ; so it is an equal Error to believe, that all Men are inform'd of our Misfortunes ; and I have discover'd to my Friends (who of all others should have known best my Misfortunes) what they knew not, but from my own Apologies.

Of those few who hear such Reports, Reason should oblige us to believe, that fewer believe them ; for, Reason teaches us to presume Men to be just, and really they are so, except they be bias'd by Prejudice or Interest ; whereas if they be just, they will little credit such Discourses, it being so indispensable an Essential of Justice, not to condemn such as we have not heard to defend themselves against what they are accus'd of ; that tho God could not but know what Adam had done when he had sinn'd in Eden, yet he would not sentence him till he cited him to appear in his own Defence : *Adam, where art thou ?* And when the Cries of Sodom's Sins were become as great as the Guilt was which occasion'd them ; yet God says, *We will go down and see.*

It were likewise Injustice to condemn Men upon the Depositions of such as shall have no Warrant for what they talk, but common Fame ; which is so infamous a Witness, that it hath been convicted of a thousand Millions of gross Lies, and stands condemn'd in the Registers both of sacred and profane Story. And so unworthy is the Off-spring of this common

common Whore, that you will scarce find one in an Age who will own it for his; and as if every Man condemn'd it, even those who relate these Discourses will still disown to be the Authors of them: and I may say of them, as the Law says of Bastards, that *Patrem demonstrare nequeunt*. Why then should we think, that just Men will believe what even unjust Men are asham'd to maintain? and what is told with so much Caution and Secrecy, as may convince such to whom it is told, that the Relater dares not undergo the Trial? The other Warrants of their Discourses are the Testimonies of such, as Men may see by the feverish Zeal of the Relaters, that they are too much interested to be believ'd; and when we hear such Discourses, we should examine why was the Relater at the pains to disperse these Informations: which if we do, we shall find, that Interest or Prejudice does prompt them; and so in believing those, we give the Informer reason to laugh at our Simplicity, in being so easily deceiv'd by him (which may justly give him ground to prefer his Wit to ours) and we become but the Executioners of his Revenge and Malice. Should not, and will not, reasonable Men think, that those who are so officious as to report such Discourses, wherein they are not interested, will be so unjust, as to make, as well as tell such Calumnies; and those who are busy Bodies in interesting themselves in such Tattles, may be Liars in forging what they want? None should be believ'd but such as are virtuous, and such will never be Authors of

Misreports, or curious to talk of other Mens Affairs; for virtuous Persons will be asham'd to have it thought, that they spend their time so meanly, as to have leisure to hear or enquire into what does not concern them: And as the Law, so Men should always suspect Witnesses, who offer themselves to depose without being commanded or interrogated. Wise Men will likewise examine upon what ground the Relater sounds himself; and if they do not, they are unjust; or if they do, they will easily find that the weakest Presumptions make the strongest of his Arguments: And in place of making you criminal, your Accusers will thus make themselves ridiculous. Who will condemn upon Presumptions? and upon such as are only Presumptions to Persons ignorant and malicious? What may be, may not be; and therefore it's bad Logick to infer, that such an evil thing is done, because it may be so: for the Conclusion should follow the weakest Proposition; and therefore we should rather conclude, that such an Evil is not done, because it may be that it is not done. No rational Man should judge of any Action, whereof he knows not the design of the Actor; for some Actions are Good or Evil, according as the Design is. St. Jerom went to Taverns, to observe and reform; which was a Virtue in him, tho it was a Crime in others: and therefore seeing we know not other mens Designs, we should not censure their Actions. One Circumstance also will vary the Case: and seeing few men know all Circumstances of others mens Ac-

tions, it is Rashness to censure what may but perhaps be vicious; and Injustice to be rash in censuring, seeing what we censure may be virtuous.

Another ground which persuades me that few believe what is disadvantageous to another man's Honour, is; that tho Fame and Life be but parallel'd in Law, yet in Honour, *Fame is much dearer than Life*: because it lasts longer than Life, and because Life without it is a Torment; but *Fame* without Life is so much a Happiness, that more die for Fame than by Courage. Seeing then we need not fear that just men will pronounce against our Life without impregnable Evidences, why should we fear that they will pronounce against our Honour, upon groundless and slight Misreports? It is likewise mens own Interest not to believe such Discourses of others, lest they thereby establish a Precedent against themselves: for will not they think that the next Turn may be theirs; and that being mortal as you, they are liable to the same Accidents; and that if such Discourses should receive Access, their Innocence and Pains are easily disappointed? And therefore, I hope you will think, that common Interest is a sufficient Security for your Fame amongst wise men; and that upon that score, prudent men will not believe such Reports, as just men will not upon the former. It is also most ordinary to find, that such as have been once cheated, will be more cautious for the future: Brutes themselves being so wise, as to beware of that Snare wherein they were once entrapt. It

is then most probable, that seeing most men have once, and many too often been cheated by Misreports, having been induc'd to wrong their Friends thereby, and their Relations; that such therefore even amongst those who can be unjust, will yet be so no more; and that we shall be secur'd by their Experience, tho not by their Virtue.

As to those who will talk to your Disadvantage, I shall rank them thus: some will out of Raillery, some will thro Misinformation, some by Interest and Malice. Those who talk out of Raillery, deserve not your Anger; nor should their Discourses fret you, seeing their Humour is generally known to design rather Jest than Truth: and so what they say may divert others as a treat of Wit, but cannot wrong you as a disobliging Truth; no more than *Virgil* can be believ'd a Fool, because he is antick'd in Burlesque Verse. And seeing these use you as they use their Friends and themselves, you should be no more angry than the King is, when he sees his Face posted up for a Sign to a Country Tavern. Scripture and Devotion suffer with you on this account; and because the finest things are most universally known, therefore they are most ordinarily the Subject of such Entertainment. That being the Object thought only worthy to rail at, which deserves not to be so us'd; and men being us'd to make that appear ridiculous, which is not so in it self.

Those who talk to your Prejudice thro Misinformation, receive so slight an Impression, as will make

make them speak but faintly, and as will not hinder them from being easily remov'd from their receiv'd Intelligence; and after they are reclaim'd by your Friends, or a ripen'd Information. they will judg it a Duty to expiate their former Error, by confessing to the World their former Injustice: so that by one of those Penitents more will be regain'd, than can be debauch'd by twenty Misinformers; Men being generally more inclin'd to believe such as have experienc'd both, than such as pretend only an Acquaintance with one of the opposite sides.

As to such who speak out of Malice, they do either press their Design with such Vehemency, as they may easily be suspected; or else they overact themselves, by telling so improbable Untruths, that they are easily discover'd: few likewise are unacquainted with the humour of such, and God has in a manner put Cain's Mark upon them, that they may not be believ'd. Malice cannot conceal it self, no more than it can the Faults of others; and the Authority of such is ordinarily of so little advantage to the Cause they manage, that it hangs Contempt upon a Report, that they spread it; and as soon as it is known to have begun at them, it leaves off to be either regarded or believ'd.

Those whom Interest persuades to talk of you, as being Rivals to either your Fame or Love, do soon discover themselves and their Passion; and by that Discovery they secure you: For, after that, the Hearers consider more their Interest than your Crimes; and

instead of hating you, because of that alledg'd Guilt, they pity and favour you as a Person who is so persecuted. Others do spread such Misreports, not because they rival you, but because they would have you to rival them; designing to have you loaded with the like Guilt, with which themselves stand charg'd; and expecting either to divert thereby the publick Noise, and make you the Seat of that War, or hoping to lessen their own Guilt by sharing it with you. These you should pardon, even as we pardon those who cling to us when they are like to drown: neither need you fear such Informers, seeing their Interest is known; and therefore none will believe them but such who are so simple, as that their Belief is not worth your Pains or Anger.

Having thus clear'd off many of those whom your Lordship suspected as Enemies, my next Work shall be to comfort you against what Impression those who remain can leave on you. In pursuance whereof, my first Conclusion shall be, That nothing can be Arbitrer of your Fate, but what hath Power to make you happy as well as miserable; by the application whereof, and of the Rule of Contraries, pardon me to assure you, that except you thought the Rabble might have made you happy by making you great or famous, you had never fear'd or courted their Suffrage: and seeing they are so miserable and unconstant a Crew, what an empty and unfix'd Happiness must that be which you expected? The way then not to value common Reports, is not to value what Fa-

vours the Multitude can do you ; that Happiness which you pursue amongst them, your own Breast, and it only, can bestow : And as nothing that is not spiritual can make your Spirit happy ; so nothing can wound a Spirit that is nothing it self but Breath and Air. And I assure you that those detract too much from the Nobleness of Man's Soul, who imagining that there is any thing else under the Sun, whereupon his Happiness or Unhappiness doth depend ; for all exterior Enjoyments do no otherwise enrich or impoverish it, than those Rivelets which disgorge themselves into that Basin of the Ocean, do by their Access or Recess fill or empty its still equal Waters. How can Man be said to be Lord of all the Creation, if his Happiness does depend upon Riches, Territories, or any thing without him ? And therefore it was nobly concluded by *Epicetus*, that what is without us, and does not depend upon our Choice, should not affect us.

And therefore seeing Reports cannot reach us, they should not grieve us : unjust Calumnies fall no otherwise upon a wise man, than Hail upon a strong House, whose Fall causeth greater Noise than Prejudice. It is true, that these may hinder us from being prefer'd ; but a virtuous Person knows, that his Happiness lies not in Preferment, and so he values no more what can obstruct that, than a covetous Man does the Loss of what may promote his Knowledge ; or the Amorous what cannot disappoint his Love. A virtuous Man may, by want of Preferment, be stop'd from doing

what good the Diffusiveness of his noble Humour would stretch towards others : But his Country is only a Loser in this, and not he ; for he pleases himself in the doing what good is within his present reach, and in being willing to do more if Occasion offer'd.

I confess that Misreports do sometimes grieve our Spirits ; but it is our Fancy, and not those, who have that Ascendant over us, as is clear from this : That the same Words spoke by a Friend or Fool, will not trouble us, which would inrage us if they slip't from any other Person ; and till we know what is spoke of us, what is spoken does not trouble us ; which shews that not our Enemies, but we wound our selves. And seeing they never trouble us, but when, and at what proportion we do value them ; it is clear, that not these, but our own Reflections do grieve us. For if these griev'd us, the measures of our Grief would not be rul'd by any thing in us, and all Affronts and Injuries should be to all equally disquieting ; whereas now they yield to our Humors. Nor is a jovial serene Spirit troubled like a melancholy man, whose Humour gives much of that black Tincture to our Crosses which so affright us. The way then to assure our selves against Misreports, is, not by informing all that great Mass of our Acquaintance, or by shunning what displeases others (for what will persuade them that they have a right to judg us ?) but the nearer cut is to tame our own Affections, and make them so subject to our Reason, that nothing may offend us, but what offends it ;

it; even as the way to preserve a Body from Diseases, is to purge away those noxious Humours which corrupt the best of Aliments.

Let us consider that Men are either just or unjust; if just, we

need not fear their Reproaches, for they never reproach Innocency, and we should not fear to have our Guilt reproach'd: If unjust, we should not fret, because it is natural to them to reproach even the Innocent.

*There is a Lust in Man no Charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his Neighbour's Shame :
On Eagles Wings immortal Scandals fly,
While virtuous Actions are but born and die.*

But shall we think our selves unhappy because Dogs bark at us, or the Winds and Storms stop our Journeys? This requires Submission, but not Grief, and is a Misfortune to them, but not to us. And as we should conform our selves to the Laws of the place where we live; so seeing the Decrees of Providence have appointed the Wicked to persecute the Just, it is reason to obey, not only because we cannot help it, but because our Maker hath commanded it. Such as calumniate us, do, in so doing, shew either *Ignorance or Malice*; and that being the worst of Ills, they prejudice themselves more than us, and we have our Revenge in their Offence. Fear not that their Malice will be constant if it be vigorous; for it must want in length what it grows to in height, and some fresh Object will divert them from fastening upon you: or at least, their natural Inconstancy will make them stagger from what they are at; and they will sooner fix no where, than fix long any where; and like a Swing, they will probably run as far in the other Extreme of admiring you, as they did to that of speaking to your

Prejudice: and as those upon whom the Plague breaks, need never fear a Relapse; so your surmounting this Report, will secure you against all future Invasions.

Men should do generous things, not for Esteem, but for Virtue; and I may say they are then most generous, when they meet not with Applause; for then they make the World their Debtors: but when the World applauds them, they pay them. And whereas they use the World in the one case, as a Prince does his Subjects; the World uses them in the other case, as a man doth his Merchant or Servant.

Nothing that is not in our Power should grieve us; and so it holds truer in Philosophy than Policy, that *Quisquis est faber sue fortunæ*: a wise man's Inclinations are his Stars, and nothing can make him unhappy, but what can pollute those. Seeing then we are not answerable for other mens Follies, why should their Misreports (which are the chiefest of these) trouble us? and if it be made arbitrary to them to grieve us, what a precarious Happiness is ours? which is subject to the Caprice of such as are

are capricious, ignorant and malicious; to escape one of which three, is as impossible as to please them all. No man is worsted in his esteem, because another commits a Fault; why then should I be grieved, as if I were guilty, because another man is so guilty as to calumniate me? and it is too much Compassion in me to be sorry for him who wrongs me.

There is no man so foolish as to pursue a Prize not worthy of his Pains, or to grapple with one who is not worthy to be defeated. Consider then that your Adversaries acknowledg, that they fear your Worth when they endeavour to lessen it by Calumny, knowing that they dare not enter the Lists with you upon equal Terms; and therefore they call the World by this common Fame to their Assistance, which imports, that nothing less than a multitude can overcome so heroic a Spirit. No place is undermin'd, but what is too strong for the Assailants open Force; and no man was ever painfully malign'd, but such as were of so noble an Humour, that nothing but Malice join'd with Pains could ruin. Levelling is the natural effect of man's Pride; and as no great Soul will descend to consider his Inferiours, so such as Fate hath plac'd below you, do naturally design either to rise to your height, or to pull you down to their own Stature. And hence it is, that your Endowments making the first unpracticable, Self-interest makes the second necessary, and the liberty of repining is a charitable Allowance; which should be indulg'd to those, to whom Providence having deny'd

what we possess, we should, in recompence of that Partage, suffer some Expressions from them; which when granted, do no ways make up that Loss. The consideration whereof made that generous Prince, *Henry the IVth of France*, say, when he heard that his Subjects talk'd of him with more Liberty than Justice, that he could not but pardon them, seeing they had nothing else to recompense their not being Kings of *France*. It were Injustice in you to desire both the Price, and the Thing whereof you have the Price: So that seeing you possess that Happiness which deserves publick Envy, it were unjust that you should not suffer it, and unmerciful that you should not suffer a word to pass with the Losers.

Consider likewise that all Mankind is born to misery; that is a Law, not a Punishment, and Envy is too too common to be a misfortune. Who escapes it in some measure, but such as never attempt any thing that was worthy of Consideration? And who thinks Death a misfortune, since all must submit to it? So that I may say to your Lordship, that nothing can cure this better, than to wear about your Arm the Names of three Persons, who have pass'd thro this Valley of Tears, without being soil'd by some Drops of Calumny; and to find these three, will be as hard as to find the Philosopher's Stone. Men should not repine then, because they are pursu'd by some Trouble; but they should consider whether their Trouble be greater than that of other men: and by this Rule we shall find, that

that they escape easily to whose share of this general Taxation, nothing falls but *Misreports*; for, such as lie entomb'd in Prison, or are starv'd in Poverty, to be reliev'd; and which is less, the Ambitious for Preferment, or the Vindictive for satisfying his Revenge, would allow the World to talk of them at their own Rates: So that your Torment is but their Choice, and you do at the same Altars complain of what they would beg from them.

No Merchant esteems himself miserable because he owes some Debt; but he compares his Debt and Credit, and is satisfy'd if more be owing to him than he owes to others. Do you then, my Lord, consider what Advantages you possess, and think not that Providence deals churlishly with you, when you perceive that even Malice must find more things to admire in you, than it can find to carp at: for, to have but one Trouble is a Happiness, seeing if you wanted all you would be a God, and it is sufficient Happiness to possess that Quiet which differs but by one Remove from his. Number your Friends, and I am confident you will find those to surpass the number of such, as dare say they are your Enemies. But tho they were fewer than your Enemies, yet be not so unjust to your Friends, as to think that one Friend is not worth a thousand Enemies. Wise Men number not, but ponder Vices, but you may securely do both. Will not a Courtier value the Opinion of his Prince, and a Lover the Esteem of his Mistress, above all the Suffrages of all the rest of Mankind? And should

not a virtuous Person content himself with the approbation of God Almighty? and which is next, with the esteem of a Friend? whose Knowledge and Virtue makes him all these to such as rightly rate Friendship.

—*Sat, amico te, mihi felix.*

His Friendship is a constant Purchase, but the Multitude's Applause is uncertain and painful; and those should rather be laught at who court it, than they who want it.

Consider seriously, whether it be not more easy and pleasant to be enjoying your self with a generous Friend, than be running up and down the World gaining such as serve for nothing, but to say, *You are a brave Gentleman*; which if it were a fine thing, they would not have it to bestow; for it is not reasonable to think that Providence would deposite fine things in such Hands; and it chooses its Servants ill, if these be its Stewards.

I having then spoken formerly to you as a Philosopher, let me use the stile of Gentleman; and in that tell you, that the World hath no right to judg you. You are a Peer, and should not be judg'd by Commons: Laugh at them when they usurp, and let not your Melancholy be the Executioner of their Sentence. It is alledg'd, that no Beast dares pursue a Man, if he hold his Face undauntedly to it; these pursue not Men, but Cowards: and the Rabble knows not when you err, but because you blush. Do not then by your Anxiety wrong Innocency; and establish

establish not a Precedent by your yielding, whereby other virtuous Persons may be oppress'd; but be so charitable even to those unjust Creatures who calumniate you, as to reclaim them from that Humour, by laughing them out of it. For I assure you, they will use you as Men do Children, who continue to hold out their Fingers to them, when they find it vexes them. No man will lose his Pains; and upon this account, you will find, that seeing Men calumniate you because they think to vex you, they will give themselves no longer that Trouble, than they find they are able to give it you.

The Example of those *Bethshemites*, who sell the Sacrifice of their own Sin, for prying into the Bosom of the Ark, forbids my Eyes to be so sacrilegious as to look too inwardly into the Designs of God Almighty (whereof it was but a Type) in raising that Dust wherewith your Name seems to be at present somewhat sully'd. And seeing it is unjust to judg of those mens Actions, with whose Designs we are not too intimate; it were unmannerly to repine at God's Dispensations, whose Actions are fitted more for our Wonder than our Enquiry. But yet I may at a pious distance judg, that Providence hath design'd these Reports rather for Trophies than Trials to your Courage; intending, in your Patience, to teach the World, that it is as easy for a

generous Soul to conquer, as to complain of Calumnies: and so I hope your Repute will rise more glorious after this Resurrection. Do then, my Lord, retire from under the Empire of *Fame*, to the Sanctuary of Friendship, where generous Souls, by mingling together, become themselves greater. And from that secure Post, consider, how the happy Angels admire to see us, who are design'd to be Sharers of their Happiness, so foolish as to be vain of *Fame*, or vext when we want it; seeing they possess those Joys for which we pray, and yet value not a far more noble *Fame* than that after which we pant. You are innocent, and may adore your Maker, which compleats the Pleasures of those blessed Spirits: and what can be wanting to one who possesses so much? Consider likewise how these Hummings, and this Noise of us poor Mortals, outlive not the present Age; for, who knows what was said of the noblest Ladies who liv'd in Queen *Elizabeth's* Court? much less in the Country during her Reign? And History scorns to preserve such ridiculous Fopperies, as have no surer Foundations than Rumour or Malice: But tho it did, yet a little time shall consume us and them. And therefore I shall finish this *Paradox*, in praise of *Slandering*, as *Virgil* doth his Reflection upon the Battles, Toil, and Noise of the Bees;

*Hi motus animorum, atq; hæc certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu, compressa quiescunt.*

Paradox LXXIV.

The Loving Duel.

L A D Y, what's your Face to me ?
 I was not only made to see ;
 Every silent Stander by,
 Thus enjoys as much as I :
 The Rose and Lillies are not mine
By praising them into Divine.
 Nature's Wealth upon your Brow,
 In your Cheek and Lips doth show,
 That within are to be found
Rocks of Pearl and Diamond.
 To which a Lapidary's Art,
 Must Lustre and the Price impart.
Here a Vein with golden Threds,
 To a Mine of Pleasure leads;
 Which who once enjoys, has Power
To make new Indies every Hour.
 Come let us mix our selves, and prove
 'Tis Action that perfects Love ;
 Your Smiles and Kisses, fruitless Toying,
 Stay me not, but tempt enjoying :
 Shall we Coward-gazing stand,
Like Armies in the Netherland ?
 Taking Fear at either's Sight,
 Till we grow too weak to fight.
 Give the Signal, let us try
 Who shall fall, your self, or I :
 'Tis Love's War, if either yield,
Both are Masters of the Field.

Paradox LXXV.

The chaste Disease ; or a Paradox in praise of a Clap.

S O L O M O N says a W H O R E is a deep Ditch (and 'tis said <i>Whoremongers and Adulterers God</i> <i>will judg</i>) but tho Whoring is a heinous Sin, yet it must be	own'd 'tis a natural Fault, for the Desire of Procreation is born and bred in all Animal Creatures. 'Tis true, one lustful Thought is e- nough to sink us to Hell, yet Ve- nery
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nery is an Original Appetite, and has more to say for it self than Gluttony, which was the Cause of Man's Fall (witness Eve, and the Forbidden Fruit.)

Gluttony, tho it destroys many Lives thro Surfeits, &c. yet the Law takes no notice of it; but Procreation that begets and makes Life, is punish'd by Law, which seems strange to corrupt Nature. However the Adulterer has this to plead, that if he gets a CLAP (or the French Disease) he dies a Martyr to Venus.

As for the Female Offender, she has this to say for her self, that she is seduc'd by Nature, as Eve by the Devil, and that Women being of soft and tender Dispositions, do easily yield to an enticing Appetite: Besides, men being eloquent in Persuading, prevalent in Flattering, free in Proteſting, and earnest in Vows and Promises; all have such Force with Females (who are credulous and yielding Creatures) as they have seldom Power to deny men their carnal Desires.

Besides, it must be consider'd that Adultery is not caus'd thro Spite, Envy, Malice, Revenge, Scorn, Pride, or the like Sins; but thro seeming Love, Kindness, Friendship, and such like Virtues. So that Adultery (or Whoredom) is a Sin that seems to be built upon Virtues; and it must be own'd 'tis a Sin that produces Life (i. e. coins Heaven's Image in Stamps that are forbid) But would Flesh and Blood listen to Prov. 22. 14. and remember, that the Child often proves the Picture of the Lover, and discovers it (Bless'd Conclusion of stol'n Sweets!) they'd ne'er invade the

Right of another. But tho Whoredom is a scandalous and damning Sin, yet it must be own'd 'tis a natural Vice, and you may as soon destroy all Animal Creatures as their Inclination to Venery: Or if there be some Men and Women purely chaste, those are of Divine Compositions, and not perfect Naturals, their Souls and Bodies having more of the Purity of Heaven, than the gross Corporeity of Nature. But most Men (the more is their Sin and Shame) are Nature's Creatures; and for the Women, they are the Daughters of Eve, and all the harm I wish 'em, is, That every Whoremaster may be as great a Penitent as David, and every Whore as great a Saint as Mary Magdalene; for she beg'd Pardon by Repentance, and wash'd out her Sin with her Tears.—Yet still it must be confess'd there is a seeming Pleasure in Whoredom (and when a Man or Woman is kept, a seeming Profit) but 'tis a Pleasure and Profit that is always curs'd: For they who commit Whoredom do often leave themselves little, besides their humane Shape, to difference them from Beasts. 'Tis a Sin that clouds the Understanding, and defaces the reasonable Soul: therefore Solomon very well describes the young man that was going to the Harlot's House, Prov. 7. 22. He goeth after her as an Ox goeth to the Slaughter.—Nor are the Effects of it better to the Body than to the Mind; the Shame, Poverty, Theft, Murders, and many filthy Diseases which often attend, or follow this Sin, are sufficient Witnesses how mischievous it is to the Body. And, alas!

how

how many are there that have thus made themselves the Devil's Martyrs? suffer'd such Torments in the pursuit of this Sin, as would exceed the Invention of the greatest Tyrant? Surely they that pay thus dear for Damnation, very well deserve to enjoy the Purchase.——And as Uncleanneſs is a damning Sin, so it must be own'd, if Whoredom should be suffer'd, Property and the Right of Inheritance would be lost in the Obscurity of hidden Adultery, or in the Uncertainty of the Right Children or Fathers.

Having said the most I can in the praise of Whoredom, I shall next speak of that chaste Disease that attends it: (i. e. say all the fine things I can, in praise of a Clap, &c.)

It is the Complaint of an ancient Writer, *Nulla tam modesta felicitas est quæ malignitatis dentes vitare possit*; There was never any Felicity, whether moderately season'd, or compleat in Perfection, so happy that could avoid the Teeth of Envy and Slander; and therefore no wonder Men do not stick to defame that illustrious Disease, a Clap (alias the Crincums, alias the French Pox, &c.) which is honourable enough to have its Original from many Kingdoms.——Nay the name of Pox (for I'll keep most to that as 'tis a word better known than Clap or Crincums) is of so Reverend Estimation, that even Diana her self, whom the *Panims* ador'd for their Goddess of Chastity and Honesty, took her Name from them, whom the *Latins* call *Bubones*, the French *Buboes*, and the Spanish *Bubas*; so is she call'd *Bubastis*. Yea the

famous Star *Bootes*, which guides *Charles's Wain*, admits the Syllables into his Name, and is call'd *Bubulco*. And why then should men here on Earth think scorn of this Name?

But because Derivations do many times drive Words out of Fashion, and a Notation of Names is of all the artificial Arguments in Logick one of the weakest; left by seeking to lift the Pasty by one end, we mar all, let us fasten upon something more material, and from the Original of the word come to the Beginning of the thing.

Amongst those rich Treasures, which *Christopher Columbus* brought home into Spain, after his Discovery of the Indies, one of the chiefest was the Pox: For in his Fleet (amongst other freight) were waſted over certain Indian Women, with whose happy Conversation the *Castilians* came home plentifully furnish'd with this holy Contagion. Holy, I call it, because the Cure of it is that which they call *Lignum sanctum*, or *Guaicum*: Holy, for the place where it is heal'd, which is the Hospital, call'd by the French, *Maison Dieu*: and Holy, because it is a great help to make them that have it Saints. For whosoever shall behold the outward Mortification of a pocky Companion, the Delicacy of the Tone of his Voice, his pale and meagre Face, his wan Colour, and his whole Body broken and disjointed (that a Man may shake all his Bones together in his Skin) and lastly shall see him wholly made a very Picture and painted Table of Repentance, he may see sufficient Tokens of
apparent

apparent Holiness; for you never see fat Paunches, and plump'd Cheeks, and idle Fellows once admitted into the School of Repentance, nor into the Stews, the Work-house of Courtizans, nor into the Hospital of the Pock-rotten Adventurers.

Among the *three Capital Enemies*, which with Fire and Sword do assail the Soul, the greatest of them, which is the Flesh, is wholly subdu'd by the Pox, because thereby it is made unable to exercise any *unlawful Act*; and for that reason I call this Paradox *the chaste Disease, or a Paradox in praise of a Clap*. For is there any thing in the World that doth more open the Gates to Holiness, than to take away the Occasions of Sinning? And what is there that hath more Efficacy to withdraw a Man or a Woman from occasions of Evil, than the *French Disease*? For if a Woman knows that a Man hath the Pox, she flies from him as a ragged Sheep from a Bramble-bush. Again, what greater Token of *Holiness* can there be in a man, than to have a *Sense and Feeling of his Sins*? Now who is he that doth suffer greater Grief and Pains for his Sins, than he that hath the Pox? Who are more frank and more bountiful in Gifts than such men? For a Pox-master was never accounted a paltry Fellow. For as when we see a common Woman, we say, speaking by the contrary, there goes a good one; so we call this holy Infection the *peeling Disease*, understanding that such a one will part with his very Skin.

All other Aches and Pains have some Enemy that may destroy

them; or by a Bill out of the Apothecary's Shop, like a Writ of Remove, they may be dislodg'd; but the Pox hath made its Peace with all Drugs and Confections. There is not found among all the Vials and Gally-pots any Simple or Syrup so powerful, that can disturb the Pox out of its Possession: whence it is plain, that it is wrongfully and abusively call'd an Infirmity; for the word *Infirmity* argueth and importeth want of Firmness, whereas the Pox is so far from not being firm, that to him that hath once caught it, it continues so firm, so stable, and so well settled, that it never forsakes him, but accompanys him to his Grave; and I think into *Purgatory* too, because no Lenitives or Purgations can either assuage the Pain, or drive it out.

They that set out the Worth and Greatness of that excellent Poet *Homer*, ascribe it much to his Honour, that he drew his beginning from many Cities and Islands, as *Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon*, and the like; how much greater is the Honour of this spreading Gangreen the Pox, which derives its Descent not from Islands and Cities, but from great Kingdoms and Provinces? Some call it the *Neapolitan Disease*, others the *French Evil*; some the *Scab of Spain*, others the *Indian Sarampion*, or *Tetter and Ring-worm*; others that speak with some Reverence and Respect, do not say plainly to a man, you are a pocky Knave, but rather *Vous avez, Sir you are pepper'd*: And indeed such is the Dignity and Greatness of this Malady,

Malady, that they speak of it, after the stile of Kings, and Dukes, and Grandees, in the plural Number. For whereas we commonly call Blains and Sores in the singular Number, the *Scurf*, or the *Scab*, or the *Winchester-Goose*, these are all saluted in the Plural Number, the *Pocks*, as if they should stile themselves, *nos Bubones, & Pustula Gallicana*.

And seeing that Nature doth Trees a Favour, in making them to shed their Leaves, and Fowls to moult their Feathers, that she may clothe them yearly with new; she doth not deal so with men, but leaves them to themselves to effect it by their own Industry and Providence, whereunto when they are dispos'd to moult, and to do off their Perriwigs, the *Pox* in this Case is *Nature's Agent*, which doth maintain her self with that which is most delicate in that Subject, such as are the *thin Locks of the Head*, the *daintiness of the Eye-lids and the Eye-brows*, the *venerable Beards*, and the most valiant *Mustaches*: for never any timorous and white-liver'd Cowards have the *Pox*; but the most fool-hardy Adventurers are admitted into this Corporation.

How doth the World dote upon Astrologers and Star-gazers, that can foretel and divine of things to come? Whereas there is no Astrologer more weather-wise than a *Pock-master*, or whose Predictions are more certain? For if there be any Change of Weather or Season approaching, presently the *intrinsical Accidents* that cleave to his *Bones and Sinews*, do give him a perfect notice of it, in that he feeleth any

Ache in every Commisur'd of his Joints, and his Bones do even rattle in his Skin.

Add hereunto, that Men thus affected (or infected rather) have this great Privilege above other Men, that altho they be in *Vassalage and Slaves by Condition*, yet they are observ'd and respected as absolute Lords, and are serv'd of every body; whereas they serve none but God, whom by the *Pox* they are brought to remember. And see, I pray you, to what a Lordliness they are advanc'd, in that not only their Persons are in a manner sacred, and may not be approach'd but at a certain distance; but whatsoever is about them and belongs to their necessary use, cannot safely be touch'd of any man, as if they were some *holy Relicks*; for no man dares to lie in their Bed, or to wear their Clothes, or to drink in their Cup, or to sit in their Chairs.

Howbeit, it is not greatly to be marvell'd at, that the *Pox* hath attain'd to so high a pitch and prerogative of Excellency, considering that the same *Art and Operation*, and the same Instruments which Nature employeth to produce a man, which is the noblest of her Creatures, the same are also the general Causes of the *Pox*, I mean the great and honourable *Pox*; for those other *Pushes and Inflammations* that arise in the Body from Cold, or from an over-heated and exulcerated Liver, are not properly *Pox*, but *Pouts and Pimples*. So then, this Reason being consider'd, the *Pox* may very justly take state upon them, and stand upon *Punchilio's* of Honour, and out-brave a man

to his Face, and say, that they are issu'd from *as good Parents as he*. And surely it seems no less: for as they that are nobly born, the better to shew their Greatness and to maintain their State, do live retiredly in the inmost and remotest rooms of their House; so doth the Pox, out of the same Rule and Reason of State, *keep Residence in the very Bones and the Marrow of him that hath them*. And lastly, what greater Token can there be of a noble Nature, than to shew Thankfulness to those that have suffer'd any thing for their sakes, or done ought to procure their good? In which kind of Retribution the Pox are no way deficient. For whereas the Nose in the purchase of the Pox doth suffer a kind of Lesion and Hurt by the Arroasion of its Gristle; to make it ample Amends and Satisfaction, the Pox do make the Nose the Trumpet or Horn-pipe of their own Praises, whose graceful Tone vary'd chromatically upon the Musicks and Half-notes of Snuffing and Snorting, is much like the untam'd Voice and Braying of *Silenus's Hobby-horse*.

Paradox LXXVI.

Proving Nothing's Something.

NOTHING, thou elder Brother, even to shade,
Thou hadst a Being e'er the World was made,
And well fix'd art alone, of Ending not afraid.

E'er Time and Place were, Time and Place were not,
When Primitive Nothing, Something strait begot;
Then all proceeded from the great united—*WHAT?*

Something, the general Attribute of all,
Sever'd from thee its sole Original,
Into thy boundless Self must undistinguish'd fall.

Yet Something did thy mighty Pow'rs command,
And from thy fruitful Emptinesses Hand,
Snatch'd Men, Beasts, Birds, Fire, Air and Land.

Matter, the wicked'st Off-spring of thy Race,
By Form assisted, flew from thy Embrace,
And Rebel Light obscur'd thy Reverend dusky Face.

With Form and Matter, Time and Place did join,
Body, thy Foe, with these did Leagues combine,
To spoil thy peaceful Realm, and ruin all thy Line.

But Turncoat Time assists the Foe in vain,
And to thy hungry Womb drives back thy Slaves again,
And brib'd by thee assists thy short-liv'd Reign.

Tho Mysteries are barr'd from Laick Eyes,
And the Divine alone with Warrant pries
Into thy Bosom, where the Truth in private lies ;
Yet this of thee the Wise may freely say,
Thou from the Virtuous nothing tak'st away,
And to be part of thee the Wicked wisely pray.

Great Negative ! how vainly would the Wise
Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise,
Didst thou not stand to point their dull Philosophies !

Is, or is not ! the two great Ends of Fate,
And true or false the Subject of Debate,
That perfect or destroy the vast Designs of Fate ;

When they have rack'd the Politicians Breast,
Within thy Bosom most securely rest,
And when reduc'd to thee are least unsafe and best.

Nothing, who dwell'st with Fools in grave Disguise,
For whom they Rev'rend Shapes and Forms devise,
Lawn Sleeves, and Furs and Gowns, when they like thee look
French Truth, Dutch Prowess, British Policy, (wise,
Hibernian Learning, Scotch Civility,
Spaniards Dispatch, Danes Wit, are mainly seen in Thee.

The Great Man's Gratitude to his best Friend,
Kings Promises, Whores Vows, to thee they tend,
Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

Rocheſter.

Paradox LXXVII.

Further proving Nothing's Something.

PARDON, Grave Sages, Nature's Treasures,
Earth's best Surveyers, Heaven's best Measures;
Who in the Depths of Sciences do wade,
Teaching that *Nought* of *Nothing* can be made.
I will untwist the strength of your Decree,
And from your Errors lab'rinth set you free,
Since to the making of this *All-Theater*,
Nothing but *Nothing* had the *All-Creator* ;
And as the Structure of this World's great Mass,
Out of vast Emptiness first reared was,
Embellish'd with each curious Ornament,
Without or Stuff, or Matter prejaent ;
So by great *Nothing's* frank and free expence,
We yet enjoy each rareſt Excellence.

For *Nothing* is more precious than Gold,
'Mongſt all thoſe things which *Neptune's* Arms enfold,

'Mongst sublunary Bodies which do range
Near the World's Center, fluff'ring daily change,
Which fill Fates Mort-main, and which Death doth mierce,
Driving them from their Cradle to their Hearse :
Amongst all these, and what so else we have,
Nothing did ever yet escape the Grave.

Nothing's immortal, *Nothing* ever joys,
Nothing was ever free from all Annoys.
Why shou'd not *Nothing* then of us expect,
That Shrines and Altars we to her erect ?

Nothing more joyous is to us than Light,
Or the Springs flowry Mantle all bedight
With *Pinks* and *Primrose*, when sweet *Zephirs* Breath
Inspireth Life after long Winters Death.

Nothing is safe in War, *Nothing* in Peace
Is just ; which made *Tibullus* once confess,
That to avoid all Danger, Dread and Scath,
The happist man is he that *Nothing* hath.
He thieves by Land, nor Pirates fears, nor Wracks,
Nor bribed Judg, whose Sentence often racks
The richer Client, who must seldom spare
To waste his Wealth in Fees, his Health with Care.

So *Zeno's* wife Man only doth aspire
Nothing to covet, *Nothing* to admire.

And *Socrates* it his Profession made,
Nothing to know, which is a thriving Trade ;
Since not to know, but to have much to give,
Is that which purchaseth best means to live.

The *Alchymist*, who with Spagyrick Tricks,
Doth sometimes sublimate, and sometimes fix
His baser Metals by a *Chymick* Fire,
Extracting them by Art and fell Desire ;
From ¹ *Stannar* and ² *Calaminary* mold,
To turn crude *Mercury* into liquid Gold :
How ! how doth he in this Gulf's *Baltick* Sound,
His Wit, his Wealth, himself and all confound !
And all for *Nothing*, t'whom he is in Thrall,
And 'mongst Fool's Moral, a pure *Natural*.
Nothing to *Phæbus* is unknown, unscann'd,
Of him that number could the *Lybian* Sand.

¹ *Stannar* is
the Mother
of Metals.

² *Calumnia-*
ris Lapis, out
of which
Brass is
drawn.

And you, great Clerks, who dry and waste your Brains
Thro sleepleess Nights, and with incessant Pains,
To compass Knowledg, if I should but ask
Th'intended end of all your toiling Task :
Your Answer, I suppose, to this would rend,
That you know *Nothing*, *Nothing* comprehend.

Yet *Nothing* is more bright than Summer's Sun,
Or purest Flame. *Nothing* can swiftly run,

And

And fly as swift without both Feet and Wing,
Without a Voice *Nothing* can sweetly sing.

Nothing without a Body can be touch'd,
As wise *Lucretius* gravely hath avouch'd.

Nothing can move without exchange of Place ;
Nothing is seen without fair Colour's grace.

Nothing's more helpful to assuage our Smart,
Than noble *Physick's* Evil-curing Art :

Whoever then is Liver-sick of Love,
And fain would Philtres and Love-Potions prove ;

Let him not seek to th' help of *Magick* Charms,
For no such Spells will ever heal his Harms :

Only of this let him himself assure,
That *Nothing* can Love's hot Impostumes cure.

Yea those who once have past the *Stygian* Lake,
Nothing can them from *Death* recover back :

Nothing can conquer the infernal Furies,
Nothing can alter their eternal Juries.

The *Giants* felt, when with the Heavens they strove,
Nothing more fearful than the Wrath of *Jove* :

The Gods fear *Nothing* ; *Nothing* keeps in awe
Rebellious Men that care not for the Law.

Nothing with God may be compared right,
For Justice, Wisdom, Majesty and Might ;

And tho within God fills this spacious Round,
Yet *Nothing* may without it well be found.

This is the Task that I did undertake,
Of *Nothing's* *Nothing* Something for to make.

Paradox LXXVIII.

*That Ignorance is better than Knowledge, and Fools more
happy than Wise Men.*

THE more I think hereon, the more I resolve and rest in this Opinion, *That it is better to have no Knowledge in Letters, than to be expert or skilful therein ;* considering, that such as have consum'd the most part of their Age in the Study of Sciences, have in the end repented themselves thereof, and have oftentimes found very evil Success thereby.

*Great Wits and Valours, like great States,
Do sometimes sink with their own Weights ;
Th'Extremes of Glory and of Shame,
Like East and West become the same.*

No Indian Prince has to his Palace
More Followers than a Thief to th' Gallows.

Valerius the Great, writing of Learning) saith, That in his latter years he conceiv'd such an Hatred against Letters, as if they serv'd to be call'd not only the Father of Eloquence, but even had been the Cause of his making the Fountain of all excellent Grievs and Travels.

*His Foppery without the help of Sense,
Cou'd ne'er have risen to such an Excellence;
Nature's as lame in making a true Fop,
As a Philosopher: the very Top
And Dignity of Folly, we attain
By studious Search and Labour of the Brain;
By Observation, Counsel and deep Thought,
God never made a Coxcomb worth a Groat:
We owe that Name to Industry and Arts,
An eminent Fool must be a Man of Parts.*

The Emperor Licinius, Valentianus, Heraclides, Licianus, and Philonides of Malta, have openly term'd the Skill in Letters, sometime, to be a publick Plague, and common Poison to Men.

*Wisdom's too froward to let any find
Truth in himself, or Pleasure in his Mind;
She takes by what she gives, her Help destroys,
She shakes our Courage, and disturbs our Joys:
Thus Wisdom is to Sloth too great a Slave,
None are so busy as the Fool and Knave.*

And I have found written in many good Authors, that he who covers Knowledge, covers Vexation; and that from great Experience, ensueth (oftentimes) the greatest Danger. Likewise it is certain, that all Heresies, as well antient as modern, came from Men of Knowledge; and contrariwise, that in People, esteem'd Idiots, or Men of little Knowledge, have been usually noted express Signs of virtuous Works and good Examples.

I highly commend the Order among the Lucanes, that no one professing Capacity of Letters, or esteem'd Learned, may obtain any Office, or sit as a Magistrate in their Parliament; for they stand in fear, lest these learned Men (by their great Knowledge, which makes them presume so much on their Persons) should trouble the good Order and Tranquillity of their Commonwealth. Nor may this be reckon'd but to very good purpose, if we would well consider their Insolency, who under shadow of Probation in a College, would have every one stand beholden to them, and think

think under colour of their fair Allegations, with Interpretations sometimes crooked enough, to overthrow the best natural Sense in the world; and they of Duty ought to be above all only heard and listned to. Some of them there be, who (like to *Mydas*) confound in their obstinate Opinions and stiff-neck'd Conceits, all things whatsoever they take in hand.

I cannot imagine, to what end are available these Men so highly learned, who (in honor of their Followers) are call'd, *fine, polish'd, curious and ingenious Wits*. For if they might serve to govern any publick Cause, how many Nations are seen without the Knowledge of Laws Imperial, or of Stoical or Peripatetical Philosophy, so to govern and entertain themselves, that they out-go all antient Commonwealths?

To think that they may serve

for the *Art Military*, I dare boldly witness thus much, that I have known more than one or two Gentlemen, and some learned Captains, who (by the help of their Books) have labour'd and busy'd themselves to levy an Army, put Men in array, and furnish their Squadrons; which Practice never return'd them any Honour. For in truth in matter of War we daily behold incident Novelties and unaccustom'd Stratagems, which never before were register'd or put in use by the very skilfullest Writers in times past. How can we then with reason affirm the Books of *Frontinus* or *Vegetius* to be profitable for the Art of War? In my conceit, the good Judgment of a Captain, join'd with his long Use and Experience in these matters, is sufficient enough for him, without troubling him to turn over Books of the *Art Military*.

*Unequally th' Impartial Hand of Heaven
Has all but this one only Blessing given;
In Wit alone 't has been munificent,
Of which so just a Share to each is sent,
That the most Avaritious are content;
For none e'er thought (the due Division's such)
His own too little, or his Friend's too much.*

3

That learned People are fit to guide a House, or govern a Household (which the Philosophers call'd *Oeconomia*) how can I agree thereto? when at this day 'tis to be noted, both in *London* and elsewhere, how many good and honest Mothers of Families, who never in their Lives study'd in any University, yet both have and do well order their Houses and guide their Households. Yea, above one or two hundred Wo-

men for example, who (no displeasure to *Aristotle* or *Xenophon*) may learnedly read them a Lecture, and turn them confusedly out of their Household Catalogues. And I do not doubt, but if those Philosophers or Oeconomicks of Times past, were at this day present to see how these Housewives govern and content each one, themselves would avouch, that they might learn of them new Precepts and Instructions,

that would better become their learned Books and Volumes.

Besides 'tis easy to prove, that these expert Fellows in Letters (even as by another *Cyrce*) are transform'd, and depriv'd of the greater part of their natural Power. Find me out a young Man, lusty and bravely dispos'd, of affable Temper, endu'd and garnish'd with all such things as are best befitting his Age; let him follow the *Study of Letters*, you shall find him in a short time foutish, unapt to all things; and as little while can he tarry from his Book, as can the Fish out of Water.

Observe the Looks of poor Students, how sad they are, melancholy, grim, dreadful, languishing, humorous and heavy: In brief, the very nearest Portraiture to a deadly Counterfeit, or a long-dry'd Anatomy. And as for their Complexions, they are the hardest in choice that can be amongst Men; they are ever suspicious of some Evil, so bad they are themselves, proud, presumptuous, despising all honest Companies, mortal Enemies to the Female Sex, Vaunters to the uttermost, and frantick Inventers of Tales and Trifles: Which *St. Paul* divinely foreseeing, admonish'd us, *not to be wise, but soberly minded*; fearing lest by over-plunging our selves in the Depth of human Doctrines, we should fall into far greater Perils and Dangers; therefore he counsels us not to seek after high and difficult matters, but to abide in fear, without passing the Bounds of Obedience. Likewise did he not shew himself to have left and despis'd all Lite-

rature and worldly Knowledge, after he had gotten the true Knowledge of God, when he said, nothing was more to be desir'd, than *to know his Master crucify'd*? That he was not come to preach, garnish'd with human Wisdom or rhetorical Cunning; and that the Wisdom of this World was nothing else but Folly before God; and that it did nothing else but puff up the Hearts of Men; and that whosoever sought after things over high, should find themselves shut quite out of Glory? And these Words agree with the Saying of *Ecclesiasticus*, that we should seek after nothing which surmounteth the Capacity of our Spirit. To prove the same, hath nor God menac'd by the Mouth of his Prophet, to destroy the Wisdom of the Wise, and to reprove the Prudence of the Skilful?

What shall hinder me from believing that the Wisdom of this World was the Invention of the Enemy, whom our Elders call'd *Damon*; seeing the word *Damon* signifies wise and learned? This was he that promis'd to poor Adam (so easy to be deceiv'd) *the Knowledge of Good and Evil*, if he wou'd but taste of the Fruit which God had forbid him. *Plato* rehearses to this purpose, that an evil Spirit nam'd *Thendras* was the first Inventer of Sciences; and hence it follows, as I think, that we see so few learned Men, but some of them are wicked, seditious, envying the Glory one of another, great Deceivers, and cruel Revengers, which tho it be not done by Arms in Field like Men, yet have they the means of performing

forming the same in Comedies, beastly Satyrs, sharp and biting Verses, cruel Iambicks, and furious Epigrams.

I wou'd willingly demand of such as make doubt of the Disprofit of Letters, if they were of such value and esteem as they make them to be, our great Lords, who are (as every one perceives) very curious of the most fair and precious things in the world, wou'd they endure such Dearth in their Houses? Why doth not Learning make them so rich and magnificent as other temporal Goods do? And were it so greatly profitable for Youth, as also such an honest Recreation for Age, I am asham'd to see, that in our great Cities and Towns the Professors thereof go from House to House, like such as beg Bread with empty Wallets. For in truth this is the End of Learned Men in these critical and inquisitive Times, not only to be Beggars, but beyond all other to be most miserable and malecontent. That this is true, do but note the very first Figure, Character, or Letter, which we teach our Children in their Infancy; *is it not the Cross?* Beginning with all Poverty, going on with Anguish, Trouble and Grief, and ending with like dolorous Death?

For example, see what was the End of *Socrates* and *Anaxagoras*; who by Sentence and Decree of the Senate of their Countries were both miserably poison'd? *Thales* likewise, who dy'd with Thirst; *Zeno*, who was slain by Command of the Tyrant *Phalaris*; *Anaxarchus*, who was detestably murder'd by the Com-

mand of *Nicocreon*; the great Philosopher and most singular Mathematician *Archimedes*, who was slain by the Soldiers of *Marcellus*; and *Pythagoras* likewise, who was slain in company of threescore of his Scholars.

Think on the glorious Recompence made to the Philosopher *Plato*, when after his long Travel for the publick Good, he was in the end sold as a Slave by *Dionysius* the Tyrant. *Anacharsis* dy'd suddenly: *Diodorus* dy'd in despight, because he cou'd not resolve a Question, which was propos'd to him by the Philosopher *Stilpo*: *Aristotle*, when he saw himself out of credit with *Alexander*, drown'd himself in *Chalcide* in the River *Eurypus*; and *Calisthenes* his Scholar was cast forth of the windows. *Cicero* had his Head and Hands cut off, and his Tongue pull'd out, having been before banish'd from *Rome*, where he saw his House ruin'd, his beloved Daughter dead before his face, and his Wife in the Arms of his utter Adversary. *Seneca* dy'd a violent and outrageous Death; *Averroes* the great Commentator of *Aristotle*, - was broken with a Wheel that pass'd over his Body: *Johannes Scotus* making his Lecture in *England*, was stab'd to death by his Scholars with their Penknives.

But leaving these antient matters, and to speak of them of later times, let us consider the Death of *Hermolaus Barbarus*, who was banish'd from the Signory of *Venice*, because without the Consent of them he had accepted the Patriarch's Authority of *Aquilea*; he dy'd by a Coal that

that took hold of one of his Toes. *Domitius Calderinus* dy'd also of the Plague. The learned Counsellor or Peacemaker was burn'd after he was dead, because they could not catch him in his life-time. *Angelus Politianus* ended his days, beating his Head against the Walls. *Savonarola* was burnt at Florence by the command of Pope *Alexander*. *Peter Lion* of *Spoleta* was thrown into a Well. *Johannes Tisserus* dy'd in an Hospital; *Erasmus* in Exile; the French Poet in like manner, by the miserable and implacable Suit of the Court, even in his old Age: The Lord *John Francis Pica Mirandula* was slain by the People of his own Country. If I would stand to number all, I should undertake one of *Hercules's* Labours; especially to recite the Misery of them that have been, and even now are glad to go seek their Fortune, only thro the cause of Learning.

Wherefore is it, that a Cook, a Horse-keeper, a Gardiner or a Peasant, shall be receiv'd more honourably, and be better provided for in the Courts of Princes and great Lords, than shall a Man of great Wisdom? It is because they receive more Profit by such Fellows, than they do by curious Students or Learned Men; the Countenance of whom makes them in the Court so little regarded, as they are but mock'd at for every word; so that if any one of them think to advance himself in Company, by pronouncing three poor Words of Latin, hardly can he have open'd his mouth, but one is ready to call him Master of the Town, or School-master of the College, which are

words of no more regard (by the Report of themselves that utter them) than if one should call him poor and miserable wretch, for that is understood without the speaking; as under the Name of an unthankful man are comprehended all the Faults that may be alledg'd against him.

Did not one make a Law, that whosoever should speak of Letters should be grievously punish'd and corrected, and he that shou'd touch a Book, of what Science soever, shou'd have his Hands either burnt or cut off, with particular Commands to every one (under the pain of hanging) no more to use Paper, Ink, Pens, or Ink-horns, with utter abolishing of the Arts of Impression, Cutting, Graving, or other kind of Stamp, in what manner soever it should be? to the end that Learning being by this Edict driven forth of the sight of Men, by the same means might be prevented the Unhappiness that from thence daily ensues, as well thro the grievous Afflictions which Learning's Followers suffer in themselves, as also in respect of the great danger and loss in those places where the Academies are assembled.

Better it is then to be ignorant than skilful; better to hate Letters than so dearly to cherish and love them. Moreover, our poor ignorant People shew not themselves astonish'd or confounded, of whom (God be prais'd) I know a great number: but they rejoice and thank God in their hearts, for the great Fortune happening to them by reason of their Ignorance. For they remember, that when *Socrates* was judg'd generally,

and

and held by the Oracle to be wise, then himself openly manifested to every one, that it was because he knew nothing. Likewise they forget not the Proverb of St. Austin, That the Simple are lifted on high, and rejoice the Heavens; but the Learned, with their curious Lessons and Sciences, shall be overthrown. Lastly, they call to mind that which was so highly said and reprov'd in St. Paul by Festus the Judge, 'That the multitude of Sciences, and

deep Knowledge in things, oftentimes put a Man beside himself, and carries him quite from all good Sense.

Having prov'd the first part of my Paradox, That Ignorance is better than Knowledge, — I come next to prove — Fools more happy than Wise Men.

As there is but one right Line, and infinite crooked, so there is but one Wisdom, and one way to attain it; namely, to follow right Reason.

*Wisdom's an Evenness of Soul,
A sleggy Temper which no Cares controul,
No Passions ruffle, no Desires inflame,
Still constant to it self, and still the same.*

But Wit and Follies are of all sorts (as we see by daily Experience) and of as many fashions as there are different Minds, which conceive things under divers appearances of Goodness.

*Wit e'nt a Flash of Fancy, which sometimes
Dazling our Minds, sets off the slightest Rhimes,
Bright as a Blaze, but in a moment done;
True Wit is everlasting, like the Sun.*

*Wit, like Beauty, triumphs o'er the Heart,
When more of Nature's seen, and less of Art.*

*A thousand different Shapes it bears,
Comely in thousand Shapes appears,*

'Tis not a Tale, 'tis not a Jest,

*Admir'd with Laughter at a Feast,
Nor florid Talk which can this Title gain;
The Proofs of Wit for ever must remain.*

'Tis not to force some lifeless Verses meet,

With their five gouty Feet;

All ev'ry where, like Man's, must be the Soul,

And Reason the inferior Powers controul;

Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each part,

That shews more Cost than Art;

'Tis not when two like Words make up one Noise

(Fests for Dutch Men and English Boys)

In which who finds out Wit in't, the same might see

In Anagrams and Acrostick Poetry.

Much less can that have any place,

At which a Virgin hides her Face;

Such

Such Drops the Fire must purge away.

'Tis just

The Author blush there, where the Reader must.

'Tis not such Lines as almost crack the Stage,

When Bajazet begins to rage :

Nor a tall Metaphor in the Bombast way,

Nor the dry Chips of short-lung'd Seneca ;

Nor upon all things to intrude,

And force some odd Similitude.

What is it then which like the Power Divine,

We only can by Negatives define ?

In a true piece of Wit all things must be,

Tet all things there agree :

As in the Ark, join'd without Force or Strife,

All Creatures dwelt, all Creatures that had Life :

Or as the primitive Forms of all,

Which without Discord and Confusion lie

In that strange Mirror of the Deity.

Moreover, if Happiness be well defin'd by Contentment, who is there but accounts Fools more happy than the Wise? Witness he who otherwise intelligent enough, was a Fool in this only point, that he would diligently repair alone to the Theatre, and fancy that he saw and heard the Actors, and applauded them, altho nobody was there besides himself; but being cur'd of his Folly, he complain'd of his Friends instead of thanking them, for having been too careful to render him miserable, being a happy man before. Besides, Folly hath this Privilege, that we bear with that Truth from the mouth of a Fool, which wou'd be odi-

ous in another : and the Tribe of Fools is indeed exceeding great, since we are born such; for a Child is agreeable upon no other account but its Simplicity, which is nothing else but Folly; by which many Faults are excusable in Youth, which are not to be endur'd in other Ages. And those whom we account happiest, and that die of old Age, end thus, and are therefore call'd twice Children; and Folly serves to take away the Sense of all the Discontents and Inconveniences of Old Age. Yea he that more nearly considers the Course of our Life, will find more of Folly in it than of Wisdom.

A formidable Figure ! black as Night !

That does in Shades and Labyrinths delight,

Exceeding fierce, but destitute of Sight.

But if Self-conceit, Play, Love, and the other Passions, be so many Follies, who is free from it? happy, is justly accounted a Stoical Paradox, since 'tis contrary to true natural Sentiments, which shew us that the Happiness of this

Again, *That Wise Men alone are*

Life

Life consists only in two Points, namely, in the Privation of Grief, and the Possession of Good. 'As for the first, not to speak of bodily Pains, from which the Wise are no more exempt than Fools, the strongest Minds are more intelligent by their more vigorous Reasoning, and consequently more susceptible of inward Grief and Affliction, of *Hope*, *Fear*, *Desire*, and all other Passions; besides that they are ordinarily of a melancholy Temper, and more fix'd upon their Objects than Fools, who are more inconstant; to say nothing of the Scruples of Conscience, which many times rack their Spirits, of the Points of Honour, of Civilities, nor of the knotty Questions in the Sciences. As for the latter, the Possession of Good, Fools have a better share than the Wise, be-

cause there is no absolute, but only relative Good in this world; whence proceeded the many different Opinions touching the chief Good, and the Saying, that none is truly happy, unless he thinks himself so. And therefore there are *more Fools than Wise happy*. For the latter discerning the Meanness and Vanity of the Goods of the World, account it no Happiness to possess them, but strain their Wits to find others more solid, which they will never find in this world: Whereas the former live contented and happy in the quiet Enjoyment of their present Goods, beyond which they wish no others. Moreover, our Happiness and Contentment depends upon our selves, that is, upon our own Imagination:

*Fools are known by looking wise,
As Men find Woodcocks by their Eyes.*

This appears in the Hospitals of Fools, who are so far from representing the Horror and Misery wherein they really are, that on the contrary they flatter themselves with their agreeable Fancies of being Kings, Emperors, and very Gods; from which they take more pleasure than they give to others: As also in that Athenian, who imagining all the Ships in the Piræan Haven to be his, rejoic'd for their Return; and su'd his Friends at Law for curing him of this agreeable Folly. In fine, according to the mere Sen-

timents of Nature, the People of the World addicting themselves to all sorts of Pleasures, are more happy than those who deny the same to themselves, in obedience to the Counsels of the Gospel; and yet in the Judgment of God, who is the Rule of true Wisdom, these are Wise, and the other Fools. Lastly, the Law is favourable to Fools in the perpetration of great Crimes, their Defect of Will being their Secularity; for which reason we call them Innocents.

Parador LXXIX.

In Praise of a Lye.

I.

FOR naked *Truth* let others write,
 And fairly prove that *Black's* not *White*,
 Quarrel and scold, then scratch and bite,
Till they're with Cuffing weary.
 Give me a *Lye*, trick'd neat and gay,
 As fine as any *Hedg* in *May*;
 Most think so too, altho they'll say,
Perhaps the clean contrary.

II.

The *Courtier* first is counted rude,
 If he's with *Lying* unendu'd,
 Nay when he's in his *Altitude*,
He gives it Oaths for clenching.
 The *Brisk* and *Young* *four Truth* despise,
 And kick her back to th' *Old* and *Wife*;
 Wenching's the *Gallant's* *Life*, a *Lye's*
The very Life of Wenching.

III.

Room for the *Man* of *Parchment* next,
 Whose *Comments* so confound the *Text*,
 And *Truth's* *High Road* so much perplex,
One scarce can e'er get at it.
 With his own *Practice* not content,
 He'll either quote, or he'll invent,
 He'll find or make a *Precedent*,
And gravely lye by Statute.

IV.

Next the poor *Scholar* loaden comes,
 With *Packs* of *Sentences* and *Sums*,
 Scratches his *Head* and bites his *Thumbs*,
For Truth is all his Vigour.
 Like * *Lyncens* wise, O who but he
 The *Essences* of things can see,
 When he deceives but orderly,
And lyes in Mood and Figure.

* This Mr. Lyncens was, you must know, a mighty quick-sighted Fellow, he cou'd see thro Walls, Houses, Ships at Sea, at the greatest distance, and—— But that's enough already to believe at once.

V.

Who but the *Poet* ought t' appear
 I'th' end? Who shou'd bring up the Rear,
 But he, who without Wit or Fear,
Lays on his Lyes by clusters;
 Never of *sneaking Truth* afraid,
 He'll her with open Arms invade,
 And dreadful Armies in his Aid,
Of his own Heroes musters.

VI.

Well, since on all sides 'tis confess'd
 A quiet Life must needs be best,
 Who'd think it hard to purchase Rest,
By such a small complying?
 Let him that will, speak Truth for me,
 Truth the worst Incivility!
 I'd rather in the Fashion be,
Since all the World's for Lying.

Paradox LXXX.

A Plot and no Plot: Or a Paradox proving, when the Dissenters Plot to subvert the Church of England, (in that very Plot) they do their utmost to serve and support it. With a Narrative of the Plotting Non-Plotters, their Names and principal Consults, discover'd by one of the Conspirators for discharging his own Conscience (by way of Paradox) and undeceiving the World.

GREAT Cry and little Wool! — There has been a great Noise (made by the Tackers and their Brethren the Jacobites) that the Church of England is in great danger from the Dissenters, &c. but upon a narrow Search into this Report, I find it a Whim, a Dream, a Sham, a Lye, a Seditious Memorial, a great Noise about Nothing; for that the Church of England is in no danger (except from such as say she is, &c.) is prov'd by her Majesty's Speech from the Throne (spoke on Saturday the 27th Day of October, 1705.) where are these words, viz. I am willing to hope not one of my Subjects can really entertain a Doubt of my Affection to the Church, or so much as suspect that it will not be my chief Care to support it, and leave it secure after me; and therefore we may be certain, that they who go about to insinuate things of this Nature, must be mine and the Kingdoms Enemies, and can only mean to cover Designs, which

which they dare not publicly own, by endeavouring to distract Us with unreasonable and groundless Distrusts and Jealousies. 'Tis here plain from her Majesty's own Words from the Throne, That the Church of England is in no danger from the Dissenters.

The House of Lords and Commons being also satisfy'd the Church of England is in no danger, in the Votes of the House of Commons, Decemb. 14. 1705. I find these Words: Resolv'd by the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons in Parliament assembled, that the Church of England as by Law establish'd, which was rescu'd from the extreme Danger by King William the Third of glorious Memory, is now by God's Blessing under the happy Reign of her Majesty in a most safe and flourishing Condition; and that whoever goes about to suggest and insinuate that the Church is in Danger under her Majesty's Administration, is an Enemy to the Queen, the Church and the Kingdom.

So that 'tis clear from her Majesty's Speech from the Throne, and the unanimous Votes of both Houses of Parliament (for they both join'd in the same Address to the Queen) that all the Noise of a Dissenters Plot to subvert the Church, was (as her Majesty words it) only an endeavouring to distract us with unreasonable and groundless Distrusts and Jealousies.

From the Premises (as here stated) I shall prove, when Dissenters plot to subvert the Church, that very Plot is to serve and support it, &c. I own this Paradox is very strange; for the Reader may well ask, How can Dissenters plot and not plot at the

same time? To this I answer, If there were not some difficulty to prove it, it were no Paradox; neither can any Subject that is not obscure and strange enough to be call'd a Paradox, pass for Athenian Sport.——

Without any more Digression, I come now to prove, when Dissenters plot to subvert the Church, in that very Act they do their utmost to serve and support it.——

How! a Dissenters Plot, and (as the Tackers call it) a Plot to subvert the Church, but as good luck would have it, 'tis a Plot and no Plot. And here to prove our Paradox, it will be needful, first to give some general Scheme of the whole Design of these Plotting Non-plotters, &c. which will make it evident, that their Plot to subvert the Church was no Plot at all.

The Design (or Plot and no Plot) which you will say is a terrible one, and therefore had need be well prov'd, as it shall be beyond all possibility of Answer, was this in short.—— To go as far as possible from their Catholick Mother, whom they most rudely call'd the old Whore of Rome, and never to have any Correspondence or Symbolizing with her, nor give her any hopes of future Accommodation: by consequence to entertain nothing in God's Service, which had been notoriously abus'd by her to Superstition; insomuch that the Use in such cases they thought hardly separable from the Abuse. Heartily to desire all Churches might be settled by this Rule, according to God's Word and right Reason; but if their Lot was cast in any, in their judgment yet wanting somewhat of what they desir'd, modestly,

deftly, as Beza calls it, to declare their Diffatisfaction thereat, but yet not make an open Schism and Rupture, nor defist from their refpective Duties, unlefs requir'd to fubmit to fuch Usages as they efteem'd not only lefs convenient, but even finful, or to testify and fubfcribe their Approbations of fuch things, as their Confcienccs, after the calmef and ftrictest Examination, could not approve. For default of which Compliances, if forc'd out, yet ufing all Candour towards fuch as remain'd within the Pale; interpreting all things fairly, not widening the Breach, but heartily defiring its Clofure. In State—albeit they would be thought far from encouraging the Licentiousnefs of the Rabble, or private Perfons, who have nothing to do in the Government; yet they muft own, they cannot, nor ever could, ferve themfelves up to thofe high-flown Principles, whereto fome have only reftain'd Loyalty and Obedience. Nor can they believe that God and Nature made all the World for no other end than to be Slaves to the Lufts of fome few great Robbers, but that the Good and Happinefs of Mankind is the topmoft Law and fureft Rule whereunto all Obedience is to be fquar'd; and that this Obedience has Protection for its Correlate fo eminently, that there can be no more one without the other, than a King without Subjects.—— On which account they alfo think there is neither Treafon nor Herefy in thofe Words of Calvin fo often exclaim'd againft as contrary to all Government.——*Si qui nunc fint, &c.* If there be, &c. Being of the opinion that the Eftates of a Realm may and ought to inquire into Abu-

fes of that nature, when notorious, intolerable, and remedilefs.—— And that in fuch cafes Arms are lawful, albeit for the ill Confequences, never to be taken without the greateft Extremity.

Here *is* (as they fay) their Plot and no Plot, &c. if you will credit Truth and them; and herein have been induc'd to embark, one way or other, all thofe of other fect and Communion, who have not been fo zealous as others for the Continuance of thofe long Makebates (as they call them) amongst us; or who in Civil Matters have not primitive Zeal enough to hold up their Throats by Legions, till the Swords of Tyrants were blunted, and their Arms weary with teaching them the Exercife of Paffive Obedience.—— The Inftances of which in both kinds, and their many Plotting Non plotting to obtain their Ends, fhall be track'd in this Paradox, from the Days of John Calvin (that Grand Fanatick) down to this prefent Year 1706.

And here I fhall firft obferve, that John Calvin wrote to that young King Edward VI. in order to the Reformation of our Church, and Plotted matters fo well (in order to prevent all future Plots againft the Church and State) that he did at laft (as well as the Heretick Bifhops about him) inftil into him fo much Piety, Temper and Moderation, as deferv'd to have been engraven and eterniz'd in his own Statue of Brafs. And this Project of Calvin's was fuch a Plot and no Plot (againft the Sacred Hierarchy) that I dare affert, it was none of the Felicities of the Church of England, that this Prince dy'd fo foon.

But what yet deeper Designs Calvin manag'd at this time against (I mean for) the Church, and how he *Plotted* the forming of it after the *Primitive Model*, we may more than conjecture from the Letters of a vigilant Catholick found in Queen Mary's Closet of *Sanguine Memory*, and communicated to Queen *Elizabeth* some years after her coming to the Crown, by a Minister of State; wherein the Politick Priest acquaints his Correspondent that it was the Result of the most refin'd Thoughts in their Communion, by all means to heighten Animosities among Hereticks; their Uniting having been fear'd, and terribly alarm'd the Romish See, inasmuch as Calvin himself had made Proposals to young *Edward*, on some terms to admit of Episcopacy among the foreign Protestants, to join all in the same Confession of Faith, and acknowledg that King to be their Protector and Head; which would have been of fatal consequence to the Catholick Cause, on which account they bent their utmost Endeavours to have his Proffers rejected, and accordingly accomplish'd the same. When this was shown Queen *Elizabeth*, she protested she had rather than half a year's Revenue her Brother had seen this, and than a year's Revenue that she her self had seen it before. But what matter is it what Queen *Bess's* Judgment was in the case? She will have enough to do, to answer for her self, whose Reign we are now come to.

In whose long, should I add tedious Reign, all the Church and State began to contract those ill

Humours which, afterwards over-run both, and made us a Scorn to Lookers on, then, since, and now. It was then that the open profess'd Puritan fell foul on *undry Rites and Ceremonies*, as the *Cross*, *Surplice*, &c. as stinking so much of *Romish Superstition*; complaining moreover the Church wanted farther refining. But all this was but a sort of *Nonplotting*: for what could they have done, had not the moderate Men join'd their Cause, and promoted it more than they themselves? For albeit they were satisfy'd in the Rationality of all those Ecclesiastical Decrees and Usages; yet for the sake of Peace, and quieting those Complainers, and easing their Consciences, and avoiding the Scandal of Schism, in those particulars they were inclining towards a Relaxation; nay, had great hopes also to have accomplish'd this their notorious *Plot* and *No-Plot*, had not the ever-loyal Catholick Party, in mere Zeal for the *Protestant Religion by Law establish'd*, obstructed their Intentions, and baffled their Hopes: So saith Bishop *Horn* in a Letter to that Arch-Heretick *Bullinger* at *Zurich* about this time. ' We have labour'd, saith he, to get the ' Act of *Garments*, &c. to be repeal'd, and had obtain'd it the ' last Session of Parliament, and ' hope to accomplish it in this, had ' not the *Papists* hinder'd it. And several more of them write to the same purpose, albeit they had before but overmuch damag'd the Church, by persuading the Queen to have Images remov'd therefrom.

See we next how these subtle Serpents prevail'd with that Queen to be in a *Plot* (or rather *No Plot*) against her self, and embark'd the Lords and Commons in the same Design. This they accomplish'd by inducing sundry Principles destructive to General Power and Absolute Imperty, both into her Judgment and her Kingdoms, whether Laity or Clergy; namely, that *Kings might be resisted*, if they endeavour'd to destroy their Subjects: which Position they contriv'd a Bishop well-inclin'd to their Party should impudently write, and in barefac'd Print dedicate to the Queen; with whom that and such Advice had such Success, that she assisted the rebellious Subjects both of *France* and *Holland* against their Liege Lords and Tyrants, the Kings of *France* and *Spain*. Whereunto the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, as being likewise sour'd with the same Leven, intirely consented, and granted liberal Supplies for that purpose, and the Clergy Subsidies; daring moreover, in their very Acts of Parliament, to stile these Just, Necessary, and Religious Purposes. From which Practice how is it possible but evil-minded Nations will subsume, That if Queen, Lords and Commons, if Clergy and Laity, Persons of all Estates and all Characters, once and again did own and defend, assist and promote such an Action, they either were all the grandest Hypocrites, or else did truly in their Judgment think it was in some Cases lawful to defend Religion and Rights by Arms, and by consequence lop off that luxuriant Branch of Power, whereby Prin-

ces might use their Subjects how they please, and be worship'd by them as a certain *Great Prince* is by the *Indians*, that he may do them no harm?

It is a very melancholy Consideration how many Great Men among us were leaning to these same Opinions with these *Plotting Non-Plotters*.—*Horn*, *Grindal* himself, with many other Prelates, and as we are told, a great part of one Convocation: And in the State, *Knollis*, *Leicester*, *North*, &c. all judging that on account of much Mischief in that and succeeding Ages, felt and foreseen by some things call'd by them *Not Essential* to our Church, they might with much more Profit than Damage suffer some Retrenchment. But these their Wishes and *Plotting Nonplottings* succeeding, as well as *Hacker's*, *Coppinger's*, &c. Blasphemies (which yet we cannot persuade them to own) all fell to the ground, without any Fruit to their Content during her Reign. In which even the Defection of the Papists from our Communion, which they join'd the first ten years, is by the admirable *Heylin* charg'd on these same Persons as a perfect Branch of their Plot, in *pag. 259*. notwithstanding the World is so unhappily mistaken, as to think the direct contrary. Consequently, what more clear than that all the Attempts made on that Queen by the Papists, *Parry's Conspiracy*, *Babington's*, the Queen of *Scots*, and even 88 it self and the *Spanish Invasion*, are justly chargeable on this Party? and therefore—*Christianos ad Leones*.

The succeeding Reign of King *James* would afford a very large field, and tempt to expatiate on their *No-Plots*. I call 'em so, as all their *Plots* were only to serve and support the Government. I might instance in their *Sham-plot* of the *Gunpowder Treason*, thrown upon the Catholics to render them odious, albeit they have so frequently, when thereon interrogated, assur'd the World it was a mere Trick of *Cecil's* (their Religion not permitting them to equivocate or lye) with others truly innumerable. We might furthermore account somewhat of their principal *Plotting Nonplotters*, the strongest Patrons of the moderate Party; namely, *Abbot* and his Followers and Admirers, who refus'd to judg in so luscious a Case as that of the *Lady Essex's* Virginity.

King *Charles I.* was hardly warm in his Throne, but the *Plotting Nonplotting*, before begun, was carry'd on with more Life than ever. Pursuant whereunto, they and the Party which favour'd them of our own, caus'd sundry of the King's Ministers to be remov'd, question'd that Supreme, Imperial, Absolute, Unaccountable, Unlimited Power, so often insinuated as inseparably inherent in the Crown of *England*; pretending things were not well manag'd, good Men not advanc'd, Viciousness not restrain'd, but encourag'd, the Laws not executed against Popish Recusants, but suspended, the Trust concredited not observ'd, *Money* illegally exalted, and *Property* invaded; and finally no hope left to have things fairly remedy'd, subsuming that Arms were necessary and lawful

to remove ill Counsellors and vindicate Liberties, tho pretending the King's Name and Authority. Here again was their *Plot* and *No Plot*; because,

I. Our Liberties had no Invasion. Some small things might be, as are in the best Governments, but not worth minding or speaking of——only sending all over *England*, to demand Money by Prerogative without Parliament, and force the Stubborn and Rebellious, who refus'd to give to *Cesar* the things which were not *Cesar's*, suffer Confinement for their Pervivacity. Moreover, our Religion was not in jeopardy, nor our Laws transgress'd, inasmuch as albeit some hundreds of Popish Recusants were liberated from legal Durance, and likewise the Pope's Nuntio was here actually resident, and Plots discover'd, and offer'd to be deponed, against the King's Person, Government, and Laws, by the *Papists*. Moreover, albeit that the Queen was a zealous Propugner of their Religion, and likewise mortally averted the Protestants, Name and Thing; and was so intirely trusted, as to obtain and dispose of blank Commissions, of which use bad enough was made, yet still we behoved to contradict our own Senses, and in no wise believe that either our Laws or Religion were endanger'd.

Furthermore, it ought to be well adverted, what fore Mischiefe *Moderation* wrought in the Councils and Actions of that Age, seeing those stil'd *Moderate Men*, the *Trimmers* of that Dispensation, were even more noxious and obnoxious than others openly

openly enlisted, as was observ'd in former Reigns, and shall be in that succeeding. They were in the *State* for capitulating with Sovereignty, preserving Liberty, their great *Diana*; nor thought it damnable to keep their own by any lawful means, or refuse to part with it, saving in a Parliamentary way. In Church for *Accommodation* and *Moderation*, and rather inclining to favour the Dissenter than the Catholick.—— Accordingly not overfond of Additions or Superstructures, or Refinings on the Ceremonies. They believ'd a Man might be sav'd by the Merits of Jesus, without *Bow-ing* at his Name within Church, and Swearing by it as soon as he came out: That it was not absolutely necessary to Salvation to have the Church-windows render'd devout, by darkning them with Pictures of the Trinity: That it was not a mortal Sin to call the *Altar* a *Table*; nor of the Essence of the Sacrament, to have that rail'd in. Nay worse, they believ'd a Calvinist might be sav'd, and dar'd hope as much of *Jack Calvin* himself; tho many others would as soon be of *Origen's* charitable Opinion, that the Devil might. Neither did they conclude all those Reprobates who believ'd *Predestination*. They thought, by *Dr. Heylin's* leave, it was lawful, yea even praiseworthy, to keep the *Lord's Day* as a *Sabbath*, and that time full as well employ'd in reading God's Word, and singing Psalms, as in playing at Football or Morrice-dancing. Nay, to lay open the very Core of those *Fanatical Pustles and Blains* that infected the sick Nation, they would have

been condescending to amove or leave indifferent the Cross and Surplice themselves, to save the Souls of their weak Brethren, and induce Peace and Unity in the Church. What need we name all the *Plotting Nonplotters* who promoted these pernicious Designs, and avow'd the bynam'd Principles? Who more notic'd that way than the Puritanical *Usher*?——Of whom need we any worse Character, than that the *Dissenters Honour'd and lov'd him*? Who was nothing else, as *Dr. Heylin*, so much his Superior equally in Learning, Piety, Gravity, and Good Nature, tells the World, but a *walking Bookjellers Shop, with a deal of old Lumber in his Head*, and who was notoriously Puritanical in most Points of their foremention'd Creed. Of the same Batch was the Bishop of *Lincoln*——The Name——and——Thing, Man. Bishop *Downham*; *Prideaux* Bishop of *Worcester*; Bishop *Wilkins*, who might as soon get to the Moon in one of his own Chariots, as accomplish the less improbable Project of Union with these Dissenters, to whom he was himself too near ally'd.—— One Fanatical Principle more I had e'en slip't, to which all these foremention'd, and numbers of the same Leven, were almost sworn; namely, that his Holiness was *Antichrist*, and his Metropolis, the famous City of *Rome*, mere *Babylon*.—— Wherein he that cannot smell a Plot (and yet no Plot) against the very Root of all Government, has no Nose. For his Holiness being, it is well known, a great Temporal Prince, this reflecting

upon him in that Capacity, does so likewise upon all others; on which account no wise Prince would suffer those in his Dominions, who defend such a dangerous Maxim. Let me add the reviving that unmannerly Position in the late Disputations against the Catholics, after it had been given them so frankly by so many great Doctors; the asserting and vindicating, and *almost quoting Homily for it*, could bode no Good to the Church, but too plainly indicate that some Designs were hatching, which have since been produc'd into Maturity.

But to return from this Digression: while I am describing to my unwary Countrymen the *Plots* (and *No-Plots*) in this Reign, and the brooding Mischiefs of *Fatal Moderation*; let not those excellent Persons be forgot, who stem'd the Tide against it, or rather rush'd down the Stream, and overbore all Opposers: like good Soldiers very generously letting the Ship split all to shivers, and sink to the bottom, rather than *suffer any Interloping*.

Shall those great Names, *Sibthorp* and *Manwaring*, be ever forgotten, or how bravely and freely, like Kings, they gave to the King?—It is true, it was what was none of their own,—*but there's the Rarity!*—It is mean and vulgar only to give what is so.—But to give Rights of Kingdoms, Power of Parliaments, Liberty of levying what Taxes he pleas'd, without the old dull Formalities of saying, *By your Leave*, to the Lords and Commons; and on the other side Preaching the People into Dam-

nation, if the stingy Wretches should refuse even to send their Heads in a Bandbox, were it their Sovereign's Will and Pleasure to ask for them: This in good truth, was worth both giving and taking, and really deserv'd between Man and Man as good a Deanery or Bishoprick, in consideration, as any in *England*.

Of the other side——The making so many Complements, kind Faces and Cringes to his Holiness at *Rome*; the leaning that way, in a just Detestation of Fanatical Zeal, which swagg'd to the other; the pressing the very highest Pinnacles, nay Vanes of what one aptly enough terms *Sesquiconformity*; the abominating, and almost excommunicating all foreign Churches; the running down Law, *Ignoramus Lawyers* (*Selden* and such like) and the sawcy Tribe of *Jack-Gentlemen*.—— These were some of the noble Expedients by which those worthy Men oppos'd the *Plotting Non-plotters*, and took such effectual Care to prevent and cure the Schism in Church and State, and all deplorable Effects thereafter arising.

Among those memorable Persons signally instrumental therein, let us by no means forget the grave, ingenuous, and good-natur'd *Dr. Heylin*. How much is really owing to his Pains and Honesty, we have already occasionally accounted, tho too much can scarce be said on such a Subject; of whose truly remarkable Works, and those two especially, his *History of the Reformation*, and the *Presbyterians*——we may without invidious Reflections or

Comparisons boldly affirm, that hardly ever were two Books written like them, and that they deserve only to be compar'd with one another.

But graver and sadder Matters exact more Seriousness. These perillous Persons, the Subjects of the present Discovery, carry'd Matters yet much higher: and having first seduc'd a vast Body of the Church of England into their Cause, and much the larger part of both Houses of Parliament, at that time to take Arms for the Vindication of those Liberties and that Religion, they, you see how unjustly, pretended in so much danger; nay, having insinuated (*as they are certainly a very cunning sort of People*) some of their own Principles into the King himself, who had formerly assisted the French Protestants against the Oppressions and Contraventions of their own King; and so fully imbib'd him with the Lawfulness thereof, that to the very day of his Martyrdom, after the severest Examination of his closest Thoughts, and acknowledging some Evils, which Reason of State had, he thought, push'd him on formerly; he yet never was known to look on this as any Sin or Error, in Word or Writing, tho' grantedly so pious a Man, and of so tender a Conscience.

After they had by these Methods, and a long War, ruin'd the Royal Interest and Family, they erected a pretended Court of Justice, whereon by a Process for that end then laid before them, they condemn'd their Royal Master. They will deny this without doubt, as confidently

as if they were innocent, charge the *guiltless Catholics* as guilty of contriving, effecting, and rejoicing at it, and pretend their Detestation of a Fact so devilishly barbarous and inhuman.—

For defence of the poor Catholics against their Calumnies, suffice it, they have no solid Argument to make good their Assertion, only that during the War, more Papists were in the Rebels Army than in the Royal, as appears by a publick Proclamation under that *Martyr's* own Hand: That his Death was before consulted and agreed on at Rome, and in the Sorbonne: That several known Priests were actually present, some disguis'dly, even in Office, and assisting at that *Execrable Villany*: That there was publick Joy and Triumph thereupon, and a Sword flourish'd over his Head by a *Jesuit*, when it was accomplish'd. But these are Arguments must be blown away, instead of being answer'd.

And under the same Class may we rank the Excuse of the Party against their having any hand in this Innocent Blood. They urge, forsooth, That the Ends of War attain'd, they were now, and had been openly for Peace; were satisfy'd with the King's Concessions, embrac'd a Treaty, even agreed on Terms, expected to have made themselves and him happy: That the House of Lords, Commons, City and Country were all of this mind: That it was only the Usurper and his Army, who acted what was thereafter done; yet not daring to attempt it till the City was disarm'd, the House of Lords dissolv'd, the Commons purg'd and alter'd:

That when the *Usurper's* Intent was perceiv'd, seventy odd of their Ministers went in a Body to him, dissuaded him from it, remonstrated against it—and when the fatal Blow was over, regretted it as deeply, bewail'd it as truly, as a Mother would have done the untimely Death of her only Child. That there were of their Number, who after all Entreaties, Caresses and Persuasions, absolutely refus'd ever to see him more. That for this and other as pregnant Reasons, they no more think the Body of them, either indiscriminately or eminently concern'd in the Action, than in all the wild and wicked Blasphemies and Immoralities of the *Ranters*, and other Enthusiasts of that Age; which thereafter pester'd and expos'd the Nation, and which with just as much Reason are by their Enemies most injuriously charg'd upon them.—But all this, as in the Case aforesaid, it is not worth the while to attempt to answer.

It is time now to remind my loving Countrymen of what many of them, as well as I my self, if they will take the pains of Reflection, cannot chuse but remember, to wit, the restless Endeavours and Intrigues of that Party, who you see have been plotting Non-Plotters from their very Cradles; since the happy period of the Restoration.

At which time the Expectations of the Faction and their Friends could not but be great, and their hopes extremely Sanguine, to attain their long desir'd ends—of confounding the Church by uniting unto it, or as the Dissenters

would rather phrase it, happily closing the long bleeding Wounds of these Kingdoms; which fairly proves, When Dissenters Plot to subvert the Church of England, in that very Plot they do their utmost to serve and support it; for all their Plot is to unite all the Protestant Subjects in the Three Kingdoms. Or if *Lesley* and the Facking Crew are still so impudent as to deny this, see it confirm'd by the *Dissenters late Address to the Queen*, which was this following:

May it please your Majesty,

THE late surprizing Progress of your Majesty's Forces, and those of your Allies in Flanders, under the most illustrious Prince the Duke of *Marborough*, and of those in *Spain* commanded by the noble Earls of *Peterborough* and *Galway*, happily supported by your Royal Navy, under the Conduct of your Prudent and Valiant Admirals, engages us humbly to congratulate your Majesty on so glorious an Occasion.

The Signal Answer it has pleas'd God to return to those devout Prayers which your Majesty, and your People, by your pious Direction, address'd to Heaven, inspires us with a Joy equal to the Mortification it gives your Enemies: And while your Majesty ascribes your many Victories to the Arm of the Almighty, and repeats your Royal Commands to your People to offer him their Solemn Thanksgivings, we can't but look on your Majesty's Piety as a hopeful Pledg of like future Successes.

As

As the important Consequences of your Majesty's Triumphs make a daily Accession to your Glory; so they give us an agreeable Prospect of the speedy Reduction of the Power of *France* to its just Limits, the Restitution of Liberty and Peace to *Europe*, the effectual Relief of the Reform'd Churches abroad, and the Security of that Provision the Law has made for a Protestant Succession to the Crown of this Kingdom,

We gratefully acknowledge the Share we have in the Blessings of your Majesty's auspicious Reign, which preserves to us both our Civil and Religious Liberties; and take this occasion to renew to your Majesty the Assurance of our inviolable Fidelity, to which not only our Interest and Inclination, but the sacred Ties of Gratitude and Conscience oblige us: And we shall use our utmost Endeavours in our several Stations to promote that Union and Moderation among your Protestant Subjects, so often recommended by your Majesty as highly necessary to the common Safety.

May the Divine Providence, that has made your Majesty not only the Head of the Protestant Interest, but Chief in the Confederacy for the Glorious Cause of Common Liberty, give your Majesty the Satisfaction of seeing both more firmly establish'd than ever, by the Influence of your Councils and Success of your Arms. May your Majesty's exemplary Piety, Zeal for the Reformation of Manners, and Parental Care of all

your People, even those of the remotest Colonies, be eminently rewarded by the Great God, with the constant Prosperity of your Government: May your Reign be honour'd with a happy Union of your two Kingdoms of *Great Britain*: May your Royal Consort the Prince enjoy a confirm'd Health: May your Majesty continue to rule in the Hearts of your People, and be late advanc'd to a Throne of Glory in the Kingdom of Heaven; so pray

Your Majesty's most Loyal
and most Obedient Subjects and Servants.

'Tis plain by the *Presbyterians*, *Independents* and *Anabaptists* here unanimously joining in one Address, that all their Plot is for Peace and Union (*i. e.* no Plot at all.)

And how all things seem'd that way dispos'd, had not Providence and some good *Catholick Tackers* order'd it otherwise, is a melancholy Reflection to any true Lover of his Country and Religion. For the long and fatal mischiefs,—the Sins and Scandal, and Shame and Opprobry, and yet uncur'd Wounds given and taken on all sides, for what was not worth half the Cost and Pains, had inclin'd many considering men to desire an end of them, by taking away the very Root of these Distempers, to wit, *our unhappy Divisions*, with which none but were sufficiently tired.

Thereupon fair Advances were made, and strong Inclinations, even in the Heads of Parties, to make

make an end of what they were so much ashamed of. But to return,

I shall next mention the Conference at the *Savoy*, wherein ten to one but the Work had been accomplish'd, many deep Heads being laid together on the Design; which had it been done, who can guess the Mischiefs had thereupon succeeded inevitably? The poor Catholics must never have hop'd to have breath'd, or had one push more for *Holy Mother*; Trade had flourish'd, *England* had been strong, famous and invincible (what to do, but to make it proud and factious?) The *Most Christian King* had never arriv'd to that height of Grandeur and Glory in Plundering, Burning, Massacring his own, and all other Nations in *Europe*, and letting in the yet more *Christian Turk* on the other side of *Germany*; had we been all well at home, and fit to keep our antient Station, the Ballance of *Europe*. All those Heats and Ferments amongst us had been avoided, and a great deal of brave Blood unspilt, or made better use of. (But as for that, being such as inclin'd to this Party, you will say no great matter.) Peace, Quietness and eternal Security had been entail'd on these Nations to future Ages, instead of still remaining *Spite, Malice and such Animosities*, as God knows when we shall see the end of them.— (But what then had become of *Doctors Commons*?) so that after all plausible Pretences, you see there lie very heavy Inconveniences of the other side, besides some yet to be nam'd, to overbalance this Union. Then entred into this *Plot and no Plot*,

Bishop Wilkins and others, pretendedly ours: But how concern'd and intent on this fruitless *Embryo*, and how handsomely were they and the hopes of the Dissenters disappointed by that means, we shall further shew, by these weighty and subsequent Reasons.

Had it come to maturity, and the People of *England* had leisure to be all intent on the common Good both here and abroad, in probability a certain Favourite could not have grown so great and topping as he afterwards did, on the Ruins of his Country's Liberties and Glory.

Moreover, neither had the Royal Power been exalted, nor Prerogative extended to signify what the King and his Judges thought meet; nor those Rights which cost our foolish Ancestors so much Blood, and so many thousand Lives, generously sacrific'd to our Resentments, had not the Breach been left open, and Opportunity still to play *Party against Party*, when thought necessary by State-Ministers.

The prudent means us'd to hinder what would certainly have obstructed these great Ends, were near one and the same on both Parties. That is to say, exasperating former Sufferers, rubbing their old Gauls and Wounds, foretelling future Repetitions of the same; encouraging both Sides to stand upon higher Terms than of themselves inclin'd to, assuring them they should be granted; Smiles on those who were most averse to Union, of the stiffest, fourest, straitest-lac'd Consciences or Humours; Frowns and Slights on the contrary, who might

might look for their next Preferments in Heaven.

See but what Councils this threw the *Plotting Non-Plotters* upon soon after, how it exasperated and inrag'd them, and what Calumnies they invented on the State, in succeeding times, to bring about their Ends.

One of the most notorious of which was, The two Royal Brothers being reconcil'd to the See of Rome before their Return. It was, truth is, an unlucky Motto plac'd on the Pedestal of the then Duke of York's Statue, at their triumphant Entrance into London in the year 1660. out of the Poet, *Magne Spes altera Romæ*, the second mighty Hope of Rome. It is also as unhappy a Circumstance, that we have the Word of this second Hope (that Word never yet forfeited) that the first made good the implied Character, and died, as he had in his Heart lived, in the Roman Communion. But yet again we have his own Royal Word so often of his being cordial in the Protestant, that it must still remain a *Moot-case*, whether of the two we are to believe.

Other as pernicious Insinuations they had, were, That the Nation grew sensibly and notoriously debauch'd; and such as would not be courtly enough to kick their Wives out of Bed and House too, and take a Thing genteeler in their room, were counted and nam'd *errant Fanatics*, and Enemies to the Government, no good Churchmen, loyal, nor any thing else that was good or fit for Preferment. Yea, that the Influence and Poison of those cursed Practices to make

men Villains and Atheists, that they might be fit for Slaves and Papists, prevail'd so strongly, and was rooted so deeply, that it is not yet eradicated, and is like to find work for one Age more, as it then produc'd a Fire and Plague, both too weak to conquer it.

The last of which, the *Fire*, they are so impudent to charge on the *Papists*; albeit they have not a Syllable for it, but some old Bundles of Depositions to that purpose before the House of Commons. The positive Confessions of Parties ingag'd in it, and a disaffected Inscription on the Monument since raz'd; but on the other side two or three whole *Observers* contrary thereunto. By the way see a certain Mark who are in the Number of these *Plotting Non-Plotters* all along discover'd—namely, whoever believes the *Papists* burnt the City, and the Duke had any hand in it.—And all who dare be so impudent, deserve to be stigmatiz'd for *Plotting Non-Plotters*.

The next Method *Dissenters* had to blacken the Government and innocent *Catholicks* together, was the pretended *Popish Plot*. As for Coleman's Letters, whereof they so much flourish, how easily might they be forg'd by that Party? or, which is more likely, he himself a *Fanatick*; or what is more dangerous, a Beast, a Trimmer in his Heart, contriving all only to disgrace his good Master, and being hang'd for nothing but *the good of the Cause*.—And for all the rest of the *Plot*, Roger's Writing and Oats's Whipping has sunk it so deep, that it must never expect to rise more.

To

To let pass their *Plot* to *Blunderbuss* the King, and all the Royal *Coach-Horses* at the *Rye-house*, which (*be it a Plot or no Plot*) they, as well as the *Jesuits*, had *Impudence* enough at their Deaths to profess themselves as *innocent of it as the Child unborn*. To omit that, and their contumacious Refusals to deliver up *Charters*, and all the *musty Liberties* of their Forefathers—Go but into King *James* the Second's Reign, and if you do not see enough of their Practices to surfeit you, never believe *Heylin*, *Lesley*, or me again.

How eagerly those *Gudgeons* leapt at the *Toleration*, how greedily they swallow'd it, what universal unanimous *Addresses* they made, how many amongst them took up the extraordinary *Vocations* of *Test-Members*, *Government-Patchers* and *Regulators*—who has yet forgot?

What matters it if they pretend in their Defence, that their accepting the *Toleration* amounted to no more than not plainly telling the King they would not take it; whereas they ought to have petition'd him to have set the Rabble once more a pulling down their *Meeting-houses* about their Ears. Or further, that they were *Flesh and Blood*, and being surpriz'd with unwonted *Ease*, after what is better forgotten than recounted, should some few of them run too far before they stopt to see where they were going. That those who went thorow with it, were for the most part only the meanest of their *Rascality*; scarce a man of Name or Credit engag'd, and all their Body plainly disapproving it. That

the *Addresses* were nothing but Words without *Hearts* or *Hands* either—unless a very few, and those dirty ones, and such as writ more *Marks* than Names. That they honour'd and reverence'd the Clergy establish'd, for their vigorous and noble Defence of both *Law* and *Gospel* by their *Writings* and *Sufferings*; and no Persons in *England* more sincere and hearty Rejoicers at the *Delivery* of the *Bishops*, or more satisfied with their Behaviour.—

This, I say, is their *Plea*.—But there is an easy way of answering it altogether, for it might be troublesome to do it by *piece-meal*, and that is, *over-ruling* it—and there's an end of it. After adding,—That the moderate men (who are all *Plotting Non-Plotters*) notoriously join'd them in *Disobedience* all this Reign. The *Bishops* before-mention'd—*Maudlin College*,—*Oxford*,—*Cambridge*, *Towns* and *Corporations*, refusing to give *Liberties*, and *Religion*, *Plotting* (*i.e.* not *Plotting*) in concert with *Fanaticks*, and not fearing the *Wrath* of the King.

It is now high time, and no doubt the Reader greedily expects it, to enquire what further Steps they have made in their continu'd Conspiracy, since the last great *Turn of Affairs*—which is here my particular Province to declare and depone, if need be, and for which Intent principally I undertook to prove this Paradox, that *when Dissenters Plot to subvert the Church, they don't plot at all*.

That their old *Plot* is still on foot, to accomplish those bynam'd Designs, no honest man but

but firmly believes as much as I my self do ; it is the general Discourse of both City and Country, how far they have proceeded therein, and the methods they have lately us'd, and do so at present, to bring it to perfection.

You were told before in her Majesty's Speech, and by the unanimous Votes of both Houses of Parliament, all assuring of us, *That the Church of England is in no danger ; so that here has been a great Noise about nothing : for the main stroke of their Plot and no Plot, was, to infect all Degrees of the Nation with their by-gone Maxims, concerning Government and Allegiance*—whereunto we are indebted for all the late and present Hurly-burly.—For had the People still continu'd in their old governable Opinion, that their *Throats were to be cut for God's sake ;* and they were by no means to lift up their Hands against his Anointed, tho to repel the Stab of a Villain commisionated by him—Had they but remain'd possess'd with that *furious Desire of Martyrdom* some of the Primitive Christians were, and run their Necks into the Noose, as fast as they themselves upon Racks, Wheels and Wild Beasts : Had we still believ'd a King to be *such an Image of the Divinity*, that he could no more cease to be what he is, than that can—but that the Obligation of all the rest of Mankind, to the first-born of Adam and so downwards in the Patriarchal Line, by *Fergus* the first to King *James*, were inviolable and Eternal, and 'twas an *unpardonable Sin* on any account whatever, to oppose or infringe it —Then

undoubtedly we had still continu'd, I say, not in the same, but a much less pitiable Condition than we were before *our great Deliverance*—as it must be call'd. It was the parting with these Principles made way for what since hapned, *and indeed drove the King away more effectually than either his own Conscience or the Prince's Army.* Now whence came this Alteration, but from such Principles as before-named, industriously disseminated, we may know by whom, *and now, alas ! embrac'd by every body ;* and this further proves *the Dissenters Plot to subvert the Church no Plot at all.*

Oh ! where is the Glory of *Passive-Obedience !—The Honour of Non-resistance !—The Decency, the Utility, the Bravery of those Particularities and Characteristicks, of which our Enemies began very tartly, but a little too early, to WISH—MUCH—GOOD—MIGHT—THEY—DO—US !* What a small Sacrifice had it been to have had Two or Three Hundred Thousand—Hereticks small Brains beat out, or *Weasons whittled ?* and all the Churches in England whipt out of their Heretical Pravity into *Catholick Mass-Houses ?* And how much better and more acceptable had this been, than thus for the moderate Men to have run hand in hand with Fanaticks, and loaded us with so many Dung-Carts full of Shame and Ignominy, *that we shall hardly ever be sweet again ?*

But observing there were many of their Party, after things were come to a kind of a Settlement, who seem contrary to all Government, *Discontented and Murmuring*

at this, and all Affairs not manag'd the way that pleas'd their Fancies; restless and uneasy, neither *Fearing, nor Loving God, nor the Queen*; for a Commonwealth, or rather Anarchy, and nothing at all: Of too good and keen Memory as to others Faults, and the *most forgetful things alive of their own*; desirous to embroil all again, like a troubled Sea ever working, muddy and uneasy; finally down-right against Monarchy and the Government establish'd in *Church and State*: cunningly adverting, I say, there were such Persons among them, and such as often *made a great Noise* about nothing, and were notic'd by all who valu'd their own Liberties, as Persons dangerous, and to be suppress'd; lest these should be thrown on the *whole Party*, and thereby injure and destroy them all, which they now began to apprehend; they totally disclaim, and loudly protest against such *Persons and Actions*, most *uncivilly* refusing to own them or their Tenents, acknowledging there are so many of them they could be very well spar'd, and heartily wishing any other Party had them; also concluding, they could no where go, but they must meet some of their Fellows.

But the main Hinge of their Plot and no Plot, the very Poison and Point of it, is that which follows. They are desirous of having several *Essential Nails and Pins*, pull'd out of the Ecclesiastical Model, which they have been often enough told is of such an exact and nice Constitution, as the least Alteration therein, would intalibly ruin all the Build-

ing: And if this be not a Plot (and no Plot) there was none to kill the late King at New-market. In this they had as many Abettors as there are *Latitudinarians* in the Kingdom——Some notorious ones they had in the last Reigns, not now alive to help them, particularly *Judge Hales*, who was dipt in this Plot (and no Plot) *over Head and Ears*, and so lost to any sense of Honour and Religion, as to be acquainted with *Baxter himself*. Several living both then and now——*All the moderate Divines*, once well met in a Lampoon, lashing them so smartly; that the Blood almost came thorow *Gowns, Cassocks*, and all; altho they (*as their way is*) aver, that Vengeance fell on him who made it, being a little after accidentally kill'd in a Quarrel (which is a Truth we cannot deny.)

Could we but purge the Convocation, how many of this Kidney might be garbled out of it; and especially how thin would the *Upper House* remain? To tell Truth, there is hardly any *Distinction between these moderate men*, and those *Plotting Non-Plotters* themselves, their Desires being the same, whether in the Church or out of it, *namely, to have Alterations*. Whereafter the Minds of Men are so notoriously gadding, that it may be good Service, and a pardonable Digression to insert sundry of the *closest and most remarkable Arguments* which have or may be urg'd against them, to confirm all that are not quite lost (by *Plotting Non-Plotting*) of the *Mischief and Unreasonableness of Moderation*.

1. Because any such thing would mortally disoblige all good Catholics. Scandal is not to be given, they have had too much already, as was touch'd in the *Reign of Queen Elizabeth*——Some, it's true, believe we ought to take more care of *disobliging* our Friends than Enemies, and that we are not quite so distant from them as from the Papists, since three Articles are not so many as almost all Nine and Thirty; and if those could care for them, *how much more we?* And that on one, there is no hope of doing any good, as there is on the other.——But this it may be said the second Argument takes off.

2. Because the Parties complaining will never be satisfy'd——and so they say all, protest and resolve, *Man, Woman and Child*——Whatever Offers have, may, shall be made——*never talk, propose——argue.*——Here could we put in a word, some would ask two or three short Questions——*When? Where? What?* And till those were answer'd, dispute no further——Let them alone, and on unto the next:

3. Because there are several good Men who ought to be, and cannot be present at such Alterations——therefore they would not be legal.——If any says, who hinders them——they are very impertinent to ask such a Question as no body can answer.

But there are more yet, as

4. Because by *reasonable Ease* formerly promis'd them, is meant none at all——for if all they desire be unreasonable, why then a *due Temper* is such a one, as all things

were in before. Altho it be extremely probable, this neat Interpretation was not thought on when the *Promise* was made, any more than at present approv'd by such as then made it; yet all must confess, it was a dextrous turn, and as handsom a Trial of Skill, as any in that excellent Author who lately made use of it, [*The pretended History of the Convocation.*]

5. Because one may safely pronounce of every individual Word, Syllable and Letter in Controversy——*That it can't, shan't, nor ought to be amended.*

The two first Branches of the Argument it is acknowledg'd are the strongest, it cannot——because all things are so consummately perfect, as to deny any Addition or Substraction. It shall not——that shows Power, and what more great than——*sic volo*——on which account, not much need of the last. It ought not——for several under Causes and Reasons.

1. Should we begin, there would be no ending, that is to say, there is no difference between *Staring* and, &c,

2. It would argue Weakness——in other Terms would convince us *fallible*, and as mere Men as our Forefathers——a most egregious *Imputation!*

But there is one dormant Reason stronger than all these, and a thousand more, which none but Friends are admitted to hear.

6. Because——the French King may divide and so ruin us,——which is so clear by its own light, there needs no farther Illustration; and if all these weighty ones prevail not to dissuade

suade from *Luke-warm Moderation*, I know not what will. — But do an *Enemy Justice*, let us therefore, to avoid Partiality, account what Arguments the Party have for *Moderation and Accommodation* — In which Reader you will still perceive more and more of the Venom of that *Plot* (and no *Plot*) the Dissenters are now engag'd in.

These momentous Arguments which they think carry Demonstrations in their Bellies for Moderation, and compromising Differences, are only such weak ones as follow: The Glory of God, the Interest of *Europe*, the Good of *England*, and all the Queen's Majesty's Dominions in general, and of all Parties, even particularly taken.

They pretend that God's Glory is engag'd it, because it would prevent sundry Scandals and inevitable Mischiefs in Religion. The *Atheist* would no more argue, that the great Duties of Natural and Reveald Religion, and Vice and Vertue themselves, about which there was such a Noise and Clutter, were nothing but Trick and politic Contrivance, nor believ'd by such as teach others to obey them; because he saw them as earnest, and more, for small Trifles, what they themselves acknowledg'd, but the Gauds and Trappings of Religion. Were this *Schism* cur'd, wherever the Fault lie, or whether of both sides, the People would be, they think, more solicitous about Matters of more Concern, their Care and Study taken off from what is less considerable, and true saving Christianity and a good Life much more

heeded, now almost totally neglected, since 'tis impossible for the Mind of Man to be at once equally intent upon two different Objects. Furthermore, many heinous Scandals avoided, whereas different Parties now snatch up and keep alive whatever ill things they hear one of the other, not valuing how much common Christianity is injur'd by their so doing. The very Office of the Ministry rendred vile and contemptible to the World, all sacred Mysteries slighted and ridicul'd. Yea, as different Parties are under or at the top of the Wheel, this Murmuring and Repining at them above; that Pressing and Cruishing such as are below; which Mischiefs they think it is impossible to avoid, considering the Passions and Weaknesses of even the best of Men, as long as there are different and separate Interests and Communiions.

And the next thing they urge (like subtle Plotting *Non Plotters* as they are) is, The Interest of *Europe*, pretending all *Christendom* to be affected with *England's* Concerns, that Island having been always accounted its Ballance, unless when we our selves break the Beam. Were we united here, how would the Ravishers of *Europe's* Liberties tremble, who already are not very secure? This has been touch'd in another Reign, but deserves, they think, deeper Consideration. What one thing would *France* with like a War within our own Bowels, to divert us from piercing into those of his own Country; which if Tacking the Money Bill had succeeded, the contrary had been rather wish'd for, than expected. Next to that,

a Division of our Councils, Interests and Designs, whereupon ill Men would still work, to widen them and distract us, must needs hugely gratify him and all our Enemies.

And what would more conduce either to our Profit or Glory? they farther urge: For even making Allowances for the Vanity every Nation has for it self, and for its Force, as well as a particular weakness that way where-with we are charg'd by our Neighbours, how unjustly let others determine: One thing is certain, that in the Field there is not a braver People under the Sun, and Number for Number, we make our Party good against any Opposers whatsoever. I will not say, as one did, *While God stands Neuter*, but may, *While he does not fight against us*. Not to instance in our late Fights with the *French* (for they seem only made to be kick'd, beaten and run away) all other indifferent Judges acknowledg it; on which account, and our happy Situation, none care to meddle with us, if they could help it. So that were this *present Rub well over*, whose happy Success in the common course of things, nothing can hinder but our selves; nothing here but our *new sprouting cursed Animosities, Divisions, Fears, Jealousies, and Whimseys of one another*, effectually making what we fear: Were this once well over, we might expect that Happiness, Tranquillity, flourishing Wealth and Ease, which God only knows when we had, or are like to have.

Moreover they pretend it would be likewise the true In-

terest of every particular Party. Could this be prov'd and believ'd, without any doubt we should be all Friends to morrow. For ingeniously after all, there is the great *Diana* that sets us together by the Ears; and, in truth, worth a wife or honest Man's Concern, every one being oblig'd to provide for his own House, and secure his own Happiness, so it be by lawful ways, and not contrary to publick Good. But there we generally slip, few but minding more what they feel, than what they see. Unite these together, and the Business is done; to which they persuade themselves this plain account will much conduce (albeit ten to one but it displeases all sides, as these *Moderators* are the most unlucky Men in the World for that.)

Let's consider, say they, the Churchman as establish'd in his Possessions and Privileges, by the *Law of the Land, the Inclinations, Promises, Oaths of his Sovereign Lady*, and the Genius of the larger part of the People (which were there need, this demonstrates, in late Elections, no Dissenters have poll'd on one side, many Churchmen of the other, together with all the Dissenters; yet the last outnumbered, where we have been so unhappy, they say, as to fall into Parties.) His Interest is to preserve what he is legally instated in, and to get and keep the Love and Esteem of the People.

He apprehends all this in danger, from what has formerly happen'd in *Scotland*, from the *Dissentions, Folly and Wickedness* of many, who are Professors of that tolerated Party, which dissents

from the establish'd Form, whom he finds, hears, sees, and is assur'd to wish his Destruction, and his own Party's Exaltation; albeit he be morally certain from his Life and Manners, that this cannot be Conscience whereupon he acts. On this he is, as he ought certainly to be, solicitous to preserve what he is in actual possession of.— Who blames him?— And is assiduous to countermine those Designs, or rather Hopes of ill-meaning Persons.— Nor is he to be discommended.— But then ten to one he runs farther, breaks into a Passion, cries they are all such, and this is the bottom of their Conscience and Pretences to Religion; is Tooth and Nail against any Moderation and Accommodation with them, and very probably wishes their Toleration again taken from them, of which he thinks they make so ill use; and is resolv'd to promote the doing it. Now the question is, if here he go not too far; which will be presently answer'd by these Moderators, who will take upon them to prove, he mistakes his true Interest, or rather over-runs it. For, say they, the thing he desires is not oppressing others Consciences, but securing himself, and what he has, from such as either *have none at all, or very large ones*,—and to this they will shew him the infallible way. Take off what Objections, such as are of undoubted Probity and Religion make against your Communion,—lighten their Burdens, and *these Men will love you for ever*. Then the best, of most Name, Estate and Honesty, are yours.—The Remain, a headless,

witless, senseless, pretenceless Rabble, that must drop of themselves, and in a few years all things be peaceable again, and run in their own proper Channel. But then comes Interest, and says, *What shall we do with their Clergy?*—We have (at least) enough of our own,—whom they will take Bread from. Answer they,——But the Fleece will accompany the Flock, and many a *Golden Fleece* too will return with these Shepherds,—more than enough to build *New Churches*, and maintain them sufficiently, for that no very considerable Number of their Pastors is now left. For if in one Parish in this City there are *Meeting-Houses*, and the Parish Church is already more than fill'd, guess what might be done by all those, or but the most considerable, if once united to the same Communion.—

The Interest of the *modest and moderate Dissenter* is to live comfortably in this, and secure the other World hereafter; which he cannot do, if he act contrary to his Conscience here, which he says he has endeavour'd to satisfy concerning the Points controverted, but cannot think Compliance lawful; and therefore is sure, whatever it may be in those otherwise persuaded, it would be a Sin in him. And if this be true, of *which God only can be Judge*, who can justly blame him? Especially when he adds, and solemnly protests, that he thinks Schism a great Sin and Plague, and would part with any thing but his Conscience to avoid it: That he would be very unwilling to have the Imputation of doing

or not doing any thing out of mere contradiction to lawful Authority, which he thinks a silly, spiteful and sinful Practice: That if he did not come into Church, *were the Gates made but a little wider for him*, without desiring to have them pull'd down for that purpose, he must of necessity submit to be look'd upon as one of no Principles, Conscience, Faith, nor Honour. And what seems fairer than all this? He thinks it on the other side well worth his Care to consider of a way of living for himself and Family, and would be willing to have some Security of what he enjoys, and sutable Provision made in other Circumstances; — still who can blame him? But the mischief is, a warm Contribution of sometimes 2 or 300 l. per an. is a very comfortable Importance, not easily parted with. Hence *Desires of Union are apt to languish* — The Heats of ill Men on the other side charg'd on the whole Party, magnify'd into a Design to ruin them, or a malignant Spirit at enmity with God and the Gospel, and the Conversion of Souls; and alledging that they only make the Breach so incurable, and that they will ne'er hope nor desire its Remedy more — He is, as well as all other Parties, too tender towards ill Men who espouse his, tho a Disgrace to any. It is very possible, a little impos'd upon by too sanguine Hopes, in numbers here, and success in other places. — There he does as certainly mistake, as others in other things mistake him; or those Commonwealth's Men, who shrowd themselves under his Name, whom he no more approves, than he thinks

the State ought to fear, since those that are of them, are for Number and Discretion much like *Venner's Gang*, and must believe *one shall chase a thousand*, to make their Cause sprout again. But however, secure once this troublesome Interest, and all will be well enough. And that is not impossible to be done: for if he has a *Church and preaches in it*, the most of his People have such a respect for him, they certainly follow him; and who shall forbid them to drop as much in a Church-Basin, as in a Plate at a Meeting-house? — Or ought a little Difference here to outweigh the Inconvenience of so many great ones in other cases? — Or were there but a hearty *Desire of Union* appearing, would not Authority take care of those matters?

At this long tedious rate do these neither Flesh nor Fish preach about their *Idol Moderation*! If as much as this cannot be accomplish'd, they are for the *Next Best* till that shall be attain'd: *A Union in Heats and Affections*, cordial Kindness, Allowances, Forbearance, Meekness, and *I know not what*. (Plotting Non-plotting) *to attain those ends they drive at.*

They will say, That one Side is very immodest; if not content with *Toleration* granted by Parliament, assur'd by the Queen's Word; it grasps at either half or all that which is none of its own; murmurs at the Government, because it gives not on till it has nothing left; faint in their Allegiance, and give colour to what their Enemies assert, that they will never be contented under

any Government ; or favour or encourage those indeed of that humour.

That the other side is very unkind, as well as impolitick, if from Heats and Follies on both sides, it should forget what it formerly promis'd in the Days of Adversity, what Kindness it then receiv'd from those who on provocation enough were courted to destroy them ; and had they intirely join'd that Interest at that time, whereto they had such advantageous Proffers, things had been now in another manner of posture than they are. If be-

cause some would have too much, they would take away all that they have already given, and tread the Steps of one who took not very prosperous Councils—to render Friends Enemies, and then make those Enemies desperate ; and if they forget to consider, that the more Conscience a Man has himself, the tenderer he is of another's ; while he that has none, is like the Debauchee, who because he has no Honour or Virtue himself, thinks no body else has any, and deals with them accordingly.— And so much for—*The Plot and No Plot, &c.*

Paradox LXXXI.

In Praise of an old (Impotent) Gentleman. By a young Lady to whom he made Love.

THE Soul with noble Resolutions deck'd,
The Body stooping does her self erect ;
Clouds of Affections from the younger Eyes,
Conceal that Happiness which Age descries.
The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new Light thro Chinks that Time has made.
Loving by Weakness wiser Men become,
As they draw near to their eternal Home ;
Leaving the old, both Worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the Threshold of the new.

However, Sir, Age being honourable in it self, it must certainly be a great Honour for me to receive Respects from it ; nor am I ignorant of the many Advantages accruing from your Proposals : That I shall enjoy the double Affections of a Father and a Husband. Your Woollens and Searcloths will keep me in a due Sense of my Mortality, from the

Thoughts of the Woollen Aft and the Egyptian Mummies. Your Impotency and Jealousy may keep me to the Performance of my Baptismal Vow, in renouncing the World and the Flesh, and then we may defy the Devil. Your Deafness will secure my Brawlings from Reprehension, and your Dimness my Imperfections from Detection. Your Cough

Cough and Pryſtick will ſerve me
for a Larum to call me up to
my houſhold Occaſions. I ſhall
daily proſecute the principal End
of my Creation, which in our
Sex is to be a Nurſe. I ſhall
not be in danger of the certain
Troubles, but uncertain Com-
forts, of Children. *Shou'd I*

find my Body wickedly inclin'd,
your ſlabbering Kiſſes wou'd re-
cover me to an Averſion for the
whole Sex. My Days wou'd paſs
away in grave and wiſe Inſtruc-
tions, and my Nights in conti-
nual Reſt, free from thoſe Di-
ſturbances Youth might give
me.

*Thus ſome, by Temp'rance taught, approaching ſlow,
To diſtant Fate by eaſy Journies go;
Gently they lay them down, as evening Sheep
On their own woolly Fleeces ſoftly ſleep.
By daily changing, with a duller Taſte
Of leſſ'ning Joys, they by degrees do waſte;
Still quitting Ground by unperceiv'd Decay,
And ſteal themſelves from Life, and melt away.*

But ſhou'd I not be ſatisfy'd
with this Courſe of Life, your
Years wou'd keep me in continual
hopes of a better, and ſecure me
from pining away for Grief at
your Departure. In considera-
tion of theſe and many more
Advantages, I moſt thankfully

accept your noble Proffers: But
ſince old Men are ſaid to be a
ſecond time Children, I wou'd
only ſtay till you are grown up
to be a Man, and then be aſſur'd
of a full Compliance of all with-
in the power of,

Sir, &c.

Parador LXXXII.

That by Diſcord Things increaſe.

*Nullos eſſe Deos, inane Cælum
Affirmat Cœlius, probatque quod ſe
Factum vidit, dum negat hæc, beatum.*

I Aſſert this the more boldly,
becauſe while I maintain it,
and feel the contrary Repugnan-
cies and adverſe Fightings of the
Elements in my Body, my Body
increaſes; and whiſt I differ
from common Opinions, by this
Diſcord the Number of my Para-
doxes increaſes. All the rich

Benefits we can frame to our
ſelves in Concord, is but an even
Conſervation of things; in which
Evenneſs we can expect no
Change, no Motion, therefore
no Increaſe or Augmentation,
which is a Member of Motion.
And if this Unity and Peace can
give Increaſe to things, how

mighty is Discord and War to that purpose, which are indeed the only ordinary Parents of Peace. *Discord* is never so barren that it affords no Fruit; for the Fall of one Estate is at the worst the Increase of another, because it is as impossible to find a Discommodity without Advantage, as to find Corruption without Generation: But it is the Nature and Office of *Concord* to preserve only, which Property when it leaves, it differs from it self, which is the greatest *Discord* of all. All Victories and Emperies gain'd by War, and all judicial Decidings of Doubts in Peace, are Children of *Discord*. And who can

deny but Controversies in Religion are grown greater by *Discord*, and not the Controversy, but Religion it self? For in a troubled Misery men are always more religious than in a secure place. The number of good Men, the only charitable Nourishers of *Concord*, we see is thin, and daily melts and decreases; but of bad *Discord* it is infinite, and grows hourly. We are ascertain'd of all disputable Doubts, only by arguing and differing in Opinion; and if formal Disputation (which is but a painted, counterfeited and dissembled *Discord*) can work us this Benefit, what shall not a full *Discord* accomplish?

*What tho' some 'Fits of small Contest,
Sometimes fall out among the Best?
That makes no Breach of Faith or Love,
But rather (sometimes) serves t' improve:
For, as in running, ev'ry Pace
Is but between two Legs a Race,
In which both do their uttermost
To get before, and win the Post:
Yet when they're at their Race's ends,
They're still as kind and constant Friends;
And to relieve their Weariness,
By turns give one another Ease:
So all those false Alarms of Strife,
Between the Husband and the Wife,
And little Quarrels often prove
To be but new Recruits of Love:
When those who're always kind or coy,
In time must either tire or cloy.
In all Amours a Lover burns
With Frowns, as well as Smiles by turns;
And Hearts have been as oft with sullen
As charming Looks, surpriz'd and stolen.
Then why should more bewitching Clamour
Some Lovers not as much enamour?
For Discords make the sweetest Airs,
And Curses are a kind of Pray'rs.*

Truly, methinks I owe a Devotion, yea a Sacrifice to *Discord*, for casting that Ball upon *Ida*, and for all that Business of *Troy*, whom ruin'd I admire more than *Babylon*, *Rome*, or *Quinzay*.

Lastly, between *Comardice* and *Despair*, Valour is gender'd; and so the *Discord* of *Extremes* begets all Virtues, but of the like things there is no Issue without a Miracle.

*Uxor pessima, pessimus Maritus,
Miror tam male convenire.*

He wonders that between two so, yet perchance for all this *Discord* like, there could be any *Discord*, there was ne'er the less Increase.

Parador LXXXIII.

In Praise of a Rotten Cheese.

Pinguis & ingrata premeretur Caseus Urbi. Virg.

A Pastoral.

A MORET and Strephon lay
On a Couch of downy Hay,
In the wither'd Age of Day:
Blest that one the other sees,
Blest with a spicy western Breeze,
Blest with a noble Rotten Cheese.
Each at t'other darts their Eye,
Each at the glittering Treasure by.
A sight that Strephon's Passion moves;
Scarce Amoret he better loves:
To Amoretta's Heart so near,
Strephon's self was scarce more dear:
Scarce the Pride o'th' blooming Vale,
Woven round her May-day Pail;
Nor could either prove ungrate
For such a Gift to smiling Fate:
Oft with Vows and Flowers they ran
To smiling Fate and smiling Pan;
Thus they pray, and thus they sing,
While all the answering Valleys ring.

Strephon.

Sprinkle all the dappled Mead!
Round the Turfy Altars lead!

Every *Nymph* and *Fawn* invite,
 To laugh and revel here at night!
 Jolly Toasts shall never fail,
 Quite drunk with nappy nutbrown Ale :
 Here's a *Rotten Cheese* would feast,
 If a King might be the Guest.

Amoretta.

Stay, my *Strephon* ! 'tis in vain ;
 Too low and humble is your Strain :
 You the Gift must higher raise,
 Or you'll satyr while you praise.
 Let stiff Princes dream alone
 On their steep unenvy'd Throne !
 Our *Rotten Cheese* outshines their *Crown*,
 And weighs the gilded Bauble down :
 We'll a nobler Note begin ;
 Call and rouse the God within !
 Sing the *Cheese*, and by his Aid,
 Whence it came, and how 'twas made.

Strephon.

Each Flower that e'er in Garland grew,
Amoretta ! move for you,
 And every Herb that sips the Dew ;
 Each their distant Influence join
 To an Invention so divine :
 The *Daisy's* pretty twinkling Eye,
 The Infant *Violet* blooming by ;
Primrose of refreshing Smell,
 And the *Couflip's* spotted Bell ;
 Fragrant *Thyme*, and new-born *Grass*,
 Where no rude Feet did ever pass ;
 All their Essences combine
 To an Invention so divine :
 Each of these transfus'd, agrees
 First in *Milk*, and then in *Cheese* ;
 In the *Cow's* *Alembyc* wrought,
 Whence, when to perfection brought,
Amoretta's whiter Hand
 Springs of *Nectar* can command ;
 " *Cataracts* which oft prevail
 To overflow the largest *Pail* :
 And when the laughing Virgins come
 With their new-found Treasure home,
Amoretta shall declare
 How the Miracle they rear.

Amoretta.

Soft as *Wool*, and white as *Lambs*
 Lickt by their officious *Dams* :

White as those fair *Lillies* grow
 In our *Copps*,—as white as Snow.
 Next the Creamy Curds arise,
 And with calm *Glories* greet the Eyes:
 He that sees 'em dawning, sees
 The Image of an *Embrio Cheese*.
 ' So from Clay *Prometheus* can
 Mould the mighty Form of Man:
 So the rising Vision shows,
 As when the World from *Chaos* rose.
 Then 'tis bruise'd, and prest till all
 The pale Tears around it fall.
 Thus when *Jove* intends to mould
 A *Hero* out of purer Gold,
 He'll shut him up in Pain and Care,
 And like *Alcides*, pinch him there;
 Till he, by kind Afflictions trod,
 Emerges more than *Half a God*.

Strephon.

Thence in happy Triumph born,
 Like groaning Loads of welcome Corn,
 On a cleanly Shelf 'tis plac'd,
 With so rich a Burden grac'd;
 Or lest the *Foes* its Walls attack,
 On a well-munited Rack;

' Like *Atlante's* Palace fair,
 Towing high in yielding Air,
 By *Ariosto* built aloft,
 All the Walls of costly *Thought*,
 Or that sturdy *Indian* Rock,
 ' Which *Ammon's* Son so long did mock;
 There it reigns, and there defies!
 The feeble Hosts of *Rats* and *Mice*:
 Up they squint, but all in vain,
 Up they leap with fruitless pain,
 Down they drop, a-down again.
Reynard so with longing Eyne,
 Views the cluster'd loaden *Vine*:
 But 'tis in vain he views such things,
 For *Rotten Cheese* is Food for Kings.

Amoretta.

' So the *Titans* hissing fell,
 When of old they dar'd rebel:
Olympus they on *Ossa* pack,
 Both on *Pelion's* craggy Back;
 And against the Thunderer hurl'd
 Half his own dismantled World:

⁷ On the calm Couch of golden Peace,
In undisturb'd eternal Ease;
He scorns their Plots, and laughs above;
So sits my Cheese, and so sits Jove:
And Rotten Cheese is all I love.

Strephon.

This dear Day the happy Birth
Of Amoretta bless'd the Earth;
All the Lads of Mirth and Song,
O'er the Plains shall dance along:
And he that best can sing each Grace
In my Amoretta's Face,
Shall have the Present Jove has given;
⁸ Shall have the Ancile dropt from Heaven.
This prais'd, this lov'd, this Rotten Cheese,
For a Reward shall all be his.

NOTES.

¹ [Bless'd with a noble Rotten Cheese.]

Rotten is a word, I think, not much us'd about London, but common in the West, oppos'd to Skim-Cheese. Thus you find it pretty often in Mr. Creech's Theocritus.

² [Springs of Nectar can command.]

Hony soit qui mal y pense.

³ [So from Clay Prometheus can

Mould the beauteous Form of Man.]

Prometheus being, 'tis likely, us'd to build Castles and Dirtyes in his Youth, when he came to Age, set up the Trade of a Manfounder, for which Jove was so hungry (as well he might, when t'other took his work out of his hands without ever serving him Time to the Trade) that, what do me he but trusses him up, rivets him on Mount Caucasus, and sent an unconscionable Vulture to tear out the Heart of him.

Read the story in Lucian's Dialogues, Book I. p. 48.

⁴ [Like Atlante's Palace fair.]

A gaudy magical Palace in Orlando Furioso, which cost Poet and Painter, and at least Ingraver, a great many fine strokes to express it. The Louvre or Escorial are but Hogsties to't, as any body may be satisfy'd that will but take the pains to compare 'em.

⁵ [Or that sturdy Indian Rock,

Which Immon's Son so long did mock.]

A Fortress long besieg'd by Alexander, in Sagitiana, I think 'twas, but 'tis good to be sure, and therefore ask Quintus Curtius, who knows better than any of us!

⁶ [So the Titans hissing fell.]

Qu. Pray, Mr. Author, why is your Shepherdess so learned here and in other places? How comes she to talk against Decorum in Pastorals,

pastorals, and to fly upon the high ropes at this rate?

Answer. Because all things here are design'd to be alike extravagant—
let this serve once for all; for I'll trouble my self no more about it!

⁷ [On the calm Couch of Golden Peace.]

Any one may discern this is a Stroke of Lucretius, alluding to that
first Principle of the Epicureans, so well express'd by that Poet, and
so much better made English by Mr. Creech—thus:

' For whatsoe'er's Divine must live in peace,

' In undisturb'd and everlasting Ease, &c.

I have forgot the rest, but you shall have it all as soon as I can
get it my self.

⁸ [Shall have the Ancile dropt from Heaven.]

The Ancile was a certain very holy Relick among the Romans,
being the very Handywork of Jupiter himself: but lest this precious
Business should be stole from the Temple, while Gods and Men were
asleep, two more were made so exactly like the right, and one another,
that a Thief must have very good luck to be able to distinguish the Original
from the Counterfeit. In the safe keeping it, they believ'd the City's
Safety consisted.

Paradox LXXXIV.

That Good is more common than Evil.

I Have not been so pitifully tir'd with any Vanity, as with silly
old Mens exclaiming against these Times, and extolling their own.
Alas! they bewray themselves; for if the Times be chang'd, their
Manners have chang'd them. But their Senses are to Pleasures, as
sick Mens Tastes are to Liquors; for indeed no *New Thing* is done
in the World: all things are what, and as they were; and
Good is, as it ever was, more plentiful, and must of necessity be
more common than Evil, because it hath this for Nature and Per-
fection, to be *common*. It makes love to all Natures, and all affect
it. So that in the World's early Infancy, there was a time when
nothing was *Evil*; but if this World shall suffer Dotage in
the extremest Corruption thereof, there shall be no time when no-
thing shall be *Good*. It dares appear and spread, and glister in
the World, but *Evil* buries it self in Night and Darkeness, and
is chastis'd and suppress'd when *Good* is cherish'd and rewarded.
And as Imbroiderers, Lapidaries, and other Artisans, can by all
things adorn their Works; for by adding better things, the bet-
ter they shew in Lustre and in Eminency; so *Good* doth not on-
ly prostrate her Beauty to all, but refuses no end, no not of her
contrary *Evil*, that she may be the more *common* to us. For evil
Manners are Parents of good Laws; and in every *Evil* there
is

is an Excellency, which in common Speech we call *Good*. For the Fashions of Habits, for Phrases in our Speech, we say they were *good* as long as they were us'd, that is, as long as they were *common*; and we eat, we walk, only when it is, or seems *good* to do so. *All fair, all profitable, all virtuous Things are good*; and these three things, I think, embrace all things, but their utter Contraries; of which also *Fair* may be *Rich* and *Virtuous*, *Poor* may be *Virtuous* and *Fair*, *Vicious*

may be *Fair* and *Rich*; so that *Good* hath this means to be *common*, that some Subjects she can possess intirely, and in Subjects poison'd with *Evil*, she can humbly stoop to accompany the *Evil*. And of indifferent things many things are become perfectly *good* by being *common*, as Customs by use are made binding Laws. I remember nothing that is therefore *ill*, because it is *common*, but Women, of whom also, *They that are most common, are the best of that Occupation they profess*.

Paradox LXXXV.

In Praise of the Bear-fac'd Lady.

TOO charming Maid, whose *Viznomy* Divine
Shoots Darts around like any *Porcupine* !¹
Who give to *Cupid's* Arrows new Supplies,
Heading 'em from your *Face*, and not your *Eyes*,
Like *Cleaveland's* Lover, pallizado'd in,²
And fenc'd by the sharp *Turnpikes* of your *Chin*.
Happy the Man to whom you must disclose
The flaming Beauties of your *Rainbow Nose* !
What tho in vain t' approach your *Lips* he seek,
He may with leave come near, and kiss your *Cheek* ;
If, as when *Turks* expect they should be heard
At *Prayer*, you will but turn aside your *Beard*.³
All this were true, tho *Art* should you disgrace,
And shew her own, instead of *Nature's* Face.
But you discreetly chuse the *Russian* way,⁴
And closely veil it till the *Wedding-Day* ;
Not *Stega-like*, by too sincere a *Carriage*,⁵
Your Imperfections shew, and mar your *Marriage*.
You are resolv'd that *Faith* and *Stomach* too
Shall meet in him who must be blest with you ;
And by so just a *Touchstone* mean to prove
The Metal of his *Courage* and his *Love* :
Nay, *Joan* her self, whom he'll i'th' dark embrace,
When the *Light* comes, may have my *Lady's* Face :

He has his Chance, it may be good enough,
For all Love's but a Game at *Blindmans-buff*.
He who to meet a Devil does prepare,
Like *Spencer's Knight*, may find an Angel there. *
Missing a Snake, he may at last prevail
To hold a fat, tho slip'ry Eel by th' Tail.
When *Psyche* thro the Air to *Cupid* rode, †
She fear'd a Dragon, but she found a God.

Suppose the worst a Rival's spite has said,
Here's *Spouse* enough, tho she had ne'er a Head.
A just *Proportion* every where behold,
And Gold, the Cream o'th' Jest, remember Gold;
Gold! Gold! those subtle Charms must needs prevail;
Gold! Gold enough! had she nor Head, nor Tail.
Sure this must e'en the flintiest Heart subdue;
Those Chains, those Pearls, those Locketts all for you?
What if no Cubs bless the ill-natur'd Joys;
Look, she's already stock'd with yellow Boys;
And she
May live like *Etheldreda*, undefil'd, ‡
While you
Lie with her Coin, and get her Bags with child.

NOTES.

This Story, and the Lady's Picture—appertaining thereunto—are
notorious enough about London, without Explication of the Subject
in general.

* [Shoots Darts around like any Porcupine]

She's pictur'd with a Bear's Head, and consequently her Face all
hairy.

† [Like *Cleaveland's Lover*, pallizado'd in.]

Alluding to that in *Cleaveland's Soldier*;

‡ O let the Turnpikes of my Chin

Take thy *Halfmoon* Fortrefs in.

§ [If, as when *Turks* expect they should be heard

At Prayer, you will but turn aside the Beard.]

A late Traveller, and ingenious Observer at Constantinople, in the
Relation he gives of their Customs in Devotion, has this among the
rest: That when in the highest Fit of Zeal, and Time of their Ser-
vice, for an Amen, they are to manage their Beards, or else the Work
is left not complet.

¶ [But you discreetly chuse the Russian way,
And closely veil it till the Wedding-day.]

In the Description of Russia, among *Struys's Voyages*, he describes this
for one Humour religiously observ'd in all their Marriages——They never
see one another till made fast.

‡ [Not *Stega-like*, &c.]

This old Lady, in the Play, out of sincerity us'd to let her Courtiers
see

see all her Imperfections,—as her No-Teeth, No-Eyes, One-Leg, and so frighted them all away.

⁶ [He who to meet a Devil, &c.

Like Spencer's Knight, &c.]

See Spencer's Fairy Queen: In one of the first Canto's—instead of an old Witch, the Knight found a brisk young Lady.

⁷ [When Psyche, &c.

She fear'd a Dragon, &c.]

Psyche was requir'd by the Oracle to be expos'd to a Dragon, as Andromeda to the Whale——When in pops Cupid, like Perseus himself, sets her at liberty, carries her home, and all that——

⁸ [She——may live like Etheldreda, undefil'd,]

Vid. Fuller's Church-History, p. 91. This Etheldreda, would you think it, was marry'd to a Prince and a King, and yet by her own Desire, liv'd still as pure a Virgin as ever——her Mother was when she was born.

Parador LXXXVI.

That all Things kill themselves.

TO effect their own Death all living things are importun'd, not by Nature only, which perfects them, but by Art and Education, which perfects her Plants quicken'd and inhabited by the most unworthy Soul, which therefore neither will nor work, affect an End, a Perfection, a Death; this they spend their Spirits to attain; this attain'd, they languish and wither. And by how much more they are by man's Industry warm'd, cherish'd, and pamper'd; so much the more early they climb to this Perfection, this Death. And if amongst Men not to defend, be to kill, what a heinous Self-murder is it not to defend one's self. This Defence, because Beasts neglect, they kill themselves; because they exceed us in Number, Strength, and a lawless Liberty: yea, of

Horses and other Beasts, they chat inherit most Courage, will run to their own Deaths, neither solicited by Spurs which they need not, nor by Honour which they apprehend not. If then the Valiant kill himself, who can excuse the Coward? Or how shall Man be free from this, since the first Man taught us this, except we cannot kill our selves, because he kill'd us all? Yet lest something shou'd repair this common Ruin, we daily kill our Bodies with Surfeits, and our Minds with Anguishes. Of our Powers, Remembring kills our Memory; of Affections, Whoredom our Lust; of Virtues, Giving kills Liberality. And if these kill themselves, they do it in their best and supreme Perfection: for after Perfection immediately follows Excess, which changes the Natures

Natures and the Names, and makes them not the same things. If then the best things kill themselves soonest (for no *Affection* endures, and all things labour to this *Perfection*) all travel to their own Death; yea the Frame of the whole *World*, because it began, must die. Then what could kill the *World* but it self, since out of it nothing is?

Paradox LXXXVII.

That it is possible to find some Virtue in some Women.

I Am not so courageous, that I dare defend *Women*, or pronounce them good; yet we see Physicians allow some Virtue in every Poison: Then why shou'd we except *Women*? since certainly they are good for Physick at least, so as some Wine is good for a Fever. And tho they are the Occasioners of many Sins, they are also the Punishers and Revengers of the same Sins. For I have seldom seen one who consumes his Substance and Body upon them, escape Diseases or Beggery; and this is their Justice. And if *Suum cuique* dare be the fulfilling of all *Civil Justice*, they are most just, for they deny that which is theirs to no Man.

Tanquam non liceat nullâ Puella negat.

And who may doubt of great Wisdom in them, that doth but observe with how much labour and cunning our Justices and other Dispensers of the Laws study to embrace them, and how zealously our Preachers dehort Men from them, only by urging those Subtilties, and Policies, and Wisdom which are in them? Or who can deny them a good measure of Fortitude, if he consider how valiant Men they have overthrown; and being themselves overthrown, how much and how patiently they bear? And tho they be most intemperate, I care not, for I undertook to furnish them with some Virtue, not with all. Necessity, which makes even bad things good, prevails also for them; for we must say of them, as of some sharp pinching Laws, *If Men were free from Infirmities, they were needless.* These or none must serve for Reasons, and it is my great happiness that Examples prove not Rules; for to confirm this Opinion, the World yields not one Example.

Paradox

Paradox LXXXVIII.

The Vicar of Bray : Or a Paradox in Praise of the Turncoat Clergy.

THAT *Clergymen* are changeable, and teach
 That now, 'gainst which they will to morrow preach,
 Is an undoubted Truth ; but that in this
 Their *Variation* they do ought amiss,
 I stedfastly deny : The World we see,
 Preserves it self by *Mutability* ;
 And by an Imitation each thing in it
 Preserves it self by *changing* ev'ry minute.
 The Heavenly Orbs do move and change, and there's
 The much-admired *Musick of the Spheres* ;
 The *Sun*, the *Moon*, the *Stars* do always vary,
 The Times turn round still, nothing *stationary* :
 Why then shou'd we blame *Clergymen*, that do,
 Because they're Heavenly, like the *Heavens* go ?
 Nay, th' *Earth* it self, on which we tread (they say)
 Turns round, and's moving still ; then why not they ?
 Our Bodies still are changing from our Birth,
 Till they return to their first Matter, *Earth*.
 We draw in Air and Food, that Air and Food
 Incorporates, and turns our *Flesh* and *Blood* :
 Then we breathe out our selves in Sweat, and vent
 Our *Flesh* and *Blood* by *Use* and *Excrement* :
 With such continual Change, that none can say,
 He's the same Man that he was yesterday.
 Besides, all *Creatures* cannot chuse but be
 By much the worse for their *Stability* ;
 For standing Pools corrupt, while running Springs
 Yield sweet Refreshment to all other things.
 The highest *Church-things* oft'nest change, we know,
 The *Weathercock* that stands o'th' top does so :
 The Bells when rung in Changes best do please ;
 The *Nightingal*, that Minstrel of the Trees,
 Varies her Note, while the dull *Cuckoo* sings
 Only one Note, no Auditory brings.
 Why then shou'd we admire our *Levites* Change,
 Since 'tis their nar'ral Motion ? 'Tis not strange
 To see a *Fish* to swim, or *Eagle* fly ;
 Nor is their *Protean* Mutability
 More worth our wonder, but 'tis so in fashion,
 It merits our Applause and Imitation.

But I conclude, lest while I speak of Change,
I shall too far upon one Subject range;
And so become *Unchangeable*, and by
My *Practice* give my *Doctrine* here the lye.

Parador LXXXIX.

That Old Men are more fantastick than Young.

WHO reads this *Paradox*, doubtless thinks me more fantastick now, than I was yesterday, when I did not think thus: And if one day make this sensible Change in Men, what will the Burden of many years? To be fantastick in *young Men* is conceitful *Distemperature*, and a witty *Madness*; but in *old Men*, whose Senses are wither'd, it becomes *natural*, therefore more full and perfect. For as when we sleep our Fancy is most strong, so it is in Age, which is a Slumber of the deep Sleep of Death. They tax us with *Inconstancy*, which in themselves young they allow'd; so that reproving that which they did approve, their *Inconstancy* exceedeth ours, because they have chang'd once more than we. Yea, they are more idly busy'd in conceited *Apparel* than we; for we, when we are *melancholy*, wear *black*; when *lusty*, *green*; when *forsaken*, *tawny*; pleasing our own inward Affections: But they prescribe *Laws*, and constrain the *Noble*, the *Scholar*, the *Merchant*, and all *Estates* to a certain *Habit*. The *old Men* of our time have chang'd with patience their own *Bodies*, much of their *Laws*, much of their *Languages*, yea their *Religion*; yet they accuse us. To be *Amorous*, is proper and natural in a *young Man*, but in an *old Man* most fantastick. And that ridling *Humour* of *Jealousy*, which seeks and wou'd not find, which requires and repents his *Knowledge*, is in them most common, yet most fantastick. Yea, that which falls seldom on *young Men*, is in them most fantastick and *natural*, that is, *Covetousness*; even at their *Journey's end*, to make great *Provision*: for 'tis to be observ'd, that *Covetousness* is the only *Sin* that grows young as *Men* grow old. Is any *Habit* of *young Men* so fantastick, as in the hottest Seasons to be *double-gown'd* or *hooded*, like our *Grandfathers*? Or seems it so ridiculous to wear long *Hair*, as to wear none? Truly, as among the *Philosophers* the *Sceptick*, who doubts all, was more contentious than either the *Dogmatick* who affirms, or *Academick* who denies all; so are these *old Men* (who are led by their own *Humours*) more fantastick than young.

Paradox XC.

That Nature is our worst Guide.

SHALL she be Guide to all *Creatures*, which is her self one? Or if she also have a *Guide*, shall any *Creature* have a better Guide than we? The Affections of *Lust* and *Anger*, yea even to err, is *natural*; shall we follow these? Can she be a good *Guide* to us, which hath corrupted not us only, but her self? Was not the *First Man*, by the Desire of *Knowledg*, corrupted even in the *whitest Integrity of Nature*? And did not *Nature* (if *Nature* did any thing) infuse into him this Desire of *Knowledg*, and so this *Corruption* in him into us? If by *Nature* we shall understand our *Essence*, our *Definition*, or *Reason*, then this being alike common to all (the *Idiot* and the *Wizard* being equally *reasonable*) why shou'd not all *Men*, having equally all one *Nature*, follow one course? Or if we shall understand our *Inclinations*; alas! how unable a *Guide* is that which follows the *Temperature* of our *slimy Bodies*? For we cannot say that we derive our *Inclinations*, our *Minds*, or *Souls* from our *Parents* by any way: to say that it is *all from all*, is *Error in Reason*, for then with the first nothing remains; or is a *part from all*, is *Error in Experience*, for then this part equally imparted to many *Children*, would, like *Gavelkind Lands*, in few *Generations* become nothing; or to say it by *Communication*, is *Error in Divinity*, for to communicate

the *Ability* of communicating *whole Essence* with any but *God*, is utter *Blasphemy*. And if thou hit thy *Father's Nature* and *Inclination*, he also had his *Father's*; and so climbing up, all comes of one *Man*, and have one *Nature*, all shall embrace one *Course*: but that cannot be, therefore our *Complexions* and *whole Bodies* we inherit from *Parents*; our *Inclinations* and *Minds* follow that; for our *Mind* is heavy in our *Body's Afflictions*, and rejoices in our *Body's Pleasures*. How then shall this *Nature* govern us, that is govern'd by the worst part of us? *Nature*, tho' oft chas'd away, it will return, 'tis true; but those good *Motions* and *Inspirations* which be our *Guides*, must be woo'd, courted, and welcom'd, or else they abandon us. And that old *Axiom*, *nihil invita*, &c. must not be said thou shalt, but thou wilt do nothing against *Nature*; so unwilling he notes us to curb our *natural Appetites*. We call our *Bastards* always our *natural Issue*; and we define a *Fool* by nothing so ordinary, as by the name of *Natural*. And that poor *Knowledg* whereby we conceive what *Rain* is, what *Wind*, what *Thunder*, we call *Metaphysical*, *Supernatural*; such small things, such no things do we allow to our pliant *Nature's Apprehension*. Lastly, by following her, we lose the pleasant and lawful *Commodities* of this *Life*, for we shall drink *Water* and eat *Roots*,

Roots, and those not sweet and delicate, as now by man's Art and Industry they are made: We shall lose all the Necessities of Societies, Laws, Arts, and Sciences, which are all the Workmanship of Man; yea, we shall lack the last best Refuge of Misery, Death, because no Death is natural: for if ye will not dare to call all Death violent (tho I see not why Sicknesse be not Violences) yet the Causes of all Deaths proceed from the Defect of that which Nature made perfect, and would preserve, and therefore are all against Nature.

Paradox XCI.

In Praise of a Miser. By the same that was courted by the old Gentleman mention'd in Paradox 81.

Worthy Sir,

SINCE Mony commands all things, and you command that, of what extent must my Empire be, that have the Dominion over you, as you let me understand! And over a Person who hath all the Arts, not only to keep, but to improve his Wealth, and by such laudable ways, tending to the Increase of Piety, and the Good of the Commonwealth! By ruining of Widows and Orphans, you raise Objects for Charity; and if some did not make Objects, others wou'd want Objects to exercise their Charity upon, and so Charity wou'd be banish'd out of the World. You prevent young Heirs (committed to your charge) from being debauch'd with the Allurements and Temptations of the World, by cheating them of their Estates. By your supplying of Prodigals, you occasion the Circulation of Mony; and if you take their Land at half the Value, it is yet a kindness to them, since you disburden them of a Load above their management. If you lend Mony to young Merchants at Forty in the Hundred on good Pledges, to pay foreign Bills and Custom, you occasion thereby that the King hath his Due, and the Merchant is kept on his legs: And since it is the Will of Heaven that some shou'd fall and others rise, you are the Instruments of Providence, to pull down the first, to make room for the last. You are the most loving Husbands in the world, since you love your Wives infinitely above your selves, sending them to Heaven thro Afflictions, whilst you are contented your selves to run headlong to Hell thro Oppressions; and the most tender Fathers in nature, going to the Devil your selves, to make your Children great in the World; nay, your last Breath expires in an Act of Justice, for then you give the Devil his due, and defraud him not of his Purchase, after he hath taken so much pains to make you his own. What tho your Memory stink and rot?

Why shou'd that fare better than
the Body, which at the best must
stink and rot? But since it is
necessary I shou'd shake hands
with all Pleasures, which I must
expect to be debar'd of when I
am your Wife (*except you wou'd*
let me out to use, as well as your

Money) and also to take leave of
all my Friends, not being likely
then to be in a Capacity of re-
ceiving Visits: All which when
I have done to my satisfaction,
you shall receive Advice thereof,
from

Sir, &c.

Paradox XCII.

Being a Pindarique in Praise of a Grunting Hog.

Freeborn Pindarick never does refuse,
Either a lofty, or a humble Muse:
Now in proud *Sophoclean* Buskins sings,

Of *Heroes* and of *Kings*,
Mighty *Numbers*, mighty *Things*;

Now out of sight she flies,
Rowing with gaudy *Wings*

A-cross the stormy Skies;

Then down again,

Her self she flings,

Without Uneasiness or Pain,

To Lice and Dogs,

To Cows and Hogs,

And follows their *melodious Grunting* o'er the Plain.

II.

Harmonious *Hog*, draw near!

No bloody Butcher's here,

Thou need'st not fear:

Harmonious *Hog* draw near; and from thy *beauteous Snout*,

Whilst we attend with Ear,

Like thine prick'd up, devout;

To taste thy *Sugry Voice*, which here and there,

With wanton Curls, vibrates around the circling Air.

Harmonious *Hog*! warble some Anthem out,

As sweet as those which quivering *Monks* in days of yore

With us did roar;

When they, alas,

That the hard-hearted *Abbot* such a Coyl shou'd keep,

And cheat 'em of their first, their sweetest Sleep;

When they were ferretted up to *Midnight Mass*:

Why shou'd not other *Pigs* on *Organs* play,

As well as they?

III.

Dear Hog! thou King of Meat!

So near thy Lord Mankind,

The nicest Taste can scarce a difference find!

No more may I thy glorious *Gammons* eat!

No more

Partake of the free *Farmer's Christmas Store*,

Black Puddings which with Fat wou'd make your mouths run o'er;

If I, tho I should ne'er so long before the Sentence stay,

And in my large Ears Scale, the thing ne'er so discreetly weigh,

If I can find a difference in the Notes,

Belch'd from th' applauded Throats

Of rotten Playhouse *Songsters All-Divine*,

If any difference I can find between their Notes and thine:

A noise they keep with *Tune*, and out of *Tune*,

And Round and Flat,

High, Low, and This and That,

That *Algebra*, or Thou or I might understand as soon.

IV.

Like the confounding *Lutes* innumerable Strings,

One of them sings;

Thy easier Musick's ten times more divine;

More like the one-string'd, deep, majestick *Trump-Marine*:

Prithee strike up, and cheer this drooping Heart of mine!

Not the sweet Harp that's claim'd by *Jews*,

Nor that which to the far more ancient *Welch* belongs,

¹ Nor that which the *Wild Irish* use,

Frighting e'en their own *Wolves* with loud *Hubbubbaboos*,

² Nor *Indian Dance*, with *Indian Songs*,

Nor yet

(Which how shou'd I so long forget?

The Crown of all the rest,

The very Cream o'th' Jest)

Amphion's noble *Lyre*——the Tongs:

Nor the Poetick *Jordan* bite his *Thumbs*,

At the bold word, my Lord Mayor's *Flutes* and *Kettledrums*;

Not all this Instrumental dare

With thy soft, ravishing Musick e'er compare.

NOTES.

¹ [Not that which the *Wild Irish* use,

Frighting e'en their own *Wolves* with loud *Hubbubbaboos*.]

'Tis a Custom of the Irish, when any thing is stoln, or other sudden Accident, presently to set up that Note, Hubbubbaboo; the next that hears it does the like, and so Intelligence is convey'd swifter than by any Hue and Cry with us.

² [Nor *Indian Dance*, with *Indian Songs*.]

A Taste of whose Humour and Harmony has been often enough presented at the Playhouse by the *Indian Girls*.

Paradox XCIII.

In Praise of Deformity ; or, a Paradox proving that it is better to be Foul than Fair.

WHO knoweth not, how much the *Deformity* of Body and a hard-favour'd Face is to be esteem'd, principally in Women (for in Men it was never in so great request) how many *amorous Sparks* are daily to be seen, under an ill-favour'd Countenance, and deform'd Body, choicely hid and cover'd; which in a fair Face finely polish'd, gives often occasion of leud Flames and cruel Passions? But the strong and invincible Bulwark, which the *foul Face* (not only of old, but likewise in these times) hath erected for it self, will encounter the Fires of Love that are so dangerous. Do you believe, *Reader*, if fair *Helen the Greek*, and the gentle *Trojan Shepherd*, had been hard-favour'd or deform'd in Person, that the

Greeks would ever have taken so much Pains in pursuing them? Nor had poor *Troy* endur'd such cruel Ruin and Destruction, in a long Description whereof so many great Wits were tir'd.

And if we shall compare and unite together the Beauty of the Mind with that of the Body, shall we not find a greater number of *deformed People* to be more wise and ingenious than the Fair and Beautiful? Let *Socrates* be our Witness, whom the Historians and ancient Figures represent, to be as ill-favour'd as might be: notwithstanding, by the Oracle of *Apollo*, he was acknowledg'd to be the wisest man of his time. *Esop*, the most excellent Fabulist, was in Form of Body strange and mishapen.

*His livid Eyes retreated from the Day,
Deep in their hollow Orbits bury'd lay :
His Back-bone starting out drew in his Breast,
This Shoulder elevated, that depress'd,
And his foul Chin his odious Bosom press'd :
Long little Legs, such has the stalking Crane,
His short ill-figur'd Body did sustain.*

Nevertheless, as each one may read, he was most rich in Virtues, and in Spirit (beyond all others) most excellent.

Of great Deformity were the Philosophers, *Zeno* and *Aristotle*, *Empedocles* foully compos'd, and *Galba* a very ugly Figure; ne-

vertheless they were of excellent Tempers. Could any impeach the Deformity of *Philopæmen*, who after he was seen to be a good and hardy Soldier, came to the Dignity of a most valiant Captain? And was he not reverenc'd among his People for his

his high and excellent Virtues? Consider, *Reader*, on such as are of fair Complexion and very fat, and you shall commonly find them to be sickly, more weak, and less able to travel; more soft, delicate and effeminate than the other kind of People. Again, you shall seldom see it happen, that in a *beautiful Body* there is much Chastity, because it is to be kept with great Difficulty, being by so many sought after so earnestly.

What shall we say of such, who (*not contenting themselves with Nature*) do daily frame very great Complaints against her. But of such Fools I demand, seeing Nature (the most careful and discreet Mother of all things) hath given them what she thought meet and profitable in the *Form of their Bodies*; for what Cause they should be displeas'd with her? Nature gives not to her Friends the Things that may quickly be wasted by Sicknes, or overthrown by the course of Age; therefore true Liberality is known, by the firm and long Continuance of the Gift bestow'd upon any one; and what see you of less Permanence than Beauty?

Consider how it hath headlong thrown down young People into *secret Grievs and perillous Dangers*, and allur'd them to such *hateful Sins*, as right happy might he count himself, that could escape them with his Honour unstain'd. Contrariwise, note the Good and Profit accruing by Deformity, when all they in general, that of old time have been, and yet at this day are studious in Chastity, do openly confess, that nothing hath

like force in them to tame and check the *Lust of the Flesh*, neither long Watchings, grievous Disciplines, or continual Fastings, as one only look upon an ill-favour'd and deform'd Person. Hence ensueth that, which is us'd as a common Proverb, concerning a very foul deform'd Woman, that she serveth as a *good Receipt and sovereign Remedy against fleshly Temptations*.

O sacred and precious Deformity, dearly belov'd of Chastity, free from all scandalous Dangers, and a firm Rampart against all amorous Assaults! O what Desire I have to persuade my Friends, how they should know (henceforth) to adorn and embellish themselves with the Beauty that for ever endureth! I mean that *Beauty*, that keeps us Company even to our Grave, and leaves us not till the latest Gasp: That which we may *truly call our own*, no way due or attributable to our Parents. Gainsay me who please, I will rest my self on this Opinion, that much better is it to be *adorn'd with such a Colour*, than to trust or repose only in borrow'd corporeal Beauty, which so easily corrupteth, even by the least touch of any Fever that may come upon us.

I remember a young Maiden of *Perigourd*, who perceiving her Beauty to be a very great and capital Enemy to her good Fame, and that in regard thereof she was daily requir'd and solicited by many young Gallants; her self with a Razor, or some piece of Silver made sharp for the purpose, so *disfigur'd her fair Face*, that her two Cheeks, which seem'd before like Roses or shin-

ing Carbuncles, contain'd nothing at all of their former and natural Beauty. The like Act did many wise Damsels and holy Virgins of the *Primitive Church*.

What say you of our *Courtizans*? whom God (by his especial Grace) having not given the Gift, to be the fairest of all other; how daily they cease not to invent new and strange manners of *Paintings*, to counterfeit and disguise their Age and first natural Shape, with false Hairs, *Spanish White*, *Pomades*, *Targon*, distil'd Waters, pounded Drugs, Oils, Pouders and other Follies, too long to be recounted. Oftentimes they shave or burn their *artificial Hair*, and then again, rub, slick, chase and wash themselves, only to seem fair; yet notwithstanding, look on them at Night or in the Morning, and you shall find them *more deform'd than before*. But what ensueth soon after upon this great Industry? *Sin, Death, and the Anger of God*.

Never was I of any other mind, since the time I had power of reason, to discern and know

Truth from Falshood, but that *deform'd People deserv'd more Praise than the Beautiful*; nor is it without cause, considering such as are hard-favour'd, are commonly chaste, humble, ingenious, holy, and have ever some sweet commendable Grace.

But for them that boast of *Beauty*, I leave to you, *Reader*, the consideration of their Behaviour, which is oftentimes so counterfeit, as nothing can be said to agree less with Nature. You shall see them of lofty Countenance, inconstant Demeanor, and wandering Looks. Then let none deny, but conclude that *it is much better to be foul than fair*: and let no Adversary reply against this Assertion; for I am determin'd, and sufficiently furnish'd, to make him answer.

Had I no more but the Testimony of *Theophrastus*, who hath left us in Writing, that *bodily Beauty is nothing else but secret Deceit*; and he that will not herewith content himself, to him let me produce the Saying of *Theocritus*, That *Beauty is an unknown Detriment*.

Parador XCIV.

In Praise of a Shock-Bitch.

LET lofty Greek * and Latin go,
And Priscian crack'd from Top to Toe,
Since he at School full often so

Misus'd us;

From High and mighty Lines I fall,
At powerful Shock's imperious Call,
And now in downright Doggrel crawl

My Muse does.

Tho

Tho my *froze Hog's Head* e'en is burst ;
I'll do what none before e'er durst,
And on her Praises make the first

Adventure;

O for some *Album Gracum* now !

'Twould clear my musty *Pipes* I trow,
Then would I yelp as loud as thou ;

Old Stentor.

Come hither *Shock*, I'll ne'er complain,
Nor kick thee from my *Lap* again,
Tho other Lips thy Mouth so dain-

ty touches ;

Give me one *Busf*, I'll prize thee more
Than *tinfil'd* Lord does *brazen* Whore ;

Or than——or than——or than——or than

No body.

Let *lousy Poets* sit and chat

Of *Money*, and they know *not what* !

Of *Love*, and *Honour*, and all that,

So filly!

Let *Play-house Hero's* live or die,

Or spew, or stink, or swear, or lie,

To court the *Glance* of one bright Eye

From *Philly* !

Let the entranced *loving Asfs*

A *Picture* woo, and busf the *Glass*,

Covering his *Mistresses* surpas-

sing Beauty !

Then steal from *Cowley*, or from *Done*

(Since none will miss 'em when they're gone)

Two hundred thousand *Stanza's* on *

Her Shoo-ty !

All other *Fairs* avaunt, avaunt,

For *Shock's* sweet Praise my *Muse* must *chiaunt*,

And sweat (ah, wou'd she wou'd !) in Rant ;

Extratic.

'Tis *Shock* alone is my Desire,

She does my addled Pate inspire

As much as any *Muse* with Fire

Poetic.

View every *Limb* in every part

From *Head* to *Tail*, from *Rump* to *Heart*,

You'll find she not one *Pin* from Art

Has gotten ;

When *Courtly Dames* so gaudy, tho

They dress their Mouths in *Pimlico*,

A *Dog* won't touch them, they are so

Ripe-rotten.

Mu'e,

Muse, what d'you mean? what Flesh can stay,
And dive in *Helicon* to day,
Or swim in any Streams but A-

quavita?

Put up your Pipes, to Dinner go,
Whilst I dismiss the *Guests* below:
You're welcome Gentlemen, and so

Good-buy-t'y'.

NOTES.

¹ [Let lofty Greek and Latin go.]

And here let me tell you is a fair occasion to give you to understand the Author has a smatch of Latin Verses too——for some were made before these English on the same Subject: But for fear of clapping in a false Concord or Position, or so (the very thoughts whereof will be dreadful, as long as I can unbutton my Breeches) I think e'en best as 'tis.

² [Tho my froze Hog's head e'en is burst.]

See the Academy del' Cimento, and others, about the nature of Freezing, which rarifies and dilates, not condenses or lessens the Water. Thus a Vessel stopt close, with no vent, when frozen, if precisely full, will burst out the Hoops for Enlargement.

———'Twas in the middle of a great Frost these were wrote.

³ [Then would I yelp as loud as thou

Old Stentor!]

Stentor was a kind of a City Cryer in Homer,——A speaking Trumpet was but a Bagpipe to him (tho by their Names they should be Cousins) he would lift up his Voice just as loud as fifty men, not one more, nor one less.

⁴ [Two hundred thousand Stanza's on

Her Shoo-ty.]

Just so many in Quevedo's Buscon, the Poet makes on a Pin dropt from his Mistress's Sleeve——I think sincerely a greater Paradox than all mine put together.

⁵ [And sweat (ah, wou'd she wou'd) in Rant

Extatic.]

Once more, lest you should forget it, 'twas very cold Weather when this was on the Anvil.

Paradox XCV.

That Brutes have Reason.

I Judge no *Paradox* in this Volume is more contrary to the common Sentiments of Mankind than this, *That Brutes have Reason*; and 'tis almost impossible there should be a fair Discussion of this Matter, because Men are Parties; and none is competent to determine the Question but either he that is above both Man and Beast, or equally participates of both: it being as likely in the general Cause, as 'tis usual in all particular, that men will arrogate the Advantage to their own Species. Yet Man's Dominion over Beasts, the Conformation of his Body, the Operations of his Mind, and the Works of both compar'd to those of other Animals, seem to decide the Question. For Man alone knows, not only God, and the other Creatures, but also himself, by a reflection of the Understanding, which is the highest act of Reason. His Body alone is shap'd so that his Eyes are erected towards Heaven, his Members are flexible and versatile, especially his Hand (the Organ of Organs) he sits down most commodiously and gracefully at the exercising of all Arts; and his manifold artificial Productions, perfecting and surpassing those of Nature, find nothing comparable to them amongst those of other Animals. And therefore I adhere to the Holy Scripture, which denies understanding to Beasts; and to

what Antiquity, especially Philosophy, determines, which hath found no more peculiar difference whereby to distinguish Man from Beast than Reason.

But to my Paradox: Since Reason is the hand of Judgment, as the Speech is of Reason, and the Hand it self is the Instrument subservient to Speech; one of these degrees must lead us to the knowledge of the other. I mean, that since Reason is the hand of the Judgment, such Animals as shall be found to have Judgment, can no more be without Reason than a Man naturally without a hand. Now all are constrain'd to acknowledg some judgment in Animals, for otherwise they could not exercise the Functions of their external and internal Senses, which divers have in a more eminent degree than we. They have a *common Sense*; for they distinguish the Objects of the Senses; a Fancy, since they are all equally led to sensible good; many of them are indu'd with memory, as Dogs and Horses, who bark and neigh in their Sleep; which cannot be done but by some higher Faculty, uniting and joining the Species drawn out of their memory: an effect not possible to proceed from any other Cause than Reason. But that which removes all scruple, is, that they are capable of Discipline; and there's no feat of Activity but they learn

it sooner than Man; witness the Elephants which danc'd upon the Rope at Rome, and the Apes which do as much here at this time; not to mention Dogs, Horses, and other Creatures which are manag'd, and Birds which are taught to speak.

It further appears that *Brutes have Reason* by the Example of the Elephant, who before the Tinker was paid, try'd whether the Kettle (wherein he us'd to have his Food) was well mended, by filling it with Water; of the Ox, who never drew up above a certain number of Buckets of Water; of the Fox, who caus'd the Water in a Pitcher to ascend by filling it with Stones, and always lays his Ear to a frozen River, to hear whether the Water moves under the Ice, before he trusts himself upon it; of the Dog, who having scented two Paths, casts himself into the third without Smelling at all, and concludes that the Tract of his Game; of the Cat, which altho hungry, dares not eat the Meat she sees for fear of the Whip which she sees not. All which are so many Syllogisms.

Further, that *Brutes have Reason*, appears by sundry Animals, which gave Man the Knowledge of Building, as the Swallow; of Spinning, as the Spider; of hoarding Provisions, as the Pismire, to whose School Solomon sends the Sluggard; of presaging fair Weather, as the King's-fisher; the downfal of Houses, as Rats and Mice; of making Clysters, as the Ibis; of letting Blood, as the Hippopotamus, or Sea-horse: so that 'tis evident, *Brutes have Reason*.

Besides, *Faculties* are discover'd by their Actions, and these are determin'd by their End. Now the Actions of Men and Beasts are alike, and have the same End, Good, Profitable, Delightful or Honest. There is no Controversy concerning the two former. And *Honesty*, which consists in the exercise of Virtue, they have in an eminent degree. Witness the *Courage of the Lion*, in whom this Virtue is not produc'd by Vanity or Interest, as it is in Men. Nor was it ever seen that Lions became Servants to other Lions (as we see Men are to one another for want of Courage) which prefer a thousand Deaths before Servitude. Their Temperance and Continence is apparent, in that they are contented with Pleasures lawful and necessary, not resembling the disorderly Appetites of Men, who not contented with one sort of Food, depopulate the Air, the Earth, and the Waters, rather to provoke than satiate their Gluttony. The *Fidelity of the Turtle*, and the *Chastity of the Dove*, are such as have serv'd for a Comparison, in the Canticles, of the Spouse. The *Fidelity of the Dog* to his Master exceeds that of Men. The *Raven* is so continent, that 'tis observ'd to live 600 years without a Male, if her own happen to be kill'd. For their good Constitution gives them so long a Life, which in Men, Nature or their own Disorders terminate within a few years. As for *Justice*, the foundation of all human Laws, 'tis common to Beasts with Men.

Therefore 'twas not without Reason that the first Age of Innocence,

nocence, and afterwards *Pythagoras*, upon the account of his *Metempsychosis*, *spar'd the Lives of Beasts*; that-when God sav'd but four Couple of all Mankind from the Deluge, he preserv'd seven of every clean Animal, and made the Angel which withstood the Prophet *Balaam* rather visible to his Ass than to him; that this Animal, and the Ox (whose acknowledgment towards their Masters is alledg'd by *Isaiah*, to exprobate to the *Israelites* their Ingratitude towards God) were the first Witnesses of our Saviour's Birth, who commands us to be innocent and prudent, like some of them. Which presupposes *not only Reason in them*, but that they have more thereof than Man, with whatever Cavillation he may disguise their Virtues, saying, that what is Knowledge in God, Intelligence in Angels, Reason in Man, Inclination in inanimate Bodies, is Instinct in Brutes. For since a Beast attains to his End better than Man, and is not so subject to Change as he, it may seem that a nobler Name should be given to that Faculty which accomplisheth its Work best, than to that which is for the most part deficient therein. And therefore *either a Brute hath more Reason than Man*, or that which Man calls Instinct in a Beast is more excellent than his Reason, a Faculty ordinarily faulty, subject to surprize and to be surpriz'd.

Paradox XCVI.

Mourning Joy : or a Paradox in praise of Sadness.

A Wise Man is a Man as well as other Mortals; *Seneca* (who was *Germanissimus Stoicus*, as one calls him, a true bred *Stoick*) did confess as much : *non educo sapientem ex hominum numero, &c.* And *Antoninus* firnam'd the *Philosopher* (who had imbibed as much *Stoicism* as any other) did betray as much by the Tears that he shed for his Foster-Father; and when he seem'd by some severe Gravities to lament beyond *Decorum*, his Father *Antoninus Pius* ingeniously excus'd him; *Permitte illi ut homo sit, &c.* Permit him (saith he) to be a Man; for neither Philosophy nor Empire takes away Affections.

Seneca also in his consolatory Epistle to *Polybius*, is so far from condemning him for his Sorrowing, that he condemns those that did condemn him, and calls them, *Dura magis quam fortis prudentia Viros*, rather hard-hearted than valiant Men.

An unchangeable Tenor and Temper of Affections is not only above the Conditions of Men, but of the holy Angels also: for they have an Alternation of Joys and Sorrows; as they rejoice over penitent Sinners, so they grieve and mourn for the Fall of a holy Man; or some bright Star in the *Firmament* of God's Church below.

Having

Having premis'd these Things (for the better understanding the following *Paradox*) I now proceed to the *Mourning Joy*; or *Praise of Sadness*.

I know, but fear not, the Danger of cherishing and defending so unwelcome a Guest as *Sadness*, so shun'd, so abhor'd: For since I am well assur'd, they have condemn'd rather her Countenance than her self, and that both her Judge, Jury and Hangman, have been that airy Monster *Opinion*, that taketh all upon trust, and answers nothing with Reason; I was the rather inclin'd to be her Friend, because *Opinion* was her Enemy; the first proof of her Goodness, since she is hated by so false and obstinate an Enemy to Wisdom and Judgment.

First then, because our human Weakness, and chiefly those that I desire to instruct, understand best by Contraries; as Health is best known by Sickness, Plenty by Want; it is fit I shew them what Mirth is made of, and over what a Troop she commands; that beholding her, and her Band disrob'd and anatomiz'd, weary and ashamed of the Sight, they may by putting off their prejudicate Obstinacies, be made first Hearers, and consequently Obeyers of a worthier Conductor.

That Mirth is a natural quality of Man's, I deny not; but withal, I think it one of those that he hath little cause to boast of: it is true that he makes Mirth and Sadness the Ballance of his Affections and Passions, and is weigh'd by them. Thus he accounts his Winnings and Losings,

and the same is express'd in *Sadness* or *Mirth*: but whether most of these suppos'd Winners are not rather betray'd than supported; loosned, disorder'd and corrupted, than strengthened, grounded and instructed, I think there is no Man that hath well observ'd himself, and his Actions considerately, but will affirm. Who can doubt of this that knows the Slowness of her Composition? Children make her of Babies and Hobby-Horses; young Men of Sports, Hawks, Horses, Dogs, or worse; old Men of Riches; Statesmen of Adorers, Honour and Advancement; Women of gay Clothes, many Lovers and flattering Glasses: It is one God they adore, tho worship'd in several Shapes; and tho the difference amongst them makes them Despisers of one another's Choice, yet to the disinterested Beholder, they play all at one Game, tho not all for one Sum: *Et quæ veneraris & quæ despicias, unus exæquabit cinis.*

We have touch'd the Aim and End, let us now see the Pursuers and Adorers of Mirth, and they that make her the Goddess of their Actions; a People either so light and imperceptible, as nothing can come beyond their Senses; or so opinionative and obstinate, or rather so drunk with Pleasure, as they scarce know what they do or say. I shall only instance in the *Transports of a Lover that gains his Mistress*, he smiles and capers at every word, and thus addresses his charming *Celia*.

Oh the dear Hour in which you did resign !
 When round my Neck your willing Arms did twine,
 And in a Kiss you said, Your Heart was mine.
 Thro each returning Tear may that Hour be
 Distinguish'd in the Rounds of all Eternity.
 Gay be the Sun that Hour in all his Light,
 Let him collect the Day to be more bright,
 Shine all that Hour, and all the rest be Night.

And as the Mirth of the fortunate Lover is all Extasy, so there is another sort of Men that clap Mirth between them and their Consciences, for fear of Corrosives, that keep her up like a Ball, and run after her, to be the further off from themselves, who might know, tho *Vinum, Cantus, Somnus, commotiunculas illas primas, non raro sanarunt ira doloris, amoris at nunquam aegritudinem, qua radices egit & fixit pedem.* To characterize these further then in general, were needless; for what shall the Picture need, where the Original is so common? With what other are Brothel-houses and Taverns stuff'd? *Voluptas, humile, servile, imbecille, caducumq; cuius Statio & formices & popine sunt?* What are the Inhabitants of Theaters, Masks, Feasts, Triumphs, but such as either acknowledg no God so willingly as Mirth and Pleasure; or such as dare not come home into themselves, for fear of their Errors and Miscarriages?

In the mean time, O poor Reason! at how base a Price art thou sold? Or art thou but a Name without an Essence? or a broken Reed that the Will of Man dares not stay it self upon, for fear of falling? Or else what a blue-ey'd Choice is theirs, that for the most idle, momentary,

and sick Effects of Mirth and Pleasure, exchange not only their time (which is unredeemable) but themselves, which they think too well sold to repurchase?

But now it is fit I hasten to them, who seek not Mirth, but are sought of her; for such is the Lust of Fortune's Benefits, as whilst the Body feeleth her self able to purchase her Desires, and to gorge her Senses, she abandons her self to all Sensualities, and rejoiceth in her own Fulness; to you then, upon whom none but fair Winds have ever blown in this career of your suppos'd Happiness, can you see for all your high and overtopping Places, your end and resting Place? Or are you not rather the Arrows of the Omnipotent Arm that are yet flying, not at yours, but at his Mark; and are no more Owners of your own purpos'd Ends, than you were Causes of your own Beginnings? In the mean time effeminated with your Prosperity, and as it were still sucking upon the Breast of Fortune, if she turns her Back and retires, how miserable doth she leave you? Still bleating after the Teat, and like those nice Creatures, that become tame with taking their Bread from others hands, unable to administer to your selves the least Help or Comfort.

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We do see that Nature and all her Productions supports them and her self by incessant Changes and Revolutions ; Generation and Corruption being to the Earth like Rivers to the Sea, in a restless Current, and perpetual Progress. Do we see the Flourishing and Falling, not only of Kings and Princes, but of Kingdoms and Commonwealths, Cities, Trophies, and whatsoever the vain Imagination of Man hath contriv'd for the overcoming of Time ? And can we upon some small remnant of Fortune's Bounty, think to establish a Perpetuity of Mirth and Pleasure ? No, no, he that takes not this time to provide for a World, and in the midst of his Pleasures doth not think how frail and transitory they are, will pay dearly for his Jollity ; when surpriz'd by Death, or some Disaster, they leave him in an instant so much more miserable than others, as he hath depended upon such Uncertainties ; without which, his Life is most loathsome unto him, and with which, Death most fearful and abhor'd.

But to what end is all this tendered to the Adorers and Lovers of Mirth ? Their Heads and Hearts are already fill'd with their own Delights ; which must be consum'd by Affliction, before the precious Balm of Sadness can either enter or work. *Fabius* said, he fear'd more *Minutius's* Victories than Overthrows : which may be rightly apply'd to the general Disposition of Man, his Successes infecting him with an ignorant Confidence, intoxicating his Reason with Presumption and Ostentation, which are such daily effects of Worldly Prosperities,

as they that think themselves Lords, are often the unworthiest sort of Slaves ; and their Opinionative Happiness, the most wretched Misery. Not unlike the mad *Athenian*, who imagin'd himself possess'd of all, when indeed he was true Owner but of his own Distemper and Lunacy.

To young Men there belongs more Pity, as well because Nature hath her Hand in this their Thirst of Pleasure ; they being yet by the Heat of Blood, and the Quickness of their Spirits, and the Strength of their Senses, jolly and gamefome : as also that it must be Time, and the Wounds and Scars, gotten by their wretched Carelessness, that must make them capable of Advice : Since (as *Plutarch* saith) their heady Passions and Pleasures set over them more cruel and tyrannous Governors, than those that had the Charge of their Minorities. Now who is it that leadeth this distracted Dance of Youth, but Mirth ? for whose sake and Pleasures they are inseparable Companions. What is irregular, indiscreet, unlawful, dishonest ; nay, what Laws, either of Man's, Nature's, or God's, are in these Apprehensions strong enough to contain them within their Bounds ? *Galba* in his Adoption of *Piso*, amongst his other Praises, saith, *You whose Youth hath needed no Excuse* : A Commendation so rare and glorious, as there needed no more to illustrate his Name and Fame to all Posterity ; for who else, unless fetter'd and chain'd with Nature or Fortune, but in their first wearing the fresh Garment of Youth, have not soil'd and spotted it, as their whole

Life

Life after (tho painfully and industriously directed) hath not been able to wipe out their Faults, and refresh the Gloss of their Reputation? Hence it is, that *Delicta Juventutis meae & ignorantias meas ne memineris Domine*, is taught by all, and us'd by all; so inevitable a Disease is Youth: of which we need no Witness, since every Man's Conscience doth justify it: the Generality and Antiquity having made it venial; and by consent we bind none from these Slips and Stumbles but old Men and Women, the rest pass the Musters so far from checking, that they produce many of their Follies as the Marks of Spirit and Generosity, and by their Will would make of an old Vice a young Virtue. Who can hope now to deliver this flourishing Season of Youth from these Caterpillars? Since Mirth and Pleasure allures, Opinion animates, and Community hides them from the Sight of themselves and Actions. This it is that makes nothing more current, than to pay one another with our Faults, and no Man trusts so much to his own Virtue, as to his Neighbours or Companions Vices. We repose ourselves in the Desert of others, and no Man strives further than to be comparatively good: We advance our selves upon Ruins, and think our selves well, because another is worse. O lame Shift! O drunken Remedy! I will then say but this to those young Men that will hear me: Since you know not the way to true Happiness and Contentment, ask not of them that are yet in the Race, but of them that have pass'd it:

Propose unto your selves some Pattern to imitate (*nisi ad regulam pravam non corrigas*) and to strengthen your Judgments, behold those that have already acted their Parts. Take one of these Admirers of Mirth and Pleasure, and another that hath ever made his Reason the Taster of all his Actions, and compare these together, and then chuse which of them you would be: there cannot thus far off be so corrupted a Judgment, as not to know the best; the Difference is then a little time, *& hoc quod senectus vocatur, pauci sunt circuitus amorum*: Behold then the Match, for a few years to boot, this vicious hateful Person is taken, that devour'd his own Honour and Reputation; and with his Pleasure swallow'd even his very Soul, and that lives now but in his Infamy; rather than that well-order'd Spirit, that hath left a true and perfect Circle of a discreet govern'd Life and Death, and left the World Heir of many rich and worthy Examples: Who in this Consideration but must cry out with the Psalmist, *O what is Man, that thou art so mindful of him!* &c. Or why, having taken our Judgment thus halting, should we rely upon its carrying us thro the World, that in our Entrance hath thus stumbled and fallen? He hath then the first sign of Recovery, that in this his Beginning mistrusts his own ways, and dares offer his Wounds to the Surgeon: It is an incurable Ignorance, that dares not put it self to Mending. Plato would have Offenders repair to the Judge and Magistrate, as to the Physicians

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of the Soul, and submit themselves to Punishment, as to the Medicine of Recovery; but this was too high an Imagination for Practice. Yet thus far we may go, and upon the Ground, and not in the Air: having, upon a due Examination, found it fit to mistrust our selves, it follows even in common reason, not to throw our selves rashly into any Action; but to assist our Weakness with gaining Consideration-Time: This disarms our Passions of their Violence; for their Motion being out of Heat, and never going but running, being once stay'd, and overtaken by Reason, they after willingly submit themselves unto her, and are easily manag'd. It is an Axiom in Philosophy, that our first Motions are not in our own Power, which is true no longer than we list; for he that will not embark himself, without a Pause and Deliberation, dissolves the Atrimony of his Affections, and makes them of the cruelest Tyrants the most profitable Servants. It is true, our Ignorance and Sloth make every thing terrible unto us; and we will not, because we dare not; and dare not, because we will not. This makes us submit our selves to any thing that doth either flatter or threaten us; and like some foolish Cowards, that give the Reins of their Government into the Hands of their Wives or Servants, thinking then they buy their Peace, when they sell it. Thus do they grow upon us, and by Composition, not Force, become Masters of the Place, being just so strong as we are weak.

The Scouts of *Antigonus* relat-

ing unto him the multitude of his Enemies, and advising by way of Information the danger of a Conflict that should be undertaken with so great an Inequality; he reply'd, *And at how many do you value me?* In this Civil War of our selves, the first Disorder, and consequently our Overthrow, proceeds from a false valuation of our own Strength. We are content to imbrace our own true natural Worth, so we may have leave to yield our selves to some furious Passion or soothing Affection; but would we now take a true knowledg of our own value, we might easily redeem our selves. God and Nature have not dealt so tyrannically with Man, as to give him Charge of that he cannot hold; if we lose the Game, it must be by Play: Wherefore since we are likely to be besieg'd by the World, and her Allurements, lest Famine or Treason surprize us, let us turn out of the Walls all unprofitable Pleasures, and know betimes that Mirth becometh neither the Fortune nor Condition of Man; so is he environ'd with Dangers, and so subject to Intrappings, *Omnis vita supplicium est*, there is no Day, Hour or Moment that brings a certain Cessation of Arms; but on the contrary, our Life is a continual Warfare, representing unto us incessant Dangers and Perils: Wherefore we must always stand upon our Guard, and keep a strait Watch upon our selves; not only examining the Humors that go in and out, their Errands and Pretences, but even every Motion and Thought; for of so many different

rent pieces is the little World of Man compounded, so stirring, so indefatigable, so full of Changes and Counter-changes, so suddenly elevated, as soon dejected; and in a word, such a composition of Contrarieties, as he that doth not continually observe himself, and steadily fix his Eyes upon all his Actions, shall suddenly grow a Stranger to himself, and be utterly ignorant of his own Proceedings. If this then be a time for Mirth, he may easily imagine, who doth not alone call all the Parts and Faculties of Man from their Duties and Charge, to feast and glut themselves with Sensualities; but returneth them so corrupt and debauch'd, as, like *Hannibal's Army*, after their wintering in *Campania*, they cannot be known for the same men; so have they melted their Courages with Delicacy, and with Riot made themselves impatient, and almost incapable of Discipline. To conclude, such is the weakness of Man, and so strong are his bodily Inclinations, as if he doth not divert or break the force of his Affections, Reason alone is not able to resist them. Wherefore as *Plato* allow'd old men Mirth and Wine to revive Nature almost tir'd in her long Journey, and to refresh their Spirits benumm'd with the Coldness of their Dwelling: by the same reason it is forbidden Youth, whose Blood being now at the hottest, by the least Addition or Increase, falls into the Diseases of Excess, the most violent and irresistible Extremes. We see then it is prescrib'd but for a Medicine; and by the difference of the Constitutions of young Men and old,

it can be no more wholesome for the one, than dangerous for the other. Howsoever since it is prescrib'd medicinally, the too frequent use must either destroy the Operation, or leave only the malignant quality alive and uncorrected: unto those whom the outside of Fortune dazels and allures, there is nothing to be said by way of Advice; being such, as neither Nature nor Education hath favour'd, but are left to act the base and illiberal Parts upon this Stage of the World. This is the Multitude, the Vulgar, the People that are bought and sold, and reckon'd by the hundred and the thousand, and bear no Price single and alone. A Madness it were then to think to move and convert them together, when our Saviour that fed 5000 of them, and as many as heard him, could neither with the admirableness of his Miracles, nor the Excellency of his Doctrine prevail with them all, and return them all Believers. This were sufficient to deter me even from but touching upon this Quicksand, were they not the Harbour of Opinion, where she is still rescu'd from the Lovers of Truth. Neither is it impossible that some, yet of her and their Party, upon a truer Information, may forsake and be asham'd of their Station, or to be a piece of the Body of this great Beast.

There is nothing can enter into consideration more strange and improbable, than to see even the most active and understanding Spirits, to refer themselves and their Proceedings to the multitude, to esteem themselves at their Price, exceed their Memories and Powers of Satisfaction.

The young Man that thought to escape the being seen in a Tavern, with retiring further into it, was justly reprehended for going further in. But such is the nature of Vice, it hath an alluring Look, and a detaining Tail; our Desires first allure us to things unlawful, and when we are there, our Fear bars us in: But if every Man knew how much more right he might have from his own Tribunal, if he will freely and sincerely give his Reason her own Power, and how justly an unabus'd Conscience will proceed, and how sweetly and securely he sleeps, that hath receiv'd from them his *Quietus est*, he would for ever disclaim the Censure of Opinion, and with *Phocion* mistrust himself, because the People prais'd him; *Erebuit quasi peccasset quod*

placuerit. And as the Prince of Morality adviseth, *Non respuit quid homines turpe judicent aut miserum, quia populus; sed ut sidera contrarium mundo iter intendunt, ita hic adversus opinionem omnium vadit*. But thus far had I gone out of the way, had I not pursu'd Opinion.

To come now near our purpose; in Examinations Circumstances are not neglected, if they any way conduce to the end of our Inquiry. Thus Judges and Magistrates make their Uses and Advantages of Names and Countenances, tho it be impossible to make either so much as accessary. First then we find, that *Sadness* hath ever been receiv'd as a Witness of Truth, which made *Cowley* say,

*I'll teach him a Receipt to make,
Words that weep and Tears that speak;
I'll teach him Sighs like those in Death,
At which the Soul goes out too with the Breath.*

Sadness amongst honest Men is taken for an infallible Asseveration; whereas *Mirth* hath so little Credit, as when Rashness or Falseness hath made an Escape by the Tongue, the refuge is to lay it to *Mirth's* Charge; who, as a licens'd Buffoon, hath often leave to pass the Bounds of Modesty and Truth. Again, *Mirth* is so like Drunkenness, that they are at this day, but as two Names of one thing; and merry, means drunk, and drunk merry: whereas Sober expresseth a discreet Temper, to raise and deject themselves at the pleasure of their Breaths, to take warrant from their Countenances; and in a

word, to live and die at their Appointments. When single, they scorn and despise them, and think even their best Thoughts scarce worthy of their Footboy, yet the Pattern and Piece differeth not; and any one, as far as Sufficiency expresseth the whole: as Physicians say of the Diseases of the Body, that the same may come from different Causes; so this of the Mind proceedeth either from the laying their ambitious hopes upon Popularity, or such as, guilty of their own Intentions, dare not put themselves upon the Trial of their Consciences.

A third sort there are, that feed, and cloath, and talk, and walk, and have deliver'd themselves and their Behaviour to be brought up by *Opinion*. These since they cannot be separated from the multitude, neither can be, nor are worth the singling; for those that Ambition hath perswaded to this popular Folly, they are worthy to be deceiv'd; and were it not that in all inordinate Desires, Reason is first vanquish'd, they could not but know this Beast is tame but in fair Weather. They love that part of you which they understand, which is your Fortune, Love and Friendship begins in the Soul, and ends in the Body; and theirs begin in the Body, and ends in the Fortune. The two Ligaments that tie the Men to a Justness and *Decorum* in all their Actions, are Wit and Honesty; which they being defective in, can no more love truly, than he can speak that is born dumb. Wherefore further than Commiseration, and the common Duties of Humanity, it is a Madness to be popular; for as they say, the chief Strength of the Lion lieth in his Tail, so theirs in their Mouths; which as it devours all you give, so they go no further to pay for all they take. It is true, *Ubiqunque homo est, ibi beneficio locus est*: Thus far Charity commands, and further is ridiculous or dangerous, or both. In Princes unto whom they belong as a Charge, and who have Power to make them fear, if they will not love, Popularity is no Vice, but a part of use, and as dangerous for them to neglect, as for a private Man

and a Subject to follow and affect.

We have nothing more common and in practice amongst decay'd Beauties, bankrupted by Time or Accidents, than to hide it from others. Eyes with Art, and from their own with false Glasses: no otherwise is it with them, that from the reflection of *Opinion* behold the State and Condition of their Minds; surely he is afraid to hear Truth, that dares not inquire of himself. It is against our Wills if we transport to foreign Eyes or Ears any Wares that are not substantial, or at least formal: they are in the dark, and visible but to our selves, that are fit for Reformation. And as we know best their Begettings and Births, so are they the natural Subjects for our own Consciences to work upon. It is long since receiv'd, that in one and the self-same Man, there may be a good Man and an ill Citizen: Men and Laws take knowledg of Vice no farther than their own Interest. Diseases that threaten but one, are oppos'd but by one; they are contagious and infectious that are resisted by a Generality. They then that go to *Opinion*, to know the Temper and Disposition of their Minds, go to the Market, rather to sell than to buy, and love better to paint the Walls and Outsides of themselves, than to rectify and repair their inward Errors and Defects; but far worse it is with them that dare not come to Trial, where their Facts and Actions are known, which is at home: Is not this like Children, which shunning the Reprehension and Chastisements of one fault, multiply it to many

ny? or like the careless Debtor, that suffers the Interest to outgrow the Principal? How truly doth this prove the Cowardice of Vice, or rather the Sottishness? since he considers not, that as fast as he runs from Fear, the same haste he makes to Desperation, where they inevitably end, that never reckon with themselves, till the Sum be impeach'd by Drink or some other Excess.

For the continuance, what Men carry more mistrust before them, than those that have worn out the Sobriety of an honest Look with a continual grinning or laughing? A Mark of Nature so seldom failing, as it is in every Observation held for an irrecoverable Defect either of Wit or Honesty. Of such stuff are commonly Flatterers, Time-pleasers, and Sycophants made; People so obnoxious to Virtue and Worth, as were it not that they breed and live only upon the Lust of Fortune, it were impossible to keep them from a general Extirpation: For it is they that have bereav'd Greatness and Riches of Innocency, and made it of a dead and indifferent Instrument in the power of the Disposer, to have hatch'd more Monsters than all the Brood of Vices besides; and in a word, have been the most visible and chief Procurers of the heavy Sentence of our Saviour against Rich Men, *That it is easier for a Camel to pass thro a needle's Eye, than for a Rich Man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.*

In the contemplating *Sadness* and *Mirth*, methinks I see the true Forms of the two Ladies that offer'd themselves to Her-

cules at his Entrance into the way of the World, *Virtue* and *Pleasure*; the first with a settled compos'd Countenance (not unlike the South Sea) full of Peace, Certainty, and Truth, no overruling Passion disordering or raising the least Billow, or moving the smallest Breath of Perturbation; the other like a Shop that sets out the best Wares to the view, and offers many pleasing Morfels to the Senses, and at the first seems to resemble Bounty it self in Freeness and Sweetness; but alas she is too soon won to be constant, she brings not in your Reckoning, till you have consum'd what she set before you, and then you shall know they are too dear, when it is too late to refuse them; her Smiles and Allurements are like the sunshine Days of Winter, Storm-breeders; her Clearness, Warmth and Calmness produce ever Clouds and Tempests, Repentance, Grievs and Anxieties of the Soul: and as Physicians hold a continual requiring Stomach an infallible *Symptom* of a corrupt and diseas'd Body, so may be said of the Lovers of Mirth, that pass from one Pleasure to another, and dare not let their Brains settle, lest they should see their own Deformities, their corrupted Manners, and the Leprosy of their Minds.

Hitherto *Sadness* hath gotten but a Pre-eminence, and hath but prov'd her self better than Mirth, nor approv'd her own Goodness; it is now time to display her in her own Excellency, not such a one as reverts all things upon it self, and regards no Quality that returns not laden with

with Profit, but such a communicative Goodness, as grows not poor by imparting, but redoubles its own Strength, Riches, and Splendor, with lending, assisting, and dividing its influence on others. But before I offer her and her Qualities to the view, it is necessary I decipher her. *Philopœmen*, for want of an Interpreter, was set to cleave Wood by his Hostess, for his own entertainment. The Eye is a nice, busy, and undertaking Sense, if Reason or Judgment prepare not her way.

I mean not then under the name of *Sadness* to defend effeminate Bemoanings and Lamentations; let them that subject themselves to this weakest Impatience, be also subject to the *Lycian* Law, that bound these kind of Lamenters to be array'd like Women: nor am I an Approver of a rigid, sour, morose Austerity, since it is seldom other than the Vizard of Envy or Vainglory; such were *Nero's* Philosophers, *nec deerant qui voce vultuq; tristi inter Oblectamenta Regia spectari cuperent*: neither is it a small Motive to their Condemnation, that the Novice and Inquirer after Virtue is deter'd, to see her Disciples so over-clouded and drown'd in heaviness, rather like the Followers of a Funeral, than her Minions and Beloved, whose Power and Bounty doth not only extend it self unto all Deservers, but makes all Lives, Fortunes and Accidents, not only tolerable and to be endur'd, but sweet, wholesome, easy, and oftentimes glorious and exemplary: neither will I praise a Sorrow that, as *Pythagoras* says, eats his own Heart,

that abandons the Rudder in a Storm, and dares not live for fear of dying.

Wise Men know, it is the Condition of Humanity to be toss'd with contrary Winds, and those are the seasons of distinction between Wise Men and Fools. Every man looks gayly in a holiday Fortune, but to be basely set by, and to shine thro an obscure Fortune, illustrates the Riches and Pretiousness of the Mind. Man hath not the throwing of the Dice, but the playing of the Cast: He is Lord over his Intentions, the other part reaches up to Heaven, where Successes and Effects are deliver'd back, not according to the Appetite of Man, but the inscrutable Wisdom of God; and upon that we ought to rest our selves not only with Patience, but with Comfort, that the only Fountain of Knowledge hath taken it into his own hands, of whose better disposing it were the greatest Impiety and Infidelity to make the least doubt or question. But it is *Sadness* that prepares us for the acting of this and the rest of our Life truly and as we ought; which must not be understood to be of the Descent of *Niobe*, still labouring in Tears and Exclamations, nor a vainglorious or envious Philosopher, that big with his own Profession, labours to proclaim it in his Looks; nor a silent fretting Sorrow, that will needs marry his Afflictions: But *Sadness*, whose Portraiture I wou'd present from the general State and Nature of Man, hath drawn her self into a Habit or Posture, in some places fit to resist the IncurSIONS of her Enemies,

mies, in others to divert them, and sometimes like a wise Conqueror, making them of the cruellest Foes, assur'd Friends, or loving Subjects; her Outside is sober, calm, constant, modest, and for the most part silent; her Inside full of Peace, Industry and Resolution.

To reduce these into a shorter and sounder way, what Knowledge, Art or Science is there more necessary and important, than that which is wholly devoted to the ordering of our Life? This doth *Sadness* most aptly and effectually, first instructing, then adorning, and lastly governing the Life of Man, with so much Tranquillity, Certainty, and Happiness, as if we will trust either Reason or Example, we shall find no Lives to carry so continual a Contentment as these, nor none so often and so continually miscarry as the contrary.

Since then in these is comprehended the whole Course of man's Life, we will draw the Picture of *Sadness* within this compass; so shall I not praise her more than profit my Reader: or if I fail, an unskilful Painter may spoil a Picture, but not a Face; and a worthier Undertaking may purchase Glory by the Spoils of my Imperfections. Since it is not with Man as with other Creatures that are endow'd with the greatest part of their Understanding at the very entrance into the World, which being bounded and limited with in Self-preservation, extends no further than to a present Consideration of them and theirs; as it is a natural Property infus'd rather into their Being, than into

them, and rather to the Profit of Nature and her Conservation, than for their particular Benefit, which as at first it is strait and narrow, so Time ripens it not nor dilates it: Far otherwise it is with Man, whose Reason grows with him, and whose Judgment (as not compatible with his Youth) is deliver'd unto him when he comes to age; at least his Minority is but the Seedtime; in his Autumn comes his Harvest, that is, the time of his Instruction, this of Use.

Now whether it be from the Pride of Man, that loves not to look so low as his Infancy; or the contempt he hath to impart his Time to a poor Lump of Flesh, or that since Nature hath fore'd him upon Women, he thinks to turn the Imperfections of Time upon the Imperfections of Nature, and that they are fittest to breed and hatch their puling wayward weaknesses; whether from one, or from all, or from some more hidden Cause, certain it is, that to the most Men in particular, and to the Commonwealth in general, there arises great Loss by sacrificing these their first Years unto their Tuitions: from hence it comes, that when Poets wou'd set up a Mark for Imitation, they durst never trust a Woman so much as with their nursing, but borrow'd of their Imagination either a Goddess or a Nymph, or rather than fail, a meaner Creature. Some Philosophers wou'd allow them no more Interest in our Conception, than to receive, cherish, foster, and re-deliver us; but alas, the large Portion of the Imperfections that we inherit from them,

them, assures us the contrary. But since it is so much, as Time, Reason, Instruction, and whatsoever the Wit of Man can apply, can never utterly expel, hardly correct or temper, what a stupid Carelessness reigns over the World, to increase our Defects, by enlarging their Time of Government?

But neither to offend them, nor stray further from my Subject, their Dispositions will not take the rich Colour of *Sadness*, which ever yields that Tranquillity and Settledness of Mind, which can propose the End, and prosecute the Way, without diversion or error, at least without those that disjoin our Intentions, and overthrow our Purposes; whereas the very Springs of Passions and Affections take and change their Forms at the pleasure of every Representation, not upon a deliberated Judgment, but according to the Consultation and Conclusions of their Senses.

Thus then we may see the Power of *Sadness* for Instruction, since they that want it are not to be trusted with Education, yet not to leave Enemies behind us; tho I wish we might observe their Order, who set wild Birds Eggs under those that are domestic and tame, to alter their wild Condition into their Foster-mothers more mild and familiar; and so cou'd wish our dry Nurses were Men, and such as cou'd reach them Words made of Reason, as well as Wind: And tho there be many severe (if not malicious) Censures given us, by our Forefathers, against them in all Ages, and by all Countries, and by all Professions; of which

infinite Concurrence of Censure, I will give but one Instance, *nelle cose di consiglio in una donna, e capace di poterlo dare ne meno di pigliarlo per se e tanto peggio da tenerlo secreto mai*; yet doubt I not but they are Owners of such Perfections, as bounded and kept in their own Circumference, are of much use and pleasure; and they are to be honour'd by us no less than our Mother Earth, from whom we no sooner come, but we strive to return again. To conclude, since we cannot be without them, it is great reason they shou'd be entertain'd with a due Respect, which is rather sweetly than seriously; let them have their own Interest religiously answer'd: And for more, since it but corrupts them, and shackles us, whatsoever old Men and mad Men do or have done, wise Men, for their sakes, will attend their Charge with more Circumspection.

If then we desire to frame a Man that shall deserve his Being, and to be Master of himself and Time, let us begin betimes to set such Governours over him, as may both by their Examples and Instructions daily reflect upon him, and infuse into him the Grace and most instructive Influence of *Sadness*; for by this means he lives fortify'd against the grand Corrupter of Youth, *Pleasure*, and the violent Enemy of Age, *Grief*. Surely the Beam that keeps the Cogitations of Man even, is no other than *Sadness*; for he that thinks to buy his Peace with accumulating Riches, or to be too strong for Fortune with making himself powerful, doth but apply an outward Medicine

dicine for an inward Disease; which tho it may sometimes ease, seldom cures: But *Sadness* that keeps us at home, daily shews us the brittle Frailty of all exterior things (which makes us like an Army pester'd with too much Baggage, neither fit to fly nor fight) unites our inward Powers, defends our Reason from the Vapours and Mists of our Affections; and standing between the Extremes of Mirth and Sorrow, is the only perfect Moderator of our human Actions. *Cato*, tho he had many learned Slaves, wou'd not commit the Education of his Son to them, but himself became his Instructor; which I attribute to no other Consideration, than that he rather chose to frame him to a well-compos'd *Sadness*, than to be excellent in any Art or Profession; *ut modestior, non ut lepidior fiat*: A Perfection fitter for a mechanick Earner, than a true Owner of himself; since it is the forming of the Mind, not the Tongue or Hand, that can prefer us to true Felicity.

Now that we may touch, as it were with our finger, how much *Sadness* confers towards a perfect Instruction, what is more proper and peculiar to the forming and framing of the Mind to Wisdom and Goodness, than first to keep out Vice, and then so to work, prepare, and temper the Mind, as it shall be always fit to receive and contain the wholesom Documents of Virtue and Honesty? Which *Sadness* does so naturally and effectually, that all other things which offer themselves for this use, are in comparison left-handed, and Stepmothers to Education.

First then, as one says prettily of his imagin'd Wife, that he would have her of a denying Behaviour; as if a Fort accessively situated could not be impregnable, since assaultable; and as he says therefore he comes too near that comes to be deny'd, and as *Ovid*, that great Trader into those Parts, cou'd never find Armour of proof for Chastity, but not to be prov'd, *casta est quam nemo rogavit*, she's chaste whom no Tongue yet did taste; so doubtless he shall pass the narrow way of Virtue with fewer Impediments, that is Owner of this sober preventive Behaviour, than those alluring Countenances which keep open house for all Comers. One Philosopher wou'd have Bolsters made to stop the ears of young Men from contagious noisom Sounds; but he that hath made *Sadness* his Porter, shall not need them, since his very Presence deters and checks their loose Imaginations, and they dare not confess themselves to him that hath their Condemnation written in his Face: *Hoc secum certe tulisset, neminem coram Catonem peccare*. Pedlers open their Wares most willingly to Women and Children. In a word, as they say the Amethyst prevents Drunkenness, so is *Sadness* the Preservative against the entrance of a number of Vices.

Wou'd we then frame a Man fit to command and obey, to govern others and direct himself; a Man so squar'd by the infallible Rules of Wisdom and Judgment, as to know how to become all Places, and to use all Fortunes; he must be a Man full of *Sadness*, but not in the least dejected.

Mean

*Mean time no squallid Grief his Looks defiles,
He gilds his sadder Fate with nobler Smiles :
Thus the World's Eye, with reconciled Streams,
Shines in his showers, as if he wept his Beams.*

Such a Man as this can neither seduce his Minority with ill Examples, nor mar his waxen Age with a false Impression; too common a Condition of these dissolute Times, where our Children with their Milk, and their very first Words, suck in obscene Speeches and dissolute Behaviour; and Imitation and Custom hath given them the very Habit of Vice, before they have either lov'd or chosen them:

But this falls not out to the Pupils that are govern'd by Men of this Carriage: for since it is resolv'd, that this *Sadness* is not an Accident of their Complexions, but a Gard hammer'd out of their Discourse, and the Issue of a happy-match'd Discretion and Experience; they do already so well know, that all the Allurements of Vice offer themselves but like Players and Jugglers, to shew you Sport and to gain by you: and this word *Recreation* is but the Outside of Time's wastful and wilful Consumption; and that not only the Hours so spent are utterly lost, but which is far worse, this continual Excitation of the bestial Part of Man, provokes his Lusts and Sensualities unto an unquenchable Dropsy.

Doubtless, as Complexions are apter to the Infection of bodily Diseases, one than the other, so Behaviours to the Contagion of the Mind: Mirth is made of Pleasure, and with Pleasure all Vices

are baited; whereas this *Sadness* is the Complexion of a Mind that knows this, and therefore hates and disdains Mirth. I know, Experience is the chiefest Evidence that Age can produce to prove their Right to Wisdom; but that which makes their Judgments strong enough to make their Experience of more use than a bare Tale, is a Decay of their Senses, grown too weak to trade for themselves, and the fitter to be set to our Reason to make up a true Harmony of all the Parts, to the Good and Preservation of the Whole. The same effect hath *Sadness* with young Men, that this Decay of Nature hath with old; for when the consenting Part or Will of Man is so rectified with a Consideration of the true Value of all that the Senses present unto her, well may they long to please themselves with their several Objects; but when that Desire hath no other Advocate but it self, it soon languishes and forsakes its Suit. *Eschines* Advice to an Inquirer after the best Course of Life, was, *to go to the Church willingly, to the Wars upon necessity, but to Feasts upon no terms.* What was this but to praise the Conservation of *Sadness*, which in these Assemblies is for the most part betray'd; and in the Heat of Wine, Meat and Company, melted into the Customs of dissolute Mirth? Which made the wise *Roman* complain, that he never came amongst

amongst Men, but return'd less Man than when he came in.

This made the Philosopher, who fell asleep at a Feast, hold his Tongue with one hand, and with the other, the part *that they say Women love best*, but not to speak of, as the two Taps at which Mirth and Pleasure are drawn out.

But may I not seem to go too much of one hand, when proposing Instructions, I incline rather to Preventions than Additions? Surely if the Nature of Man were so pure and simple, as it had no Participation nor Commixture with Contraries and Repugnances, there were no way but one, and that one direct. But as he is first in his Mass or corporeal Substance, the Issue or Production of the four grand Heterogeneous Bodies, and after by the several and most differing Powers of his Reason and Will, as unlike, in their Likeness and Natures, as Light and Darkness, there being as much to shun as to follow; I hope I shall not err in my way, if the Situation of the End propos'd draws me sometimes about, since I undertake to conduct not the Eye, but the Understanding.

Neither will my Reader (I hope) hold himself deceiv'd, if *Sadness* alone, and by it self only, brings not in all the Materials necessary to the composing of a perfect Man, and the framing a Happiness to the full extent of our Earthly Condition; for such an Extract is not to be drawn from a Knowledge so overclouded as mine: let it suffice then (and it will any indifferent Judge) that it is of so much use and impor-

tance, as tho with it only you cannot make this Purchase, yet without it, if it be not impossible, yet at least most difficult; and withal, that tho the Soul in her Revolvings and Travels, may meet those solid Considerations that are most like her self, wherein, as in a Glass, she beholds her own Beauties; yet are they transitory, and but the Flashes of her Agitation; the habitual possession of the Graces of the Mind being to be fix'd upon no body that *Sadness* hath not first prepar'd. This made so many of the Ancients, and of those most memorable for the Excellencies of the Mind, some to throw away their Wealth, others to refuse Riches, the Graces of Princes, and the favour of the People; others pull out their own Eyes, and some to abandon the Society of Man: And even he that might truest be intitul'd, *Delicia humani generis*; he that had the Attribute to fetch Virtue from Heaven, and to place her in Cities; to bring her from the Paradise of the Gods and transplant her into the Breasts of Men, no doubt embrac'd a wilful Poverty: Nay even Life it self, which he was offer'd at the easiest rate, he would not yet accept of, as too delicate and nice a thing for a worthy and heroick Spirit to make account of. If now we enter into the consideration of the Motive that made these Men shun what all the World so earnestly pursue; what could it be but to keep these Wants asfoot, continually to admonish them of their Condition, and to cut off all ways by which Mirth or Pleasure might make their Approaches, or come to the Assault?

Alex.

Alexander, in the Excess of abundance, kill'd *Clytus*; *Fabritius* in his Poverty refus'd the golden Bribes of the *Samnites*: upon Abundance waits Mirth and Pleasure, and upon them all, the Leprosies and Deformities of our Minds.

There is not so incorrigible a Creature as Man in Prosperity, nor so modest and reform'd as they that Fortune have no rock'd but wak'd; the consequence of which being Mirth and Sadness, behold them in their Operations, and we must reject the one as a most dangerous Poison, and imbrace the other for the most precious Preservative.

If yet I have not prov'd *Sadness* Instruction it self, yet I hope she doth not look with so disfigur'd a Countenance, as when Opinion paints her; and tho I cannot say she is the End of Knowledge, yet I may well maintain her the Beginning: Since it is *Sadness* only that prepares the Understanding, and makes every Man fit to philosophize, and to be Disciples in the School of Virtue.

If now it be determin'd, and truly, that the Graces and Beauties of the Soul ought to have the Place and Honour above those of the Body; and the Sweetness, Beauty and lovely proportion of the Body to be prefer'd before the effeminate Deckings that the Body doth rather carry than enjoy; since it often happens, that a foul and deform'd Carcase hath a fair and rich Wardrobe: And if all these in their original Estimations were first valu'd, not for their own

Sakes, but as the Ambassadors of those inward Qualities and Excellencies, that such Complexions, Shapes and Proportions inseparably foreshew: *Sadness*, I doubt not, both for her outward Loveliness, and inward Virtue and Use, will be allow'd for an Adornment, that doth not alone please the Eye, but the more judicial and intellectual Parts.

First then, Tho I am not ignorant these merry Companions are the most acceptable to the most, yet not always to the best: and if they be at times welcome to the understanding sort, they are receiv'd to their Tables, not Counsels, and us'd rather for Sauce for their Meat, than Seasoning for their Judgments; and are, as was said of *Athens*, Places that tho many desir'd to be entertain'd in, yet few to inhabit. From whence cometh this, but that as they are Adorers of Mirth, they are Haters of all sad and serious Considerations? To keep Life in Laughter, the whole stream of their Wits is spent upon the Motion of their Tongues. In a word, they sacrifice their Earnest to Jest, their Friends to their Humour, and to present Satisfaction all the Duties of Humanity, Honesty and Discretion. And if so, where shall we lay hold of them, or to what use would they serve, but to such a one as all honest Natures cannot but scorn and disdain? Whereas the sad and sober Behaviour makes it one way to Allowances, and if it gets not Acquaintances so fast, it wins Friends faster; and tho perhaps it be not always so readily entertain'd, yet it is evermore respected; and Reason, since the
one

one with his incessant Motion wears out it self, loads the Ear, and loaths the Eye ; whereas the other, in his Reservedness, maintains his Understanding in his united Vigour, and not troubling his Brain with his Tongue, falls not into the Disadvantages of many Words ; but still holding more in his Breast than upon his Shoulders, is strong enough for any Assault, and prepar'd to make the best use of Company and Conference. Surely, if Behaviour be of such estimation, as Beauty without it is deform'd, and Deformity with it is lovely, and agreeable to all Eyes : If Behaviour be the Soul of the Form, *Sadness* is the Soul of the Soul ; for such a compos'd settled Smoothness, as distastes not to day, pleaseth to morrow, and gets by Continuance. No Fashion wins so universally and continually, as that which hath receiv'd the true Tincture of *Sadness* : for it suppresseth the Inconstancy and busy Turbulency of the Passions and Affections ; it receives nothing upon Trust or at first sight, and therefore is always one ; neither being troubled with the Floods and Ebbs of Fortune, the Vanity of the World, the ill employ'd Power of Greatness, nor the fluctuary Motions of the humerous Multitude ; or at least, if he be sensible of their Irregularities and Confusions, yet his Thoughts are not written in his Face, his Countenance is not significant : Whereas the Face and Disposition of Mirth ever resembles his last Thoughts, and upon every Touch or Taste of that which is displeasing, and follows not the stream of his Appetite, it deforms it self, and like the Moon, is in as many Changes as his Fortune. Now if the wrangling of Children be troublesome, the waywardness of Men must to a Stranger be ridiculous, and to our Acquaintance odious ; and consequently *Sadness* a goodly Ornament, that neither displeaseth others, deforms it self, nor at any time passeth the Bounds of Judgment and Discretion : and tho he must, as he is Man, have many Thoughts to repent, yet few Actions. *Primum argumentum composita mentis existimo, posse consistere & secum morari* ; as it is commonly taken for a sign of a strong Estate and a settled Disposition, to keep a certain House and to love home ; and that such Men are the best, both Comforters and Counsellors of their mean and needy Neighbours. So is it with those Minds that retire into their own Meditations, and scatter not themselves upon the irresolute and inconstant Invitations of Opinion, being most profitable in their Examples, and most sound in their Counsels, outwardly goodly marks of Direction for them that are ignorant in their Course ; and within, most happy and safe Harbours and Havens for them, that either by Weather, or Weakness, or any other, either Suspicion or Knowledge of Impediment, dare not put out into the vast and profound Mutabilities and Dangers of this Ocean of the World. If now a Mole on the Cheek be an Ornament to Beauty, *Sadness* is the same to Wit ; and if Wit, like Quicksilver, be too nimble for its own Conservation, *Sadness* doth more than contain it, for it

it refines and fixes it. Jewels and rich Apparel adorn the Possessor, and exact from strange Eyes a Reverence and Respect. *Sadness*, the grave and ever becoming Robe of Judgment, represents to all Understandings the venerable Countenance of all so adorn'd: If the all-concealing Apparel of Women, that measur'd by their Modesty, leaves nothing for the Incurfions of greedy wanton Eyes to make spoil of, and doth not only proclaim their Souls fairer than their Bodies, but their Bodies fairer than they are; with leaving the Face, Eye and Hand, as a broken Sentence to be perfected by Imagination: *Sadness* doth the same; for the interior Parts doubling and redoubling the Perfections of the Mind, in such sort, that even Fools that Nature hath ever hidden under this Behaviour, have often escap'd Censure; and under Title of a hidden Fellow, hath hidden a most empty and senseless; for who can tell the Contents of a clasp'd Book, or Inventory of a lock'd Wardrobe? Now as it conceals the Fool, it illustrates the wise Man. For as the Sun, breaking thro a Cloud, lets fall the golden Tresses of his Beams upon the gloomy airy Morning, after his Absence, with a much more resplendent Majesty than when continually unmask'd, he prostitutes his Beauties unto every Eye, and makes not only the Shepherd, but his Flock weary of his Company, and seek shade and shelter to hide themselves from his too fast fix'd Sight; even so the well-weigh'd Motions of the sad Behaviour commands Attention, and the Stayedness of his Carri-

age prepares a Consent before Hearing, as due to him that lets nothing pass without due consideration.

To conclude, if one of the greatest Philosophers determin'd Silence a more excellent quality than Eloquence, I have the Aid of his Authority, since *Sadness* is the Seat of Silence, where she only resides in Safety, and where, without all Noise, Trouble or Tumult, she enjoys the Intelligence and Contemplations of the Soul, which the Children of Mirth cannot hear for their own Noise, nor taste, their Mouths are so furr'd with bodily Pleasures.

And now I will appeal to the Eye, if these Lineaments and Features of *Sadness* be not more goodly and becoming than those of Mirth: Surely if they be not more delightful, they are more contenting; the difference of which I refer to the Judicious, and to those that value things by their Nearness and Resemblance to those of Heaven.

Lastly, for Government: Tho the World be not made of Atoms, yet the Body of Man's Reputation is the Concurrence of his Speeches, Actions and Passions; which ought to advise all Men, not to neglect the least Motion either of Mind or Body, lest it fastens a Deformity upon all: Shall we expect this from Mirth? It were in vain, and to prescribe it, were lost Labour. It is compos'd wholly of Contraries; for take a quantity of idle Breath, sublimated into a Jest, a proportion of Laughter, some mimick Tricks, either of the Face or the Body, and boil them

them so thorowly in Wine that you cannot know one from another, and you have the most receiv'd receipt of Mirth: But who will undertake to give assurance that this inspir'd Crue shall not violate the Dignity of Men, and so govern themselves, that Shame and Derision shall not have more right to them than they to themselves?

Ulyssès drank of *Circe's* Cup, and was not transform'd: The Moral is, a wise man may wash his Mouth, but not quench his Thirst, with Pleasure; for he that aims only at Mirth and Pleasure, gets Sorrow and Repentance, as well because it makes him rash and inconsiderate in his Courses; when to buy Mirth, he sells all the Respects and Duties that he owes to inestimable Virtue and his own Preservation; as that it being to the Mind as a Stove to the Body, that so opens the Pores, as the least Air gives a Blow to the Health, so the least Adversity or frown of Fortune dejects their Minds, and lays them open either to a ravening Fury, or a base Bewailing: Wherefore he that will not seal the worst of Sorrow, let him beware of devoting himself to Mirth, for they only feel the Water intolerable cold, that go into it extraordinary hot! The Philosophers that impos'd Silence upon their Scholars for their first Instruction, could intend nothing else but the settling and composing the Mind; from whence ariseth that Habit of *Sadness* that gave them power of themselves; and withal, of all things that came within the Bounds of their Knowledge, if not to gain by, yet not to lose.

To what end should I produce the Witness of many famous Antients, from whom scarce a Smile was ever drawn, and yet were such as never lost Opportunity, that presented it self, to do others good, or themselves right; nor ever lost that Power, Force and Tranquillity of their own Minds, in any of Fortunes Transmutations, that is wont so to overcome the Reason of men, as like transform'd Creatures, there can be nothing more different than them to themselves? Neither will I authorize my Opinion by the Example of our blessed Saviour, who was never seen to laugh; nor *Solomon's* sacred Counsel, *That it was better to go to the House of Mourning than Mirth*; lest the worldly man, that makes provision only for the Building of his *Babel*, cast me off as an unseasonable and impertinent Counsellor. Tho it shall then (*gentle Reader*) insensibly, and without thy trouble prepare thee for the best work of thy Life, which is the Life eternal; yet whilst thou wilt be attentive to thy temporal Employments, it is also of most effectual Importance.

Desirest thou to be reputed wise? It is her visiblest Form, not to be importun'd with vain and idle Company, who fear *Sadness* too much to follow thee.

To be the safe Cabinet of thy own and thy Friends Secrets? *Sadness* is the Parent of Silence, Silence of Secrecy.

To be temperate? where *Sadness* is Porter, few vain Desires are admitted.

Not to be precipitate in thy Actions? where *Sadness* keeps the Lists of Consideration always clear

clear and free from the Intrusions of Passion, the Soul cannot but govern all things by the regular and judicial Power of Reason, as she that knows time calls to Consultations, shuts out Repentance.

In a word, if there be any way to be trod in by our Feet of Clay, we are out of the reach of Fortune, out of the power of our Passions, and in the full possession of our selves, we may live in a continual Calm; where from the height of a clear and impregnable Judgment, we may safely and insensibly behold the World, by this time so far under us, that all such vain Desires as had wont to make us Suitors and Followers to her, have lost sight of their inamor'd Objects: it is by the way of *Sadness*, who doth not only enrich us by that it brings, but preserves us so, by keeping out all inordinate Appetites, distemper'd Affections, and those Humors of Blood and Opinion, which, where they are favour'd, do usually destroy and expel not only all honest and virtuous Actions, but even the very Thoughts that do but seem to be well affected.

Thus have I (*good Reader*) presented to thy Acquaintance the sweetest and best condition'd Companion of the Life of man; which if you will but believe upon Trial, I desire no more. Be not seduc'd by Opinion, and thou may'st be as happy as this World can make thee; for tho' the outward Power makes men great, yet 'tis the inward that makes men virtuous, and Virtue only that produceth a Happiness, that can endure the Test of all Times and Changes.

Neither must I omit to answer them that would hide their base Choice in the Confusion of Words, and so will have their Mirth to be Joy: but he is worse than blind, that knows them not asunder; Mirth being rather an apish Unquietness, than a solid Contentment. Besides, it lives not of it self, it depends upon Fortune, Time, Health, and many outward Accidents, and lives but upon borrowing; whereas Joy being as the shadow of Virtue, or the effect of the inward and inseparable Cause of a good Life, is never from home, never in a Cloud, never subject to Alteration, always one, and therefore not only always happy, but Happiness it self. And yet to make the difference more apparent, behold their Pictures drawn by two excellent Masters, *Res severa est verum gaudium*; which if *Sadness* resembles not more lively than *Mirth*, let your Judgment determine. And now for *Mirth* I am sure this was made, it is so like her, *Risu inepto, res ineptior nulla est*. If you define *Mirth* without Laughing, you speak of somewhat else, and leave your Errand behind you: but it hath been so often determin'd, that they are so far from all one, that they are not so much as alike; as further to labour in so manifest a Truth, will rather obscure than enlighten it.

I will then include this Question in this definitive Sentence, *Falso de letitia opinantur, siquidem ab utrisque, gaudio scilicet & natura, diversa est*: it hath not only lost the Challenge to Joy, but to Nature. He then that drew man within the Compass of *Animal*

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risibile, was rather a Confessor to good Companions, than a wise Surveyor of the little World of Man.

And now to conclude, If thou hast but Melancholy enough to suspend thy Opinion, whatsoever thou art, thou hast me in the power of thy Censure. I doubt not but you shall be beholden to your Judgment, to free me from the Heresy of *Paradoxes*.

If some other think that I have restrain'd the Liberty of man, in commending *Sadness* unto him; let him know I have not determin'd it the End, but the Way only, an Entry or Passage: that of the other side hath a World much more spacious and pleasant than that of this side, comprehended by Mirth, which is little, poor and transitory. If yet there be some that will bring this Evidence for their Liberty, *Latitia juvenem, fraud decet tristis senem*; it is but like a Licence to eat Flesh in *Lent*, for them that are weak and sickly; or like a Law that prohibited all Persons to wear gay Clothes and Jewels, but Players and Courtezans: which was then taken for a mark of Scorn, not for a Privilege of Grace and Advantage; which if they shall please to take so too, they shall have the less to answer for, and I shall neither have lost my Labour, nor their Favour: If not, I must yet challenge the allowance of the wisest, which are the oldest, who if they should yield to an Extreme, would rather ratify that Philosopher that ever wept, than this that took no more Pity of himself, and of the Madnes of Mankind, than to spend his Life in Laughter.

Thus, Reader, you see there Joy in Mourning, or many Joys, and that he that weeps (and spends his Life in Sadness) is much happier than him that lives a frolicksome merry Life: And that no Man may doubt this, Solomon in his Proverbs hath left us in Writing, that it is better to sleep and repose in the House of Sorrow, than in that of Joy and Pleasure.

By Laughter many Souls have been sever'd from their Bodies, to the infinite Grief of their good Friends; but by Sadness, not one (which I ever heard of) at any time departed but well pleas'd. Laughter hath evermore been particularly proper to Fools Mouths, or People without Sense: And it is not read in any one place of the Holy Scripture, that our blessed Saviour ever laugh'd at any time; but that he wept and sorrow'd, is to be found in sundry Passages of the Evangelists: For this Cause hath he promis'd eternal Felicity to such as mourn, and them that laugh he hath menac'd with Death.

To weep is a sign of Penitence and Compunction, whereto we are often invited and exhorted by the Holy Prophets; but Laughter hath been the Cause of mocking it self, as the evident sign of overmuch Boldness. If we would regard the great Advantage of Tears, how many Passions and Quarrels have been qualify'd by one little Tear of the Eye? How many poor Lovers have they united and confirm'd together, that before liv'd not but in Languishment and Distress? How many great and honest Recompences have been obtain'd by the weight of Tears? I am of

Opinion,

Opinion, that all the Force and Power of Men, assembled together, cannot so soon win or compass what it would have, as one Tear can; yea, oftentimes it hath obtain'd Grace even from obstinate and pitiless Persons.

For proof hercof, *Heraclitus* was always more esteem'd for his Weeping, than ever was *Democritus* for his Laughing. See how many things worthy of eternal Memory, *Crassus* by this Virtue accomplish'd, purchasing the Name of a Scorner of Vanities. If we should need to produce the Profit of Tears and often Weeping, let us consider, that while our Bodies are but young and tender, they make them to grow and increase. Wherefore many Nurses (for this very Reason) are not very hasty to quiet their Infants, when they lie crying in the Cradle; but (by these means) suffer them to dilate and stretch forth their Members, for so they come to the suddener Growth. And if Proofs should fail me against *Laughter*, I would content my self with this only of good *Hippocrates*, who hath told us, *That the Diseases which ensue*

by accident of Laughter, without any manifest Cause, are the most difficult to be heal'd.

Let us then set Laughing apart, seeing it bringeth such Offence to Man, and agreeth not with his Gravity. To conclude, *Laughter* wrinkles and makes old the Face, counterfeits the Person, makes the Heart ache, woundeth the Lungs and inwards of the Belly; so that after long *Laughing* many Grievs do follow, whereof we never make doubt till we feel them. So that if *Laughter* be not refrain'd, it makes the Pallat of the Mouth to fall, the Throat sore, the Voice hoarse, and oft times shakes the Body very grievously.

Wherefore very excellently said the wise Man, *That the end of Laughter was Grief and Tears*; which usually endureth more space of Time, and hath a longer Tail behind it than ever had *Mourning*. But the end of continual Tears (after this mortal Life) is Joy and perpetual Delectation, which never hath ending, and such as are promis'd by Him who is Truth it self.

Paradox XCVII.

In Praise of a Dearth; or a Paradox proving that Scarcity is better than Abundance.

THE good Lady of *Hainault* bemoan'd the great Dearth, which the Turbulence of the Wars had caus'd; and among other things, she wept for the Fertility of the former years past, whenas she call'd to mind what store of Corn and Wines she had, and that before a Week would be past, both she and all her House should scarce tell where to get Food or Drink once a Day.

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But the sober and frugal *Solonist* saith well to the contrary, that *the less store of Victuals are in a Country, the less is the Insolence of the Inhabitants*; who (in time of abundance) disdain the Service of their Superiours.

What may we think will be the Plenty of one or two years, when we give our selves to so great Feasting, but even an earnest of the Dearth in them that may or will follow soon after? The Interpretation that just *Joseph* made of *Pharaoh's Dream*, may serve for Witness hereof. What is it that better gives knowledg of the price of any thing, be it never so excellent, than the Dearth or Scarcity thereof? In the *East-Countries*, among the Savages, no more esteem is made of Gold or precious Stones, than we in these parts do make of Iron, Lead or Brass. In *Madera, Cyprus*, and other Islands, where the Sugars do grow, they give them to their Swine to eat; as we in the Countries nearer hand, give them abundance of Fruits. And wherefore do they thus? Even because exceeding Plenty maketh the Contempt of most excellent things. But when Scarcity comes, then it is that we turn unto God, and cry for Mercy, then confess we his divine, incomparable Bounty, Greatness and Excellence.

The Value of *Bread and Wine*, which are things needful for nourishing the Body, and to preserve the Soul therein, is never known in the time of Abundance, when we make Spoil thereof, cast it at our feet, and give it to feed Dogs. Nor may I forget how in some Countries ster'd

with Vineyards, when one plentiful year comes, they will be so insolent as to make waste thereof in every place. But when they have little store of Wine and Grain, then they taste, savour so well, and use them in so small quantities, as nothing at all is lost.

Let us now discourse of Countries fertile and abounding in all Goods, comparing them with such as are barren and unfruitful; and let us see if their Inhabitants are better natur'd or dispos'd than they that dwell in the *Deserts*, or Regions never till'd, and not fertile. First of all, in *Aircania* (if it be true, which that most faithful Greek hath written in his History) one only stock of a Vine, yieldeth about a Tun of Wine. The Bees do naturally work their Honey on the Trees, from whence (even as Manna from Heaven) it droppeth continually down on the Earth, and there are none will take the pains to gather it. All this notwithstanding, the People of that Country are accounted the most cruel, fierce, and wicked'st Nation in all the World.

In the *Indian Countries* the Earth beareth twice a year, and they have two Seasons for gathering their Fruits; nevertheless, if you knew the People of the Country, you shall find them Fantastical, Liars and Deceivers to the uttermost. In *Babylon*, every little Corn of Wheat bringeth forth two hundred others for it. Besides this, the *Millet* and other Bread Grain (through the strange and wonderful nature of the Soil) stretcheth up in such height as do the Trees. Yet notwithstanding all these things, the

the Inhabitantes of the Country are more abounding in a vile Life and Villanies than all other Nations are besides. In *Tacapa*, a great City of *Africa*, is to be found such store and abundance of whatsoever can be desir'd for the Nourishment and Life of Man, and all things at so small a Rate or Price, as they scarce make any Reckoning thereof. In like manner is there to be found the very plentifullest store that can be nam'd of *Thieves*, *Adulterers*, *Treasons* and *Infidelities*.

Now let us inspect the barren Regions, or less fertile in Goods, and let us see if they be not altogether industrious, Friends to Virtue, and greatly hardned for Pains and bodily Labours. In the first place let us consider what the Country of *Denmark* is, and what the *Franconians* and *Danes* have been, that thence issu'd: Let us remember withal the *Scythians*, that live at this day in Travel, without any certain Habitation, now in one place, then in another. What and how many brave Warriours have come from this People?

But let us leave Strangers, and only make Discovery of our selves. How many men of Wisdom and Authority, in our Memory, have issu'd from the untill'd and mountainous Countries of *Savoy*, *Dauphine*, *Gascoigne*, &c. How many Chancellors, Presidents, Counsellors, Knights, Captains, and such like, have you seen, and daily do behold, in honour of these Quarters more than any other? Yet their Countries are of such nature, as their Coleworts, Mulletts, Turneps and Chestnuts, do there

give them better Nourishment than will the most pretious Wheat or Grain in the World. This fairly proveth, that without this scarce and frugal Parsimony, which to them is natural, never would they have been such as now they are.

I own that after they have once dwelt in a Country more abounding, they become finer and toolither, like the savage *Spaniards*, who leaving their first untill'd Region, where they wore Hempen Shoes, Shirts, Clothes, and such like, came after wards to their *Pumps of Velvet*. But all this (proceeding from their original Nursing) hath given them such Heart and Industry, as makes them nothing inferior to other strange Nations.

True it is, that the over-great plenty of Grain, even in such as are covetous, serves them to fatten Fowls, Pigeons, Partridges and other Birds, the Flesh whereof (soon after) serves but to abridg and shorten their Lives. But withal, they should remember, that this huge store in *Lofts* and *Garners*, draweth thither a million of Rats, Mice, Weefels, and other Vermin. And when all this Corn is gotten together, it troubles the Master to lock it up, by reason of the abundance; so that the Torment of safe keeping, and well looking to it, makes him sometime incline to forgoe the Land for the Corn, because of the Disappointments, Grievs and Vexations he receiveth thereby, in recompence of his Labours.

In brief, Dearth of *Viſtuals* makes poor People careful, and willing to work, contented (besides) with how little soever they

get, to withstand the Necessity and Danger of time to come. It exciteth good Minds to their Duty and Endeavour, to the great Profit of the *Weal publick*, which otherwise would but slenderly rejoice, if by occasion of *Plenty*, they should run at their own Liberty. It maketh known the Bounty, Strength and Virtue of him, who, of nothing, rai-

seth mighty Matters. It rebateth the *Pride* of the richest men. It maketh that seem sweeter which one laboureth for, than if he receiv'd it from the hand of never so liberal a Benefactor. Lastly, in times of *Scarcity*, all good things augment and increase; but in the times of *Plenty* and *Superfluity*, they fade, diminish and utterly die.

Paradox XCVIII.

Infinite Space or Time cannot be said to be either a Whole, or One, &c.

SPACE or Time is said to be *Finite in Power*, or *Terminable*, when there may be assign'd a Number of finite Spaces or Times, as of Paces or Hours, than which there can be no greater Number of the same measure, in that Space or Time; and *Infinite in Power* is that Space or Time, in which a greater Number of the said Paces or Hours may be assign'd, than any Number that can be given. But we must note, that altho in that Space or Time which is infinite in Power, there may be number'd more Paces or Hours than any Number that can be assign'd; yet their Number will always be Finite, for every Number is Finite. And therefore his Ratiocination was not good, that undertaking to prove the World to be finite, reason'd thus: *If the World be Infinite, then there may be taken in it some Part, which is distant from us an infinite number*

of Paces; But no such Part can be taken, wherefore the World is not Infinite: because that Consequence of the major Proposition is false; for in an infinite Space, whatsoever we take, or design in our Mind, the distance of the same from us is a finite Space; for in the very designing of the place thereof, we put an End to that Space, of which we our selves are the Beginning; and whatsoever any man with his Mind cuts off both ways from Infinite, he determines the same, that is, he makes it Finite.

Of Infinite Space or Time, it cannot be said that it is a *Whole*, or *One*; not a *Whole*, because not compounded of Parts; for seeing Parts, how many soever they be, are severally Finite, they will also when they are all put together make a whole Finite: Nor *One*, because nothing can be said to be One, except there be another to compare it with; but it cannot be

be conceiv'd that there are two Spaces, or two Times Infinite. Lastly, when we make question whether the World be Finite or Infinite, we have nothing in our Mind answering to the name *World*; for whatsoever we imagine, is therefore Finite, tho our Computation reach the fix'd Stars, or the ninth and tenth, nay the thousandth Sphere. The meaning of the Question is this only, Whether God has actually made so great an Addition of Body to Body, as we are able to make of Space to Space.

And therefore that which is commonly said, That Space and Time may be divided infinitely, is not to be so understood, as if there might be any infinite or eternal Division; but rather to be taken in this sense, *Whatsoever is divided, is divided into such*

Parts as may again be divided: Or thus, The least divisible Thing is not to be given: Or as Geometricians have it, No Quantity is so small, but a Less may be taken; which may easily be demonstrated in this manner. Let any Space or Time (that which was thought to be the least divisible) be divided into two equal Parts A and B; I say either of them, as A may be divided again. For suppose the part A to be contiguous to the part B of one side, and of the other side to some other Space equal to B; this whole Space therefore (being greater than the Space given) is divisible. Wherefore if it be divided into two equal Parts, the Part in the middle, which is A, will be also divided into two equal Parts; and therefore A was divisible.

Paradox XCIX.

Proving nothing is so Dark as Light, with the curious Debates of the Athenian Society upon that Subject.

THE Paradox now to be prov'd is this, *Nothing is so Dark as Light*—which was no sooner asserted but it engag'd the *Athenian Society* in several curious Debates upon this Subject.

The gravest Member stood up, and said, I conceive *Light* is of two sorts; one radical and essential, which is found perfectly in the Stars, the Fire, and some o-

ther Subjects; but imperfectly in colour'd Bodies, because Clour is a Species of *Light*: The other secondary and derivative, which is found in Bodies illuminated by that *Light*. Both are made in transparent Bodies; those of the Stars in the Heaven, and that of Flame and Bodies ignited in the Fire, Whiteness in the Air, and Blackness in the Water.

*Thro the rude Chaos thus the running Light
Shot the first Day that pierc'd the Native Night:*

*Then Day and Darkness in the Mass were mix'd,
Till gather'd in a Globe, the Beams were fix'd.
Last shone the Sun, who, radiant in his Sphere,
Illumin'd Heaven and Earth, and roll'd around the Year.*

But these transparent Bodies must be condens'd, that those Lights and Colours may appear; and therefore the Principle of Light is in Transparence alone, whereof neither Purity, Rarity, Tenuity, nor Equality of Surfaces, are the Causes; but they all proceed from the quantity of Matter; some Bodies having more Matter than others, not by Rarity alone, or local Extension, but by formal Extension or internal Quantity; and consequently, that a little Matter under a great internal Quantity, is the principal Cause of Tenuity, Rarity and Transparence, to which the evenness of Surfaces is also requisite in gross Bodies. So that Light consists in a proportion between the Quantity and the Matter of its Subject; and Light is great when the Matter is little under a great Quantity, as in the Heavens: on the contrary, the Body is dark, when a very small Quantity is join'd to a great deal of Matter, as is seen in the Earth. To prove this, you must observe that all simple Bodies are luminous, excepting the Earth, which is opaque; and we find Light in sundry animated Bodies, as in the Eyes of Cats, and of those Indian Snails which shine like Torches, and in our Glow-worms, whose Light proceeds from their Spirits; which being of a middle nature between the Body and the Soul, are the least material thing in the World. Whence it follows that Light is a form with

the most of Essence amongst sensible Forms, as Obscurity hath the least.

The Second said (and prov'd this Paradox) *That nothing was so Dark as Light.* For if Transparence be the Subject of it, why doth Crystal heated red hot in the Fire, come forth more luminous and less transparent than it was? The same may be said of Rarity: for we see that Air and *Aqua Vita* are well rarify'd by the Fire which inflames them, but cease to be transparent as soon as they are made more rare and luminous; which is an evident sign that Rarity and Transparence are not Causes, nor yet Conditions of Light. So the whole Remainder of Heaven is lucid; but only the less rare Parts, and such as you might call Vapours in respect of the pure Air, and the Light which proceeds from the Sun, the most luminous of all those Celestial Bodies, would never be visible, but be depriv'd of all its Effects which are Heating and Enlighning, if it were not reflected by some solid Body: Then it not only appears, but exerts its Activity. And if Things be produc'd by the same Causes which preserve and multiply them, the Solidity of burning Mirrors made of Steel, the hardest of all Metals, which make the Sun-beams do more than their own Nature impowers them to, shews sufficiently that their Light cannot arise from a rare and diaphanous Cause. Nor may the

the Light of rotten Wood be assign'd to its Rarity alone, since many other Bodies of greater Rarity shine not at all; nor that of Glow-worms and Cats Eyes to their Spirits, since the Flesh of some Animals shines after their Death; as 'tis affirm'd of Oxen, that have frequently eaten a sort of Moon-wort: and not only the Scales of divers Fishes shine after Separation from their Bodies, but Sparkles of Fire issue from the Hair of some Persons in great Droughts, whereunto the Spirits contribute nothing. Which would persuade me to believe, that Light is a Form, to the Introduction whereof several Conditions are requisite, according to the diversity of Subjects; just as we see the Souls of some irrational Creatures need great Dispositions for their Reception, a Brain, a Heart, and a Liver, with their Dependances. Whereas others, as Insects, require less, and are contented with something that may supply this Defect; some are generated in an instant, without any apparent Preparation, as Frogs in a Summer Shower; and therefore to assign the Cause of Light, is to seek the Reason of Forms, which is unknown to us. Which Similitude the vulgar Speech confirms; for the People say, The Candle is dead when it is extinguish'd, presupposing that it had Life before; as an Animal hath, so long as its Form is conjoin'd with its Body. Moreover, Fire hath a local Motion (as Animals have) to obtain its Food.

The Third said, Light is a Substance, for it was created by

God; but 'tis a sixth Essence, more subtle than that of Heaven which is call'd a Quintessence in respect of the Four Elements. A Substance which subsisted before the Sun, having been created three days before it; and nothing hinders but it may be communicated in a moment from Heaven to Earth, since the intentional Species of visible things is so. Indeed, whereunto shall we attribute the effect of Light, which heats at distance, and blinds being too great, which colours and gives Ornament to the Universe, if it be not a Substance? And the Penetration of Dimension objected hereunto, is salv'd by saying that it hath no more Place here, than when an Iron is red hot with the Fire, which yet none will affirm to be an Accident; and nevertheless it enters into the whole Substance of the Iron, and Light with it; for 'tis transparent and luminous as its Centre, when 'tis thoroughly heated in the Fire.

The Fourth said, The Excellence of Light appears, in that nothing hath greater resemblance with the Deity: which made some Heathen Philosophers say, that Light is God's Body, and Truth his Soul. Moreover, the Scripture teaches us, *That God dwells in inaccessible Light*. And the blessed Spirits are stil'd Angels of Light, as Dæmons Spirits of Darkness. Light enlivens and animates all things, it rejoices all Creatures by its Presence; Birds begin to sing, and even Flowers to display their Beauties at its Arrival.

Firstborn of Chaos! who so Fair didst come
 From the old Negro's dark som Womb!
 Which, when it saw the lovely Child,
 The melancholy Mass put on kind Looks and smil'd.
 Thou Tide of Glory! which no Rest doth know!
 But ever ebb! and ever flow!
 Hail active Nature's watchful Life and Health!
 Her Joy, her Ornament and Wealth!
 Hail to thy Husband Heat and Thee!
 Thou the World's beauteous Bride, the lusty Bridegroom He.
 Say from what Golden Quivers of the Sky,
 Do all thy winged Arrows fly?
 Swiftness and Pow'r by Birth are thine,
 From thy Great Sire they came, thy Sire the Word Divine!
 Swift as light Thoughts their empty Career run,
 Thy Race is finish'd when begun.
 Thou, in the Moon's bright Chariot, proud and gay,
 Dost thy bright Wood of Stars survey;
 And all the Tear dost with thee bring
 Of Thousand Flow'ry Lights, thy own Nocturnal Spring.
 Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy Lands above
 The Sun's Gilt-Tent, for ever move.
 And still as thou in Pomp dost go,
 The shining Pageants of the World attend thy Show.
 Nor amidst all those Triumphs dost thou scorn
 The humble Glow-worms to adorn;
 And with those living Spangles gild
 (O Greatness without Pride!) the Bushes of the Field.
 Night, and her ugly Subjects, thou dost fright,
 And Sleep, the lazy Owl of Night:
 Asham'd and fearful to appear,
 They screen their horrid Shapes with the black Hemisphere.
 With them there haunts and wildly takes th' Alarm
 Of painted Dreams a busy Swarm.
 At the first op'ning of thy Eye,
 The various Clusters break, the Antick Atoms fly.
 The guilty Serpents and obscener Beasts
 Creep conscious to their secret Rests:
 Nature to Thee does Reu'ence pay,
 Ill Omens and ill Sights remove out of thy way.
 At thy Appearance Grief it self is said
 To shake his Wings, and rouse his Head;
 And Cloudy Care has often took
 A gentle beamy Smile, reflected from thy Look:
 At thy Appearance Fear it self grows bold,
 Thy Sun-shine melts away his Cold:

Ev'n Lust, the Master of a harden'd Face,
 Blushes, if thou be'st in the Place;
 To Darkness Curtains he retires,
 In sympathizing Night he rolls his Smoky Fires.
 When, Goddess! thou lift'st up thy waken'd Head
 Out of the Morning's Purple Bed,
 The Quire of Birds about thee play,
 And all the joyful World salutes the rising Day.
 All the World's Brav'ry, that delights our Eyes,
 Is but thy sev'ral Liveries.
 Thou the rich Dye on them bestow'st,
 Thy nimble Pencil paints this Landskip as thou go'st.
 A Crimson Garment in the Rose thou wear'st,
 A Crown of Studded Gold thou bear'st:
 The Virgin Lillies in their White
 Are clad, but with the Lawn of almost naked Light.
 The Violet, Spring's little Infant, stands
 Girt in thy Purple Swaddling Bands:
 On the fair Tulip thou dost doat,
 Thou cloath'st it with a gay and Parti-colour'd Coat.
 But the vast Ocean of unbounded Day,
 In the Emphyrean Heav'n does stay;
 Thy Rivers, Lakes, and Springs below,
 From thence first took their Rise, thither at last must flow.

And because Nothing gives what it hath not, therefore some have conceiv'd, that Light, the Enlivener of all the World, is it self indu'd with Life, and that 'tis the Universal Spirit, and the Soul of the whole World. Whence Plato, in his *Timæus*, brings no other Argument to prove that Fire is an Animal, but that it is luminous. And, in the sixth Book of his *Commonwealth*, he makes the Sun (who is the known Father of all living things) the Son of Light; without which *Pythagoras* forbade to do any thing. Moreover, it hath no contrary, Darkness being oppos'd to it only privatively. For its Being is so excellent, that Nature found not her self so able to make any thing that might be equal'd with it, that might alter and corrupt it, as the nature of Contraries requires; whereas all Qualities have each their particular Enemy. And 'tis upon this very reason that Light acts in an instant; because having no contrary Quality to expel from its Subject, it needs no Time, or successive Motion, which is necessary to other Qualities, as to Heat, to warm cold Water.

The Fifth said, Light is a real Form produc'd in the Medium by a luminous Body; *Aristotle* calls it the Act of the *Perspicuum*, as it is *Perspicuum*. This Form is accidental, and falls under the Head of patible Qualities, because 'tis sensible by it self, which is the Property of Accidents alone; whereas Substance is not sensible (that is, falls not under the perception of Sense) but by

by means of Accidents : and as it is the Principle of Action, which belongs only to a Quality ; for it cannot be a corporeal Substance, as *Democritus* and *Epicurus* conceiv'd, saying, that Light is an Emanation of Particles, or little Bodies from a lucid Body ; or as they who make it a Species of Fire, which they divide into that which burns and shines ; that which burns and shines not, and that which shines but burns not, which is this Light. For no natural Body's mov'd in an instant, nor in all sorts of Places, as Light is ; but they have all a certain difference of Position or Tendency, some towards the Centre, others towards the Circumference, and others circularly.

The Sixth said, 'Tis true, Light is not of the nature of our sublunary Bodies, for it is not generated and corrupted as they

are. It is not generated, since Generation is effected by Corruption of one Form, and Introduction of another. But we have Instances of incorruptible Light even here below ; as that in the Temple of *Venus*, which could not be extinguish'd nor consum'd, tho' neither Oil nor Wick were put to it ; and that other found in a Sepulchre where it had burn'd for fifteen hundred Years, but as soon as it took Air went out. And indeed the Subtlety and Activity of Fire is such, that it may be reasonably conceiv'd to attract the sulphurous Vapours for its Substance, which are in all parts of the Air, but especially in Mines, whose various Qualities produce the diversity of subterranean Fires, as to their lasting Continuance and Interval ; which some compare to the intermitting Fevers excited in our Bodies by a preternatural Heat.

Paradox C.

Being Verses sent to a Virgin (by a Poet that lov'd her) proving that he, and his chiming Brethren, cou'd perform Things impossible to be done ; which she sending back unread, were return'd with this Inscription :

READ (fair Maid) and know, the Heat
That warms these Lines is like the heat
Thy chaste Pulse keeps, thy Morning's Thought
Hath not more Temper ; were there ought
On this Virgin Paper shed,
That might to Crimson turn thy Red,
I should blush for thee ; but I vow
'Tis all as spotless as thy Brow.

Read then, and know what Art thou hast,
That thus canst make a Poet chaste.

The VERSES.

ON a Day ('tis in thy Power
To make me blest or curse that Hour)
I saw thy Face, thy Face then mask'd
Like Ivory in Ebon cask'd ;
But that dark Cloud once drawn away,
Just like the Dawning of the Day,
So brake thy Beauty forth, and I
Grew sad, glad, neither, instantly :
Yet thro thy Mercy, or my Chance,
Methought I saw a pleasing Glance
Thou threw'st on me, a Sugar Smile
Dimpled thy Cheeks, and all the while
Mirth danc'd upon thy Brow, to prove
It came from Kindness, if not Love.
Oh make it good! in this let me
Not Poet, but a Prophet be.
And think not (fairest) that thy Fame
Is wrong'd by a Poet's Mistress's Name.
Queens have been proud on't, for their Kings
Are but our Subjects ; nay all things
Shall, unto all Posterity
Appear as we will have them ; we
To Men give Valour, to Whores Chastity
And Beauty too : If *Homer* wou'd,
Helen had been an Hag, and *Troy* had stood.
And tho far humbler be my Verse,
Yet some there may be will rehearse,
And like it too ; perhaps and then
The Life that now thou lend'st my Pen,
The World shall pay thee back agen.

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Parador CI.

The Hieroglyphick Rose, or Love discover'd in Flowers.

I Should now (clothing the Sentiments of my Soul, with the Beauty and Ornaments of handfom Words) blest and thank that Hand, which being prodigal of its Favours, hath vouchsaf'd to bestow a Rose on me, the Queen of Flowers (tho its Purple did not claim that just Preheminence) such Gifts are common, which

which oblige us but to common Expressions. My Tongue has not so much Sweetness or Sufficiency as to satisfy those Obligations which my Heart is bound to acknowledge; and I am the less capable to do it, because the late learned Discourser of Dreams has so possess'd and charm'd my Intellects, that I can only wonder at the height of his inimitable Eloquence that made it.

And then if I should say, it has the Precedency above all Flowers, and for that Cause perhaps it wears the Regal Ornaments: that if Gardens were Heavens, the Rose would be the Sun in those Heavens; that it shuts it self up with the day, because it fears to be in the Obscurity, or blasted by the Malignity and Treachery of the Night: That 'tis the Image and perfect Mirrour of Princes, bearing in it self both the Rewards and

Punishment: That to beautify it self, it rob'd *Venus* of her Blood, and the Gods of their *Nectar*: That 'tis the Glory of the Spring, a Miracle of Nature, and an Excess of the Benignity and Bounty of Heaven; all these, notwithstanding, would be but poor Conceits of a mendicated Eloquence, either blaz'd already a thousand times by the common breath of Fame, or infinitely beneath the just Encomiums it deserves, and the Grandeur of its Merits.

The Rose it self is a Praise to its own self, and for no other reason do its Leaves sprout forth in the Forms of Tongues, but to declare that it self is only worthy to proclaim and publish its own just Praises; and having not the benefit of Speech, though the Proverb says, *That Roses speak*, yet it expresses it self sufficiently by its perfum'd Breath.

*Within the Chambers of the Globe we spy
The Beds where sleeping Vegetables lie;
Till the glad Sun summons of a Genial Ray,
Unbinds the Globe, and calls them out to day.
Hence Pancies trick themselves in various Hue,
And hence Jonquils derive their fragrant Dew;
Hence the Carnation, and the bashful Rose,
Their Virgin Blushes to the Morn disclose:
Hence Arbours are with Twining Greens array'd,
T' oblige complaining Lovers with their Shade.*

But how much the more worthy the Rose is amongst all other Flowers, so much the more Uncertainty does it breed in this Question, whether it can presage Happiness or Infelicity to Lovers.

The Etymology of the name Rose, coming from *Rise*, promises Joy to my Affections; but as

it may possibly come from the Verb *Rodere*, it threatens me with the continual gnawings and languishing of my Soul by Concupiscence.

The sanguine Colour in the Rose prognosticates the Blushes of my Cheeks, if I should give my Soul the Liberty to doat and admire too much the Beauties of any

any Face. But it may also pre-
sage, that I shall love a Beauty so
singular and excellent; that it
shall force each one to blush that
shall but dare to contend with
her for the Priority of Beauty.

I might fear lest the bloody
Colour of the Rose should pre-
dict my Martyrdom for Love.
But on the other hand, I am af-
sur'd that 'tis a sign of Felicity
and Grandeur, it being the Co-
lour which most great Monarchs
use for their chief Ornament.

The Multiplicity of the Roses
Leaves may seem to point out
her Avarice, whom I shall love, as
if she would pretend to have
many rich Gifts; but yet I
know she cannot so much cover
Gifts and rich Presents, who
like the Rose shall have already a
Crown of Gold in her own Bo-
som.

The many Rose Leaves, which
resemble Tongues, do tell me,
that a thousand several Tongues
shall proclaim my happy Love:
Nevertheless I remember, that
the Rose is the *Hieroglyphick* of
Silence, and was therefore by the
Grecians consecrated unto *Harpo-*
crates.

The Prickles join'd to the
Rose, do menace me with many
sharp Troubles, which may ac-
cure from my Affections; yet
this again secures me, that as the
Rose does flourish and triumph
amidst those many Thorns, so I
in despite of all Opposition
and Difficulty, shall yet attain
the Fruition of my Desires.

The Prickles also may portend
Danger and mortal Wounds:
But the Leaves on the other part
do promise a perfect Cure, being

very effectual to stanch the Blood,
and heal the Wound.

Again, the Prickles may inti-
mate that I shall be assaulted by
many Rivals; but *Homer* tells us,
that *Venus* anointed the Body of
Hector with Oil of Roses, to pre-
serve him from the Bitings of
mad Dogs.

The Green at the Extremities
of the Rose Leaves, are call'd
Nails of Fingers by *Dioscorides*:
which seem to declare, that if I
will enjoy my Desires, I must
steal that Happiness; but on the
contrary I am promis'd the free
Gift of it. The Rose being the
Symbol of Kindness, freely im-
parting its ravishing Odours to
every one.

The Rose receives its Nourish-
ment and Perfume from the
Rain and Morning Dews, which
makes me fear it prophesies that
my Affection and Amours must be
fed with the daily Aliment of my
Tears. On the other side, my
hopes are flatter'd by this Consi-
deration, that as Water does ea-
sily make the Rose to spring and
bloom, so my Tears shall soon
make me obtain the Sweets of
my Desires.

I fear some Infelicity in my
Love, because I know the Rose
yields Poison to the Spider; but
then the pretty *Bee* does comfort
me again, who from the self-same
Rose extracts the sweetest Honey.

From the frail Beauty of the
Rose, which begins to wither and
decay as soon as it is born, I might
raise a Doubt of the Frailty and
Inconstancy of my Love; but
that I know they do not truly
love, who do not continue to
love even after Death; as the
Rose,

Rose, tho dead and dry, pre the Antients, strewed upon their
serves a pleasing Sweetness, and Kindred's Graves.
was perhaps for this Cause, by

Go, lovely Rose,
Tell her that wastes her Time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.
Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her Graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In Deserts, where no Men abide,
Thou must have, uncommended, dy'd.
Then die, that she
The common Fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of Time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

It might be guess'd, that my Love should not be true and faithful to me alone; because the Rose is a Flower that is common to all: did not I know on the contrary, that a Rose, if handled or touch'd by many, presently loses its Lustre, and native Sweetness, and that its Beauty and Glory is its Virginity.

To extract the Water from a Rose, it must be done either by Pressure and Stamping, or by the Violence and Heat of the Fire: from whence it may be conceiv'd, that my choicest Affections shall not obtain their wish'd end, but by much Trouble and Labour; and yet we know the Rose ever communicates its Odours and Fragrancy with Freedom and Liberality.

The Rose delights, attracts, and sweetly courts every one that beholds or approaches it, which may infer that she may have but little Honesty whom I shall adore; that Treasure being unse-

cure which lies within the reach of every covetous hand, as seeming to invite and tempt any fond Passenger. But this is my Comfort, when I consider how it is arm'd and surrounded with a strong guard of Prickles, for the Defence of its own Honour and Chastity, wherewith it bears off and destroys all those little envious Insects, which come to soil its Beauty and innocent Sweetness.

In fine, for all those other many Contrarieties, yet nevertheless since the Rose, if well consider'd, appears to be a little Paradise to the Eye, Honey to the Taste, and a Cordial to the Heart, I think I may safely conclude, that it does really presage future Happiness and Felicity to Lovers.

But whilst I have so long discours'd of the Rose, I seem to have forgot (Reader) that I make you feel the Prickles, and sit on Thorns, by my too prolix Harangue.

Paradox

Paradox CII.

Every Man his own Surgeon ; or a Paradox proving Nature of her own accord heals Wounds.

WHEN we get any desperate Wound (or Bruise) we presently run to the Man that we call a Surgeon, for Cure : but this Paradox proves that we lose our Labour, and put our selves to a needless Charge ; for *'tis Nature, and not the Surgeon, that of her own accord heals our Wounds*, provided they be not in the noble Parts, and be kept clean from the Impurities generated in them thro their Weakness, which hinder Union, which is an effect of the natural Balsam of the Blood, and therefore not to be attributed to those Chimerical Inventions, which have no Affinity with the Cure whereunto they are intitled. For every natural Agent is determin'd to a certain Sphere of Activity, beyond which it cannot act ; so the Fire burns what it touches, heats what approaches it, but acts not at any remote distance whatever. Moreover, Time and Place would in vain be accounted inseparable Accidents from natural Motions, if this Device held good ; considering that Contact is requisite to every natural Action, which is either Mathematical, when Surfaces and Extremities are together ; or Physical, when the Agents touch the Patients by some Virtue that proceeds from them. Neither of which can be, *unless the Body which heals touches that which is*

heal'd. For all Medicinal Effects being to be refer'd to Elementary Qualities, there is none of them more active than Heat ; which being circumscrib'd within its Bounds, even in the Aliment of Fire, can be no less elsewhere.

When God created the World immediately with his own hands, he was pleas'd to commit the Conduct of natural Causes to the Heavens, that he might not be oblig'd to make *every day new Miracles*, as were those of the Creation. For this end he fill'd them with Spirits sufficient to inform all sorts of Matters, whose Mixture requir'd some new Form and Change. This made the Philosopher say, that the Sun and Man beget Man ; and *Hermes*, in his *Smaragdine Table*, that the things which are below, are as those which are on high. And the Astrologers hold that there is nothing here below but hath some proper and peculiar Star ; some of which appear, but far more appear not in the Heavens, in regard of their Disproportion to our Sight, or their near Conjunction as in the milky way. But if the respective Correspondencies of all the Celestial Bodies be not so clearly evident in other sublunary Bodies as that of the Pole-star is with the Loadstone, of Dew with the Sun, of this and the Moon with the Helio-

trope and Selenotrope, yet are they no less true. 'Tis credible therefore that *Nature hath such Sympathy with the Constellation* which is to make the Cure of the Wound, that by its magnetick Virtue it attracts its Influence from Heaven, and reunites it (as a Burning-glass doth the Sun-beams at as great distance) by which means it is deriv'd to the Instrument that made the Wound, communicating its healing Virtue to the same, as the Sun likewise communicates his Heat to the Earth, which heats us afterward: And thus this Instrument being indu'd with a sanative Virtue, communicates the same to the Wound made by it; the Cure of which, besides the Form and Connexion of the instrumental Cause with the Effect, *is further'd by Nature* (which always tends to preserve it self) and the Imagination of the wounded Person for this (as its contrary ruins many by dejecting their Strength) doth Miracles towards a Recovery.

Paradox CIII.

The Amorous Mystery, or Fruition without Enjoyment.

AFTER a pretty amorous Discourse,
 She does resist my Love with pleasing Force;
 Mov'd not with Anger, but with Modesty,
 Against her Will she is my Enemy.
 Her Eyes the rudeness of her Arms excuse,
 Whilst those accept what these seem to refuse;
 To ease my Passion, and to make me blest,
 Th' obliging Smock falls from her whiter Breast:
 Then with her lovely Hands she does conceal
 Those Wonders Chance so kindly did reveal.
 In vain, alas! her nimble Fingers strove
 To shield her Beauties from my greedy Love;
 Guarding her Breasts, her Lips she did expose,
To save a Lilly she must lose a Rose.
 So many Charms she has in ev'ry Place,
 A hundred Hands cannot defend each Grace.
 Sighing, at length her Force she does recal,
 For since I must have Part, she'll give me All.
 Her Arms the joyful Conqueror embrace,
 And seem to guide me to the sought-for Place.
 Her Love is in her sparkling Eyes express'd,
 She falls o'th' Bed for Pleasure, more than Rest.
 But Oh strange Passion! Oh abortive Joy!
My Zeal does my Devotion quite destroy.

Come to the Temple where I should adore
 My Saint, I worship at the Sacred Door.
 Oh cruel Chance! the Town which did oppose
 My Strength so long, now yields to my Dispose;
 When, overjoy'd with Victory, I fall
 Dead at the foot of the surrender'd Wall:
 Without the usual Ceremony, we
 Have both fulfil'd the am'rous *Mystery*.
 The Action which we shou'd have jointly done,
 Each has unluckily perform'd alone;
 The Union which our Bodies shou'd enjoy,
 The *Union of our eager Souls destroy*.
 Our Flames are punish'd by their own Excess,
 We'd had more Pleasure had our Loves been less;
 She blush'd and frown'd, perceiving we had done
 The Sport she thought we scarce had yet begun.
 Alas! said I, condemn your self, not me,
 This is th'effect of too much Modesty:
 Hence with that peevish Virtue, the Delight
 Of both our Victories was lost i'th'Fight:
 Yet from my Shame your Glory does arise,
 My Weakness proves the Vigour of your Eyes;
 They did consume the Victim, e'er it came
 Unto the Altar, with a purer Flame.
Phillis, let then this Comfort ease your Care,
 Y'ad been more happy, had you been less fair.

Paradox CIV.

*In Praise of Banishment, in a Letter to the Earl of S—y
 upon his Flight to Holland, after he had been wrong-
 fully accus'd of Plotting against the Government.*

WHEN I had the Happi- (I know not whether to comfort
 ness (*Noble Sir*) to see me, or undeceive me) did send
 you at *Amsterdam*, and to enter me a Letter fraught with clear
 my self in the number of your and irrefragable Demonstrations of
 Servants, I conceiv'd you Triumph your Innocence.
 phant, tho you told me you If I had not cause so much
 were an Exile. I knew you inno- to grieve for your Nobleness, I
 cent, tho you cry'd guilty by should grieve for him: Let him
 flying *England*. I had scarce de- send his Remonstrances and Apo-
 parted out of *London*, but our logies to those that never saw
 Reverend Archdeacon P—— you; your very Looks and the Li-
 neaments

neaments of your Countenance, are more convincing Arguments to me than any other, of your good Cause and Innocence.

He that hath eyes which can penetrate beyond the Surface and Outside, may by discoursing with a Man find that Speech of the Wise Man true: *A Man is known by the Eye, and the Face discovers Wisdom*, Eccclus. 19. 29. Nor that we can read in that (b) Tablet what a Man shall be, but what he is. He speaks not sure of the superstitious Art of *Metoposcopy*; he intends perhaps natural Philosophy. Man is an harmonious Organ; the Heart tunes and plays it, the Tongue sings, and every Part and Particle in it, tho never so little, yields a distinct Sound, and varies the Effect according to the Variery of Affections*; because all the Parts are sustain'd by the Spirits, and all the Spirits are the Issue of the Heart: As this is affected with Joy or Sorrow, Love, Hatred, or Fear; so it doth strike a different Note or Sound. When the Heart touches one String, and the Tongue sings to another, the Speech and the Countenance do not make Comfort; and he that cannot perceive this Solocism, and observe this Dissonancy, must accuse his Senses of much Weakness, and fly to that unfavoury, tho much-season'd

Maxim, written for blind Men only; *That it is necessary to eat a Bushel of Salt with a Man, before you can well understand him*. Your Lordship must subscribe to my Opinion herein; for having seen many Provinces of the World, been made known to Kings and Princes, and having convers'd with so many Men of Honour, it will be no small Comfort to you to have left so little need of justifying you by other Mens Writings, that your very (c) Visage hath already excus'd and acquitted you among all that have seen you.

Sir, you bear your Banishment with that Temper and Equanimity as Scipio did his, who upon his Departure from the City, spake in this gentle Strain: *Utere sine me beneficio meo, Patria; causa tua Libertatis fui, ero & argumentum; exeo, si plus quam tibi expedit crevi*. And that good man Aristides being sentenc'd to Banishment, said no more but this: *I wish my Country no more harm than that they may never have any more need of Aristides*. My Lord, the same Respect all honest Men know you bear to England, and none but Papists and the Tory Party give you an ill word.

I have taken indeed my Pen in hand with an intent to solace you with a few Lines, which discover rather my Affection than

(b) *Vultus animi janua & tabula*. Cic. de Pet. Consul.

* *Omnis motus animi suum quendam à natura habet vultum, & sonum & gestum; totumq; corpus hominis & ejus omnis vultus omnesq; voces, ut nervi in fidibus, ita sonant, ut à motu animi sunt pulse*. Cic. de Orat. lib. 3.

(c) *Dominatur maxime vultus, hoc amamus, hoc odimus, hoc plurima intelligimus*. Quintil. Instit. Orator.

your Necessity. To write Letters consolatory unto you, were to go to cure a man in perfect Health ; tho it is true that healthful men sometimes have need of Physick, tho not to restore, yet to preserve Health. Yet I do not write to solace you but my self : your Mind hath no need of Cordials, but my Heart hath. I that had a Breast of proof, and could bear my own Disasters without Perturbation, do find my Heart most relenting and tender toward yours. A Stoical Indolency doth not well consist with Friendship : A Friend that undertakes to comfort, is not like a Physician that undertakes a Cure. A Physician cannot heal others, except he be in health himself ; but a Friend is so much the fitter to administer Physick (if I may so speak) by how much the more affected and diseas'd he is himself. I am sensible of your Lordship's Innocency and Banishment ; I cannot entertain any Joy, except I shew my self impious ; and yet I cannot be sorry, except I should wish you culpable : yet I am not griev'd for that you are innocent, but I am sorry for that you are banish'd ; for I may properly call your living in *Holland* a *Banishment*, as you can't abide with Safety in your native Country : And now since you are banish'd, I am glad you are innocent. There be some of such weak minds that they bear their Troubles with the more impatience, when they know themselves to be

innocent of the Crime that is laid to their charge ; whereas indeed they might bear them the better, because they know themselves such. *Virtue is not restrain'd or confin'd, it hath a Place or Theatre to shew it self in all fortunes.* A man that is condemn'd, if he be innocent, and doth not vex, he doth exercise the Virtue of Patience ; if he be guilty, and doth acknowledg himself so, he doth co-operate with that of Justice. When a Subject complains of some unreasonable Pressures and Molestations, he is unjust, because he would be so ; but when he complains of just and deserv'd Punishment, he is not only unjust because he is so, but because he grieves, and because he grieves that others are not so too. To complain of Sufferings, is either to complain of an occasion given to merit thereby, or at least to complain of a Punishment inflicted for having demerited. To grieve for the one is weakness, and not to grieve for the other is Perverseness. Such a one hath cause to complain, not of Fortune, but of himself ; not for what he suffers, but for what he hath committed. There is no Evil in the world, but what is committed ; that which is inflicted rather seems evil than is so, because it comes to pass by the (d) Will of God, which is always good, and either permits it, or is the Author of it.

(d) *Quicquid patimur mortale genus, quicquid facimus, venit ex alto.* Senec. Herc. Oeteo.

Whereas men should stoop and strike sail to *Fortune*, they revile and blaspheme it: If there were not some cause to bear with their Ignorance, there would be just cause to chastise their Rashness; for we call that *Fortune*, which happens or falls out we know not how nor why, or else quite without and beyond our expectation: wherefore to complain of *Fortune*, and not to blame our own Ignorance, is to complain of the Divine Providence. Such things as happen unto us, and not by us, we should rather adore than censure, because there God's Wisdom hath a greater stroke and share, where ours hath the lesser. A man should take care to deserve that which is good, tho' not to obtain what he deserves; and yet he hath in effect obtain'd it, when he hath deserv'd it: For the greatest Good that we can have, is (e) to deserve that greatest Good that we can enjoy. He that studies to merit that he may enjoy some Good, makes Merit become Interest, and cannot arrive at Good which is purely so, because he hath adulterated and tainted the Good, when he hath tainted the Merit. *Fortune* hath no share in meriting, it hath in obtaining; and he that hath obtain'd, is not now secure altogether, because he is not altogether in the condition of Merit.

It is a highway Saying, That

we are (f) Architects of our own *Fortune*. He that said so, said not well, because he meant not well. He that builds *Fortune*, doth demolish it: It cannot be wrought or fram'd but with the Tools of Virtue; and so it becomes a Statue of Virtue, which was carv'd for the Statue of *Fortune*: yet is it true that tho' we be not Authors of its Entity, yet we are of its Quality. It is never that which we make, yet it is always such as we make it: It doth not consist with Merit, if it be not a sorry one; Merit doth destroy it where it finds it, but where she doth find Merit, she doth increase it; if she be good, with Moderation; if bad and wretched, with Patience. She would stand and stay with your noble Lordship, and therefore returns to you in your Disasters, that she may improve that Merit which in your Felicity she did impair.

An adverse *Fortune* is rather to be wish'd (in my opinion) tho' we deserve a prosperous one. In this vast Ocean men are oftner shipwreck'd in the Haven of Tranquillity, than amidst the Surges and Billows of Disasters: Miseries do humble us, and therefore we hold under them, but Prosperity swells us with Pride, and therefore they (g) spoil us. If every Man hath his *Fortune*, and every *Fortune* its Wheel, how

(e) *Est quidem vera Felicitas felicitate dignum videri.* Plin. Paneg. ad Trajan.

(f) *Faber est unusquisque fortuna sua.* Cic. in Catone Maj. *Ædopol sapiens fingit fortunam sibi.* Terent.

(g) *Miseria tolerantur, felicitate corrumpimur.* Verba Galbæ apud Tacit. l. i. Histor.

can we complain that our Wheel descends? since one part of the Wheel doth not descend so much one way, but it ascends another way. Those Men only complain of Fortune, who have their Souls so tack'd to their Bodies, that when one falls and precipitates, the other doth so too: But those who possess one part of the Wheel with their Souls, and another with their Bodies, do wish always the adverse or contrary part of the Wheel; and if they have it not, they make it so, because one part mounts towards Heaven, when the other hurries down towards Hell.

A wise Man bears his Head above the (b) Clouds; Tempests cannot reach him, he is not shaken with Winds, nor batter'd with Thunder. Princes and States may well be Lords of our Bodies, but cannot of our (i) Souls; or if they be of any Souls, it is of such Souls as were before made by their Owners Slaves to their Bodies. He that is immers'd both Soul and Body in this Punctilio or narrow Point, such as the Globe of the Earth is, doth live always in the Center of this Point, both Soul and Body: When he doth by his better part raise himself to higher Speculations, he lives happily with the Body, wherever his Mind enjoys any Felicity.

If all the Circumference of the Earth be but (k) a Point of the Universe, if all Times that were, or shall be, are compriz'd under one Instant of Eternity; what thing is Man, who is but one Point of that Circumference? And what is his Life, but one Moment of that Eternity? Shall then your Lordship complain, that you are secluded London, which (tho of a good bigness) is but a little little Point of a little Point? And that you are secluded for a certain day, which is but a short Instant of that time which cannot be well term'd an Instant?

Your Lordship is sent out of your Country, not cashier'd; by the Peers, not by the Judges; and that to reward, not to banish you. Malefactors are us'd to be banish'd (l); so that Banishment must lose its Name where it finds Innocence. A Man is born with an Obligation to serve his Country; he is born a Slave, and the more Slave, by how much his Country is the more free: but to manumise a Slave, is a Reward, not a Punishment; it doth testify how well he hath merited by his Service, when it makes him a Freeman.

Time hath been, that in some Kingdoms Banishment hath been in a manner their chiefest Guerdon: (f) It was often bestow'd upon

(b) *Talis est sapientis animus qualis mundi status supra lunam, semper illic serenum est.* Sen. Ep. 59.

(i) *Servitus non cadit in totum hominem; pars melior ejus excepta est.* Sen. de Benefic. l. 3. c. 20.

(k) *Punctum est in quo navigatis, in quo bellatis, in quo regna dispositis, &c.* Sen. Nat. Quaest. l. 1. Praefat.

(l) *Nescis exilium scelerum esse poenam?* Cic. Parad.

the best deserving. If the Citizens be Slaves, even the Republicks could not free any of them from Slavery, but they must fall themselves into it : But when they found a *Subject (G) of great worth*, being asham'd to see him a Slave, and not willing to make him a Servant, they cashier'd him ; being content to see him a Freeman, tho not to make him a Master. He that said he would be either an *Exile* out of his Country, or a *Consul* in it, did believe perhaps that a Person of Worth could not contain himself in a Republick, if he did not obtain to be a *Consul* in it, or did not banish himself out of it. You have taken pains, Noble Sir, a long time, that others might take their rest ; and you could not betake your self to your Rest, without losing all the Glory that you have acquir'd by Motion. He that hath perform'd brave Exploits, and then retreats voluntarily, seems to have perform'd them out of Heat and Fury, not Love ; to have serv'd his own Ambition, not his Country. It is not the part of a valiant Man to take pains that he may take rest, as it is not the part of a stout Man to fight that he may live : *Even Plebeian Spirits will rashly hazard their Lives, that they may not lose 'em.* To bestow upon your Country the Prime of your Youth, and to deny it the Fruit of your Age, is to sacrifice the Arms and deny the

Brains. Those that are weak of Body, are exempted from the Wars ; and they that are weak of Understanding, from the Senate. The danger of shortning our Life, by cumbring Old Age with Busineses, will not serve for an Excuse, no more than the danger of Blows will excuse a Soldier from fighting. He that, being young, did expose himself to Danger by serving his Country by his Arms, why shou'd not he, being old, expose himself to the like danger, by the Service and Labour of his *(m)* Brains ? Wherefore Banishment, Noble Sir, is a great Reward bestow'd upon you. Quietness, which is ever desir'd by all, when it is the Period of glorious Motions or Actions, and is not always laudable when it is voluntary, cannot be reprehended in you, when it is become necessary. It is a great Felicity, no doubt, to be now at leisure to recount with your self the honourable Memorials of former Exploits, the Applause you have receiv'd, and the Honours you have deserv'd. This is like God's Joy, to rejoice within ones own self and of himself. High and noble Actions that have been perform'd, are Dainties kept in store, and Companions prepar'd to solace and *(n)* sweeten old Age, and make Retiredness a Blessing.

But what do I talk of Banishment out of one's Country ? It is true that your Lordship is ex-

(m) Nullis annis vacationem damus, canitiem galeâ premimus. Sen. de Vita beata, cap. 28.

(n) Conscientia vitæ benè actæ multorumq; benefactorum recordatio jucundissima est. Cic. Cat. Maj.

I'd out of London, but not from your Country; I must not contract the Bounds of that, it hath not so small a Circumference as England. Every place pretends to be your Country, and every Country is ambitious to be that place. But it was the Country that you were born in, you may say; if that Place be your Country where you were born, it is but a small Plot of Ground; if it be a City where this Plot of Ground is, why not rather the (o) World which contains this City? You will say again that it is your Country, because your Ancestors have there inhabited: If your Ancestors either had not been banish'd, or had not banish'd themselves from their first Habitation where they were born, England had not now been your Country; wherefore Banishment doth not make you lose your Country, but gain it rather. It is your Country, you will say, because there lies your Estate and your Goods: Alas! those you mean are not your Goods; you have found them, and you must again leave them. The Goods of a man are his Understanding, yea his Country is his Understanding. That Man is not banish'd, who being excluded one City, can live in any (p) other Climate of the habitable Word; but he that cannot live in any other Portion of the World, but in the Circle of such a City. To expel the other out of such a City, is not Banishment, but an Entranchisement. But how many men doth an Ambition of Greatness, and a Desire of Lucre detain there as Exiles, who never complain, and yet live in a harder condition than the other? You live under a good Commonwealth, to which by Nature you ought, and by Choice you do render Obedience. But those men do live under two Tyrants, Avarice (q) and Ambition, which by Nature they ought to command, and not to obey. Your Lordship is transplanted from the Country of your Fathers into your Mother Country: For how can you be any other than the Son of Amsterdam, if this City be the Mother of Arts and Studies? Surely you are her Son, and a pregnant one too, the many Births and Conceptions of your Brain do approve you so. Send forth those that are not yet publish'd; bring them, I pray, not to the Light, but to be a Light to the learned World; let them come abroad both to so-lace (r) your self and others.

(o) My City and Country, as I am Antoninus, is Rome; as a Man, the whole World. *Anton. de vita sua, l. 6. Civitatis nostræ terminos cum sole metimur. Sen. de vita beata, c. 31.*

(p) *Exilium illis terribile, quibus quasi circumscriptus est habitandi locus; non iis qui omnem terrarum orbem unam urbem esse ducunt. Cic. Parad.*

(q) *Libido honoris, imperii, provinciarum, quam dura est domina, quam imperiosa? Cic. Parad.*

(r) *Quid jucundius est Senectute stipatâ studiis juventutis? Cic. Cat. Maj.*

Tho wise men reside among the vulgar in this elementary World, yet they have another within them full of various Images and noble Ideas, springing from the purer Spirits of the Heart, and inhabited by the noblest parts of the Intellect. It were a great Unhappiness and Disparagement to Mankind, if those men shou'd dwell in the same Commonwealth, that have not the same Brains. Ignorance is a Veil that hinders us to know this Truth: He that shou'd have the Happiness to remove this Veil but for a moment, wou'd be astonish'd to see a strange Metamorphosis, he shou'd see a new Heaven, and a new World: But since Ignorance is dispel'd but by degrees, that which is clear in it self, doth not presently appear so clear. From this Country your Lordship can never be banish'd, in this you can endure no trouble.

The Philosopher hath left it recorded, that Stones do not make a City, but Bones; not Walls, but Men. Pompey cou'd say, that Rome^(s) went along with him, when the better part of the Citizens went. Your Lordship hath carry'd away a great part of your Country with you, when you carry'd away your self: I may say that you carry'd away all of it, not all the Walls, but all the Hearts therein. Who can say that he is an Exile who is so great a part of the admirable Frame and Building of his

own Country? You are not gone to Banishment, but have left your Country in Banishment; because all those remain Exiles who have made you one. It cannot be believ'd that Caesar did chase Pompey from Rome, but rather that Pompey did chase Caesar out of it, if he carry'd with him the City when he was exil'd. The Inhabitants of seven celestial Spheres, which convey their Influence by Motion and Light into this nether World, which in the number of the second Causes are the first, or certainly next to the first, are never fix'd in their own Country, but are erratick and itinerant: They have their proper Houses, it is true: but where they have their House, they have not their Habitation; only Mercury the God of Wisdom hath his ^(t) House, his Exaltation, and his Triumph in one and the same Sign; nevertheless he hath greater force and efficacy in his unfortunate House, than in his own; to shew that Wisdom doth then shew her Virtues and Power most, when she is most unfortunate.

Let no man wonder that I make here a Paradoxical Panegyrick on Banishment; I am not a little oblig'd unto it, it hath created me your Friend, Servant, Slave. It is enough that I have said Friend, since he is not a Friend who is not a Servant, yea a Slave; tho there be those that are Servants and Slaves, who are not Friends: for there are some

(s) *Me exulem putas cum omnes meo discessu exulasse Remp. putent?*
Cic. de seipso, Parad. 1. *Veios habitante Camillo illic Roma fuit.*

(t) *Terms of Judiciary Astrology.*

in this Age that name themselves by no other stile than *Slaves*, who notwithstanding know no other Friendship than that of Profit and Interest.

My Lord, I wou'd farther expatiate in commendation of this your Banishment from your Country, if (by being not allow'd to stay at this time in my own) I were not banish'd out of your Lordship's sight: otherwise I do so far like and wish your Banishment, that if I had your Worth and Innocence (if this were not to wish my Master guilty) I wou'd wish my self banish'd. But since I live under a Prince, who crowns Merit with Reward, and never punishes the Innocent, since I cannot be an Exile, I wou'd make my self one; and I do not know whether I do not make my self one at this present, or am not made so; but I am innocent, and therefore I do make my self: I should glory rather to be made one, because it would be a glory to be made like to your Lordship.

When Worthiness doth not advance a Man higher, he gains the more Favour if it casts him lower, than if it mov'd him not at all: If he be not gracious with a man, or if he be out of his favour, there is no better way to make him gracious, than to be (u) disfavoured. Mens Tongues run in his Commendations, and their Hearts melt in compassion

to him: great Worth is not without Reward, even in this World; for it is found some times among men, who always promise that it shall be rewarded: If those Men do not reward it, who are the principal Debtors, those Men will that have any share in the Benefit. Payments do cancel the Obligation, but he that is not paid is still a Creditor, and feels the Debt still to grow, because the Merit still increases. So that Rewards are then most ample, when they are never receiv'd.

There is nothing that man (w) affects more than *Praise*, and there is nothing hinders it more than *Envy*, nor doth increase it more than *Pity*. He that desires the one without the other, let him make himself deserving, and let him wish himself unfortunate. Merit in distress doth produce the greater Compassion, by how much in felicity it produces the greater Envy. We are mov'd with Compassion, because we love the Worth of him who is our Inferior, and because we fear the like chance, by his Example who was our Equal. (x)

Your Lordship hath with your Resoluteness of Mind amidst Adversity, united two things, which were wont to be at great odds and distance before, to wit, *Envy* and *Compassion*; and hath brought Misfortunes into Credit, and hath render'd them even desirable,

(u) Quos injuria invisos faciunt, gratiofo miseria reddunt. Val. Max. lib. 5. c. 3.

(w) ἡδίστην ἀκρομαίεσθαι. Xenoph.

(x) Ego Pompeii casum deploro, & meam fortunam metuo: The Words of Caesar, when Pompey's Head was brought unto him. Suet. whilst

whilst in the midst of them, you have rendred your Virtues even to Envy glorious. It was the Saying of (y) a Poet, that he that would draw Tears from others, must shew his own. I know not whether he spake well, because I know not whether Affection moves the greater Compassion. This I know, that Behaviour moves a better; whatever Circumstances are us'd to bewail the Chance, are turn'd to the Admiration of the Person. Some Authors believe and teach (tho perhaps amiss) that the Carriage and Courage of a Man do take away Compassion, because they take away the Appearance and Likelihood of Misfortunes; as tho Men cannot believe a Disaster, if they do not see Tears. This Appearance of Fortitude (drawing all to the admiration of the Person) makes the Acerbity of the Disaster to be forgotten; it doth not make it not to be truly believ'd, but not to be well consider'd. But Admiration is not without Delight, nor Compassion without Grief; Weeping proceeding (most commonly) from a mixture of Sorrow and Delight, and Behaviour uniting these Passions together, will make us (perhaps) to thaw into many Tears; whereas Affection will rather make us to nauseate than to weep.

My Lord, I have heard you speak so honourably and respectfully of that Kingdom which hath banish'd you, and so affectionately of your Country, that

you would desire (in a manner) to be reputed culpable, that she might not be thought unjust: But, noble Lord, he defends his Country, who defends his own Innocence. It is easier to demonstrate that they have not once consented to banish your Lordship, than to go about to make Men believe that they have been so often overseen in advancing you; as if their Prudence did neither let them foresee and know the Vices of his younger years, nor direct them how to curb those of his riper Age; but had so often entrusted the Helm of their Vessel to the Valour and Prudence of a young Man, who in the maturity of his Age must be cashier'd, as unworthy of those Favours.

Kingdoms do often give way to Calumny, that they might not take away the Trade of Informers: They had rather banish an innocent Man, than suffer Damage by not punishing a guilty Man. I say not that *England* is unjust, such Thoughts are far from me; I am not so uncivil, nor so disrespectful. I honour it much, and I would be as good to serve it, as I am ready to respect it: and if I would not respect it for any other reason, I wou'd for this, that it is your Lordship's Country; otherwise in lieu of obtaining your Love and Favour, I should purchase your Hatred. I shou'd not comfort you, but exasperate you rather, since you that are innocent, will needs be innocent,

(y) *Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi.* Hor. de Art. Poet.

only

only because you are condemn'd and judg'd to be so.

It is no contradiction to be justly condemn'd and to be innocent: How many Offenders are acquitted by Justice without Injustice? Thrice happy Kingdom! Were all the Citizens like you, she could never commit an Error: Banishment should never be thought unjust, nor the Banish'd innocent; if at any time she were not just, such men would make her so, when they affirm and teach that the Will of their Peers or Senators is their Law.

NOTES.

(F) Bestow'd upon the best deserving. §. The Romans rewarded *Rutilius* and *Camillus* with Banishment, and many other *Worthies*, to whom Rome did owe not a little of her Greatness and Glory: So they dealt with the *African Scipio*, who was *Carthaginis horror* & *cui Roma debet quod semel tantum capta est*, as *Seneca*, *Epist. 91.* expresseth him, who was the Terror of *Carthage*, and who rescu'd Rome from a second Rape, that *Hannibal* had not his Will and Pleasure upon her, as the *Gauls* once had. *Cicero* and *Seneca* (two men that were the Honour of the Gown) receiv'd the like Kindness; the former having by his great Care and Activity preserv'd Rome from the Fury of *Catiline*, and his Complices; and the latter having been not only the Emperor *Nero's* Tutor, but was also (for his personal worth) *Romani nomi-*

nis magnus Sol, as *Lippius* * styles him. The *Athenians* cashier'd not only their *Miltiades* and *Themistocles*, who had often preserv'd their Lives and Fortunes; but also their *Phocion* and *Aristides*, which are not so much Names of Men, as of *Virtue* and *Goodness* †. Some of these were proscrib'd, because their Deserts were above requital; and some others, not because they had done any harm, but for fear they should do any, in regard of their Power and Greatness. Eminent Men are always suspected by the higher Powers, whether one or more sit at the Stern; for the same Faults and Enormities are incident to popular States, as are to Monarchies. *Non minus periculum ex magna fama quam ex mala*; and *multis exitio fuit incautus populi favor*, are true Maxims in both States. Great Merit and a high Fame, are like a high Wind and a large Sail, which do often sink the Vessel. And *Machiavel* in his Discourses puts it to the Question, Whether the Prince or the People use to be more ungrateful toward their deserving Ministers? and he concludes them equally guilty.

(G) Of Great Worth. §. Neither Comparatives nor Superlatives are allow'd of in the Grammar Rules of Democracy: A Man may be good here, but not better than his Fellows, nor richer nor wiser, nor any way better qualify'd; we are all Peers here. *Nemo de nobis unquam excellat, si quis extiterit, alio loco, & apud*

* In his Notes on Tacitus. † Beneficia eo usq; Lata sunt dum videntur posse exsolvi. Tac. 4. Ann.

alios sit: so the levelling Ephesians decreed *, when they turned out *Hermodurus*. And this is the Practice of the Venetian State at this present, as *Jovius* † tells us, *Neminem temere ex Optimatibus, qui vel insigni virtute vel spiritu in gerendis rebus antecellat, nimio plus crescere, vel collecta gratia potentem & clarum esse patiuntur*. In these popular States no man may be popular, or a *Minion* of the People. *Multis exitio fuit*, &c. the unwary and undissembled Love of the Multitude hath been often fatal to their Favourite, and hath cost him his Life or his Liberty, as it did *Petro Loredano* || a Senator of Venice, who because he had more Discretion than his Fellows, and so much Authority as to becalm a Tempest by Land, I mean a great Commotion and Tumult rais'd by the Seamen, which threatned much danger to the City, was soon after this good Service clapt up in Prison by the

Senate, *par ragon di stato*.

It is a fundamental Rule and Maxim of State in these kinds of Governments to suffer no man to grow *ὑπὲρ τὴν συμμετρίαν*, as *Aristotle*, 5. *Polit.* cap. 8. expresseth it, *ultra Commensurationem*, beyond his Line and Tedder. Every man here hath his Bounds which he may not pass, and his maximum quoad sic (for Wealth and Dignity) beyond which Dimensions and Pitch he may not grow. The Temper of these Bodies Politick are stated *ad temperamentum, ad pondus aequale*, and stinted to an *Aequiponderation* by the Project and Design of the first Founder: No Element may predominate here, this brings all to Disorder and Distemper.

But how agreeable this is to Nature's Laws, and whether this be not a Dwarfing of a State, and a Damping of Mens Spirits and Industries, I leave to others to determine.

Paradox CV.

The Brutal Amour: or a Paradox proving that Birds and Fishes have been (passionately) in love, &c. With an account of the strange Affection of an Athenian Brother who courted a Statue of Marble, &c.

TO see Men affection'd to Women, and Women to Men, is a natural thing, and to be believ'd. But here Blindness is

come to that height, that that which I intend to speak of, seems impossible and incredible. Historiographers write it for Truth,

* *Arist.* 3. *Pol.* c. 13. *Cic.* *lib.* 1. *Tusc.* Qu. † *Lib.* 1. *de Ven. Repub.* || *Arch.* Discour.

That in the Town of *Athens* there was a young Man, of an honest Family, competently rich and well known, who having curiously observ'd a Statue of Marble, excellently wrought, and in a publick Place in *Athens*, fell so in love with it, that he could not keep himself from the Place where it stood, but be always embracing of it; and always when he was not with it, he was discontented, and blubber'd with Tears.——This Passion came to such an Extremity, that he address'd himself to the Senate at *Athens*, and offered them a good Sum of Mony, beseeching them to do him the favour that he might have it home with him. The Senate found that they could not, by their Authority, suffer it to be taken away, nor to sell any publick Statue; so that his Request was deny'd, which made him marvellous sorrowful even at the Heart. Then he went to the Statue, and put a Crown of Gold upon it, and enrich'd it with Garments and Jewels of great Price; then ador'd it, and seriously beheld it, musing always upon it, and in his Folly persever'd many days, that at last being forbidden these things by the Senate, *he kill'd himself with Grief*; this thing was truly wonderful. But if that be true which is written upon *Xerxes*, and affirm'd by so many Authors, indeed he excel'd in Folly all the Men in the World: They say he fell in Love with a Palm-tree, a Tree well known, tho a Stranger in *England*; and that he lov'd it, and cherish'd it, as if it had been a Woman.——Seeing then these things happen to rational Men, we may believe that which is written of Brute Beasts, which have lov'd certain Men and Women, especially when we find it certify'd by great and famous Writers; as *Glauceus*, that was so lov'd of a Sheep, that it never forsook him. Every one knows that the Dolphin is a Lover of Men. *Eliau* writes, in his Book of Beasts, a Case worthy to be read: He saith, that a Dolphin seeing upon the Sea-shoar, where Children were a playing, one among the rest which he lik'd very well; he fell so in love with it, that every time that the Dolphin saw him, he came as near as he cou'd to the edg of the Water to shew himself. At the first the Child being afraid, did shun it; but afterwards, by the Dolphin's Perseverance one day after another, and shewing signs of Love to the Child, the Child was encourag'd; and upon the kind usage of the Dolphin, the Child was emboldned to swim upon the Water near unto the Fish, even to go ride upon the Back of it, and the Fish would carry him for a good space of time even to the bottom of the Water, till the Child made a sign to rise again.——In this Solace and Sport they spent many days, during which the Dolphin came every day to present himself at the Brink of the Sea. But at one time the Child being naked, swimming in the Sea, and getting upon the Dolphin, willing to hold fast, one of the sharp Pricks in the Fin of the Dolphin run into his Belly, which wounded him so that the Child died immediately in the Water; which the Dolphin perceiving, and seeing the

the Blood and the Child dead upon his Back, he swam presently to the Shore; and as tho he would punish himself for this Fault, swimming in great Fury, he leap'd out of the Water, carrying with him, as well as he could, the dead Child which he so much lov'd, and dy'd upon the Shore with him.——This very thing is recited by *Pliny* and others, with Examples of Dolphins which have born love to Men. And particularly he saith, that in the time of the Emperor *Octavian*, another Dolphin, in the same manner, took love to a Child upon the Sea-coast near to *Pusoll*, and that every time this Child call'd *Simon* (they say this Fish will run at that Name) it came presently to the Sea-brink, and the Child mounted upon the Back of it, and the Child was carry'd into the Sea as little a way as he would, and brought back again safe. He saith also, that this Child dying by accident of Sicknefs, and the Dolphin coming divers times to the accusom'd Place, not finding the Child there, died also.——In *Argis*, the Child *Olenus* was affected by a Goose: So likewise *Lycidas* the Philosopher, who would never depart from him, nor be driven out of his Company, but was his continual Associate, in publick and private, in the Bath, in the Night, in the Day, without any Intermission, *Plin. lib. 10. cap. 22.* Glauce the Harper was be-

lov'd of a Ram; a Youth of *Sparta* by a Daw. *Nicander apud Calium* witnesseth, That one *Selandus*, Butler to the King of *Bithynia*, was belov'd of a Cock, whom they call'd *Centaurus*. A Cock doted likewise on a young Lad, whose Name was *Amphilochus*, by Nation an *Olenian*. Why may we not then as well give Credit, that *Semiramis* was affected by a Horse, and *Pasiphae* by a Bull; when *Pliny* tells us, that in *Leucadia* a young Damsel was so belov'd of a Peacock, that the enamour'd Bird never left her in Life, and accompany'd her in Death? For seeing the Virgin dead, she never would receive Food from any hand, but so pin'd away, and dy'd also. In the City of *Sestos*, a young Eagle (taken in a Nest) was carefully brought up by a Virgin: The Bird being come to full growth, would every day take her Flight abroad, and all such Fowl as she could catch, bring home and lay them in the Lap of her Mistress: And this she us'd daily, as it were to recompense her for her Fostering and Bringing up. At length this Virgin dying, and her Body being carry'd to the Funeral Fire, the Eagle still attended; which was no sooner expos'd unto the Flames, but the Bird likewise cast her self, with a voluntary Flight, amidst the new kindled Pile, and to her Mistresses Herse gave her self a most grateful Sacrifice.

Parador CVI.

A Fair Nymph scorning a Black Boy courting her.

Nymph.

STAND off, and let me take the Air,
Why thou'd the Smoke pursue the Fair?

Boy.

My Face is Smoke, thence may be guest
What Flames within have scorch'd my Breast.

Nymph.

The Flame of Love I cannot view,
For the dark Lanthorn of thy Hue.

Boy.

And yet this Lanthorn keeps Love's Taper
Surer than yours, that's of white Paper;
Whatever Midnight hath been here,
The Moonshine of your Light can clear.

Nymph.

My Moon of an Eclipse is 'fraid,
If thou should'st interpose thy Shade.

Boy.

Yet one thing (Sweet-heart) I will ask,
Buy me for a new false Mask.

Nymph.

Yes: but my Bargain shall be this,
I'll throw my Mask off when I kiss.

Boy.

Our curl'd Embraces shall delight
To chequer Limbs with Black and White.

Nymph.

Thy Ink, my Paper, make me guests,
Our Nuptial Bed will make a Press;
And in our Sports, if any came,
They'll read a wanton Epigram.

Boy.

Why should my Black thy Love impair?
Let thy dark Shop commend thy Ware:
Or if thy Love from Black forbears,
I'll strive to wash it off with Tears.

Nymph.

Spare fruitless Tears, since thou must needs
Still wear about thee Mourning Weeds:
Tears can no more Affection win,
Than wash thy *Aethiopian* Skin.

Paradox CVII.

'Tis Good to be Uxorious.

FRRIEND, thou art yoak'd, and canst not help the Thing,
 (Thou seest what Power there's circled in a Ring)
 Better or worse, 'tis in the power of Fate,
 And not in Man, to alter thy Estate :
 Therefore take Counsel, *it is meritorious*
In Husbands (sometimes) for to be Uxorious.
 Thou say'st she's clamorous, yea will disimbogue
 Too often, and not stick to call thee Rogue.
 To strike is barbarous, a better way
 Observe ; laugh at her, on thy *Viol* play.
 If she will needs in Folly be prolix,
 Sometimes inform her that she shames her Sex.
No better way to calm a Woman's Ire,
Than to breathe Water when she belcheth Fire.
 But thou wilt say, can Flesh and Blood dispense
 With such incorrigible Impudence ?
 Know that you are incorporate ; but one
 Connex by a Celestial Union.
 She's but thy self, cast in another Mold,
 Thou art a Verbalist, if she's a Scold.
Women like Tortoises, are ever won,
 Throw her upon her Back and all is done.

Paradox CVIII.

Proving, That the Understanding and Will are really and formally one.

THE Operation, whereby the Soul doth imbrace the greatest Good and Happiness, is from the Understanding, as it is speculative and practick, and not as it is a two-fold Faculty, *formally distinct thro the Understanding and the Will* ; for these are not really and essentially distinct. I prove it ; if the Understanding cannot understand without the Will, or the Will without the Understanding, then they are not really and essentially distinct ; because it is proper to Beings, which are really and essentially distinct, to operate without each other. But the Understanding cannot understand without the Will, neither can the Will will with-

without the Understanding; therefore they are not really distinct.

I prove the *Minor*: The Will is primarily a bending of the Understanding to an Action of the Mind; but the Understanding cannot understand, unless it bends to that Action of the Mind: So neither can the Understanding be bent to Action, unless it understandeth. Wherefore the one doth imply the other: The most there is between them is a modal distinction.

You may object, That it follows hence, that a Man may be said to will when he understandeth, to understand when he willeth; which Predications are absurd.

I answer, That it includes no Absurdity at all; for a Man, when he understandeth, doth will every particular Act of the Understanding which he understandeth, or otherwise how could he understand? On the other side, a Man understandeth, when he willeth; according to that trite Saying, *Ignoti nulla Cupido*, That which a Man doth not know, he cannot desire or will. Wherefore I argue again, that the one includeth the other; the Will implyeth the Understanding, and the Understanding the Will. Possibly you may deny my suppos'd definition of Will, which is a bending to an Action of the Mind. If you refuse it, propose a better. Your Opinion, it may be, is to wander with the multitude, and so you commend this: The Will is, thro which a Man, by a fore-going Knowledge, doth cover a futable or convenient Good, and shunneth an inconvenient Evil.

I will first account the Absur-

ities of this Definition, and afterwards prove them to be so. 1st, You affirm, That there foregoeth a Knowledge before a Man willeth. 2^{ly}, That a Man doth always cover a convenient Good. 3^{ly}, That a Man shunneth all inconvenient Evil. 4^{ly}, That the Will always either covereth or shunneth. 5^{ly}, The Definition containeth superfluous Words, as Inconvenience and Convenience. 6^{ly}, You assert that two contrary Acts proceed from one formal Habit. 7^{ly}, This Definition is a Division of a Habit into its Acts. 8^{ly}, You do positively affirm, That the Will is really and essentially distinct from the Understanding. Many more I might deduct, but these being sufficient, I shall now direct my Pen to them particularly.

1st, You say, That there foregoeth a Knowledge before every Act of the Will. Upon this I demand from you, How cometh the Understanding to know? You may answer, thro her self: and what is it else, to know thro ones self, but to know thro ones own Will? Ergo, the Will is a concomitant of the Understanding, and the Understanding of the Will, and consequently the one doth not precede the other. Or thus, Can the Understanding know against her Will, or without her Will? If so, then Man is no voluntary Creature, in that he acteth without a Will.

2^{ly}, You declare, That a Man doth always cover a convenient Good. Herein you contradict your self; for before you said, that the Understanding did understand a volible Object without or before the Will; but to un-

derstand a volible Object, is to will to understand it, and yet not covet it; therefore, according to your own Words, a Man did not always covet thro his Will. A Man doth covet Evil as Evil; wherefore he doth not always covet Good: the Antecedence I have prov'd above. A Man doth sometime covet an inconvenient Good; for he covers Arsenick to kill himself. You will answer to this, that he doth covet it as a convenient Good, for to ease him from some Trouble or Grief. By this Solution you confound your self, in taking objective Good and formal Good for the same thing, which according to *Aristotle* are different: If so, then your Answer will not hold: for the Question is concerning objective Good, whereas your Answer relates to a formal Good. The Ease which a Man findeth thro the removal of Trouble, is the formal Good; the Arsenick is the objective Good: this presuppos'd, the Arsenick is good in it self, but relatively it is inconvenient to that Man, for it destroyeth his Essence. You may reply, that a Man doth not take it to destroy his Essence, but to release himself from his Misery. Notwithstanding, I say, he knew before he took the Arsenick, that it would kill him; wherefore this Knowledge of Inconvenience fore-going the willing of Inconvenience, doth, according to your own Definition, infer that he will'd it as inconvenient, because he fore-knew it to be inconvenient.

3/y, I say, That a Man doth not always shun an inconvenient Evil; because he doth not shun

Sickness, when he is diseas'd: neither can he shun all Inconveniences, for he falleth into many. So likewise, in the fore-given Instance, he cannot shun Sickness or Death, altho he may wish it remote from him, but that is not shunning of it; wherefore Shunning is an improper Term to be us'd in this Definition.

4/y, You conceive, That the Will always doth either covet or shun: This is against most *Peripateticks*, who say, that the Will can suspend its Action, which Suspension is neither Coveting or Shunning.

5/y, Since that Good implieth Convenience and Evil Inconvenience, what need you to add Convenience and Inconvenience; wherefore both must be superfluous.

6/y, To shun Evil and to covet Good, are two Acts formally contrary: If so, how can these flow from one Habit? Possibly you endeavour to escape the force of this Objection, in saying, that the one may proceed *per se*, and the other *per accidens*, from a formal Habit. If I should grant this, your Definition will prove illegal, because there must nothing be inserted into a Definition, but what agreeth *per se* with the *definitum*.

7/y, This is rather an accidental Division of a Habit into its Acts: wherefore this Division is not so much as essential, because it is not grounded upon the form of the *Divisum*.

8/y, You conclude the Will to be really and essentially different from the Understanding. You make too much haste; you should first shew that the Will and

and Understanding are real Beings, and how will you do that according to your own receiv'd Doctrine of real Beings? which teacheth, that they only are real Beings, which exist, or can exist without the Understanding: If so, then the Understanding, for to be a real Being, must exist without it self; and is not this absurd?

Having made appear to you the Falsity of the common Doctrine of Will, I come now to explain how the Understanding is made practical, and how speculative.

Wherefore, in the first place, mark what the Understanding is. The Understanding is the discerning, apprehending or judging faculty of all Objects, which are objected from without, or from within. The Understanding judgeth of these Objects according to their distinct Representation. Objects represent themselves in a twofold manner; 1. Essentially, when the Essence, consisting of all its Modes united, is represented to the Understanding. 2. Modally, which is when one Mode or more is, or are singularly, represented to the Understanding. You may apprehend this better by an Example: The essential Representation of a Bull is, wherein you perceive him by, or in all his Modes united; particularly in perceiving him in that Shape, of having such a Figure, of bearing Horns, of being hairy and cloven-footed, of having Unity, Truth and Perfection, &c. But when I conceive only one of his Modes, without conceiving any of the others, that is a modal Representation; as in conceiving

his Horns only, or the Goodness of every Mode by it self, or the Goodness of the whole Essence. Observe then, these several Concepts are several Actions, because they are of several Objects; which difference of Action is call'd a material Difference.

Again, This Action is but one formally, and depends from one formal Power; so that one Power can promote but one formal Action: As in this Instance, The Power which my Hand hath of Writing, fitteth it to write several Letters, as T. D. &c. the writing these several Letters are distinct Actions, because they differ in Figure, which is a material Difference. But then again, the Action of Writing is but one formally, flowing from one formal Power of Writing. So likewise a Knife cutteth Paper, Wood, &c. the Cutting of these are materially distinct Actions, but again the Cutting is also but one formal Action; for a Knife cutteth these thro one Virtue of Sharpness, and therefore its Power is but one formally. In the same manner, I say, doth the Soul understand or perceive several Objects, as in conceiving the entire Essence of a Being, or its Modes in particular, as its Goodness, Unity, &c. These are all several Actions differing materially one from the other; for the conceiving of Unity is not the conceiving of Good, &c. Again, the Action of Understanding or Conceiving is but one formally flowing from one Mind; or one understanding Faculty, otherwise were it double, it would require a double Name. Moreover, there is but one first and

formal Faculty of all Beings; because all second Faculties are deriv'd from one; and what is this Faculty in Man, but the Understanding? Whence it appeareth, that the understanding Faculty is one formally, and manifold materially; or rather, to speak more properly, the understanding Faculty is but one, and its Acts are many. According to this last Caution, the Understanding cannot be said to be speculative, or practick; but its Acts are either speculative or practick. Or thus, the Understanding is formally only speculative; I mean speculative, as it is taken in an universal, indifferent and unlimited Sense. Further, the Understanding is materially also speculative and practick. By speculative I mean an absolute and single Habit of conceiving an Essence or Mode, without any other duplicated and relative Action:

** Mark, that Practick is attributed to the Understanding, when it acteth strictly so call'd, (that is understanding) upon*

an Essence or Mode by a duplicated and relative Action. A relative Action of the Understanding is, when it considereth, and understandeth an Object relatively, or related to another Object, which among the most universal Attributes of a Being is Goodness. So that to understand a Being practically, is to understand it to be good, and related thro' that Goodness to another Being: as when I understand an Ox to be good for Plowing, Carrying, &c. I consider him rela-

tively, as related to another Being. Now then this I call a practick Act of the Understanding, and from such Acts is the Understanding term'd practical. Hence let us examine what Difference there is between these two Objects being variously acted upon by us, and wherein they do agree. The Difference which there is between them ariseth from themselves, and is, that the one is understood not to be the other: They agree in that they were apprehended or acted upon by one Faculty of the Mind, or that they are Objects of one and the same Faculty of the Mind. The Distinction, which there is imagin'd in the Faculty, is none, for it is the same Faculty that understandeth a thing to be good, to be true, &c. A Looking-glass is not chang'd from being a Glass, because it represents several Essences and Modes, as Faces, Hands or Legs; so neither is the Understanding different or changed, because it discerns several Objects.

It may be one may say, that this is not the Case; but whether this practical Understanding is the Will, or not, is the Doubt; for the Will, you may imagine, is actually to move, or to act that which the Understanding hath conceiv'd convenient: When a Man conceiveth a thing to be good, as in the before-mention'd Instance of an Ox to be good for the Plow, it is the Action of the Understanding, as it is practick; and this cannot be call'd the Will: but the Will is, when you act that which the Understanding hath conceiv'd expedient to be acted; as, when you put an Ox

to plow after you have apprehended him to be good for it, doth issue from the Will; and is, as it were, a Command of the Soul upon the inferiour Faculties to do that which the Understanding hath perceiv'd to be practick: So that Practick is that whereby we act, and not whereby we may act. The Understanding is nam'd Practick, because thence the Soul may act that which the Understanding apprehendeth Practick. The Will is more properly term'd Practick, because thereby the Soul doth act; for *Παράστασις* signifieth Action, which (according to Aristotle) is either immanent or transient; so that *Πράξις*, in a large sense, is predicated of *Ποίησις* (which is vulgarly refer'd to a transient Action) and of *Πράξις*, as it is strictly limited to an immanent Action.

To remove this Objection, you must consider these Notions.

1. That the Soul is a single Being, and therefore hath but one formal single Power; which formal Power seemeth (but really is not) to be different from it self, in that in the Brain it understandeth, in the Liver it sanguificateth, in the Muscles it moveth. These are only external and material Differences, not formal; for it is one and the same Faculty of the Soul, which moveth, understandeth, &c.

2. This Question may be taken in a double meaning: (1.) Whether the Will and Understanding, in respect to the Soul, are different Faculties? that is, Whether the Soul doth understand and will by two Powers differing in themselves? this

is made clear in the Discourse of Powers. (2.) Whether these Faculties, in respect of themselves, are really different? to wit, Whether to refuse or imbrace an Object, which are the Acts of the Will; and to judge or apprehend it to be imbrac'd or refus'd, which is the Act of the practick Understanding, are different Acts; and consequently proceeding from Habits materially different. Now take my Answer.

I say, that to will and understand an Object practically, are Acts really identicated, and proceed from one Faculty of Judgment or Understanding. I prove it. To make an Impression from within upon the Fancy, is an Act of the intelligent Faculty; but to will and understand practically, is caus'd by an Impression from within upon the Fancy: Ergo, they are caus'd or proceed thro one and the same Act, from one and the same Faculty, which is the Understanding. I confirm the Assumption by this Instance: When a Man doth will Meat; 1. He makes a practical Science upon it, and judgeth it to be good or convenient for his Body. Next after this, he doth judge it necessary for him, as to eat when his Stomach is hungry. 3. He judgeth the means, whereby to procure it; to be a local Motion, as thro which a Man doth move towards his Meat, and moveth it unto his Stomach. 4. He judgeth, That to make a Motion to an Object, is by moving the Spirits of the Fancy towards that Object; which Motion excites all the other Spirits, contain'd in the external Members, to move to

the same Object. Lastly, To judg, is, to be mov'd by an Impression of any *Species* upon the Fancy; which the Agent understanding made thereon; so that these four Judgments of the Understanding are Impressions and Motions upon, and in the Fancy, which being constituted, the Will is also constituted. You may then observe that the Will is not a single Act; but one Act compos'd out of many single Acts, and united one to the other by a Subordination. All these four Motions concurring to a Will are effected by one Faculty, and therefore are not different. These four Acts are (as it were) Parts, which constitute a Will; for one being deficient, a Man cannot will: unless he judgeth an Object to be good, he cannot covet it; neither will he covet it, unless he judgeth it necessary to make up a Pleasure, or to supply a Need; for there are many

things which are good, and yet we do not covet them, because we do not judg them necessary to make up a Pleasure or Need. These two are to no purpose, if the apprehension of Means be not fram'd.

The Understanding being now bent and inclin'd to an Object, makes an Impression upon the animal Spirits lodg'd within the seat of the Fancy; for how can the Understanding otherwise judg of means, unless it makes an Impression of them upon the Fancy? which is no sooner done, but all the Members move. The Fancy is like unto the Spring of a Watch, which being mov'd, all the Wheels are mov'd by it. All these Acts we see proceed from one Agent intellect, and are all Acts of that Faculty, and why should they then be counted to be really different from one another?

Paradox CIX.

Proving True Love has no Lust in it.

'TIS not Love thy Pulses beat,
But the Itch of base Desire;
Whose impure unlawful Heat
Sets both Life and Soul on Fire.
Love delights not in those Things
Which Disgrace and Ruin brings.
Love is figur'd as a Child,
Emblem of Pure Innocence:
Passionate, but undefil'd,
Zealous, without a Pretence.
Love doth carry in his Eye
Constant Flames that never die.

Love's not subject unto *Change*,
 Nor doth his Affection move ;
 Where time-pleasing *Fancies* range,
 Epicures with freedom prove :
 'Tis not to each Face that's fair,
 He does his *Allegiance* bear.
 Nor is't Oaths that make a *Lover*,
 Flying Vows to ev'ry *She*
 May intemperate *Lust* discover,
 Where consuming Follies be :
 Love is simple of himself,
 And respects not Praise, nor Pelf.
 Love's not guided unto Fear
 By the Tongue's deceiving Art ;
 Raptures that intrance the Care,
 What he covets, is the Heart :
 On the which he doth display
 Beams far clearer than the Day.
 At Love's sacred Altar lies
 Hearts as stainless as the Dove ;
 Mutual in their Sacrifice
 To the Purity of Love :
 Which, with Nuptial Kisses, smother
 Growing *Flames* in one another.
 Then if thou intend'st to aim
 At a Lover's Part, be just ;
 Punish that destroys the same,
 Prick thy swelling *Veins* of Lust :
 Let thy rank Pollution run,
 He'll adopt thee then his Son.
 While thou seek'st to please thy Eye,
 Never hope to taste true *Blisses*,
 When the Appetite doth fry,
 Surfeits so, it *Pleasures* misses ;
 For the blest Desire of Love
 's by Inspiration from above.

Paradox CX.

Friendship cannot be Real (or lasting) between Two Persons, if there is not a Third to incourage it.

FRIENDSHIP cannot continue long only between two Friends, in regard that there being not any one but is chargeable with some Imperfection, it is impossible but that it should produce some Coldness and Indifference in his Apprehensions who takes notice of it, and that in time will come to an Alienation, as it commonly happens in Friendship. And this is yet the farther from being well-settled, upon this account, that continual Familiarity coming to discover the Weaknesses of one or the other, it can never be long without some Punctilio's and Disputes, which are many times advanc'd to such a height, that there is a necessity of a third Person to compose their Differences. Now this must be done by one who is a common Friend to both, and consequently, to establish a permanent Friendship, it is requisite there should be three; a number the more highly to be esteem'd, in that the Graces consist of it; without which, Friendship will be but of a short Continuance. Upon that account it was that the Tyrant *Dionysius* wish'd that he might make up the third with those two intimate Friends, *Damon* and *Pythias*.

*Dion. he cry'd, Damon, be wholly mine,
Take full Possession: Oh my Soul is thine!
One Faith, one Fame, one Fate shall three attend,
My Life's Companion, and my bosom Friend.
But if some Chance; as many sure there are,
And doubtful Hazards in the Deeds of War;
If one should reach my Head, there let it fall,
And spare thy Life, I would not perish all.
And so it prov'd, if any Joy was sent,
It was most his to whom it least was meant:
And Fortune's Malice betwixt these was cross'd,
For striking one, it wounded th'other most.*

The *Scythians* also, as *Lucian* affirms, to make up a perfect Friendship, requir'd that there should be three Persons, who drunk together out of a Vessel, into which they had spilt some Drops of their Blood, wherewith they dy'd the Points of their Swords.

Friendship, in respect of our Will, is as Science in respect of our Understanding. For as this latter hath a natural Inclination to Knowledge, so the Will is endu'd with such another to Love, inasmuch as in it she finds her Sovereign Good. Thence it comes,

comes, that as there are some Spirits so sublime, that not content with *one only Knowledge*, they embrace several; whereas there are others so circumscrib'd and confin'd, that only one Science wholly takes them up so, as that they are not able to make any Progress into others; so are there some Souls so limited in their Affection, that it can be *dilated but to one Object*, which checks and makes them incapable of loving any more, as those generous and heroick Hearts do, which have so strong a bent to do well, and to love, that, not satisfy'd with one Object, they diffuse their Affections to all those whom they think worthy thereof. And so the decision of the *Paradox* should depend on the Capacities of those who love, since that considering the amiable Objects, whether they be such, and consequently there be Cause for the loving of them? or are not really such, but only so conceiv'd by the apprehensive Faculty, they are equally fit to move the Will to love them, and to gain its Affections; and they ought to be the more agreeable to it, in that it finds in them its Perfection and the Accomplishment of its Desires. And so three Persons, or a plurality of Friends, is so far from being any prejudice to Friendship, that it sets a greater Esteem upon it, as also on him who loves.

Friendship being grounded on Conversation, and there being not any more divertive and delightful than that between those who eat and drink together, the Case is the same with Friends as it is with Guests, which ought

not to be under the number of three, nor exceed that of nine; whence came the ancient Proverb, *That a well-order'd Feast should not be under the number of the Graces, nor transcend that of the Muses*. In a word, since Conversation is the ground-work of perfect Friendship, as the former cannot be pleasant among less than three, and must be confus'd and wearisom among above nine; but is most divertive when five or six Persons well-qualify'd, and perfectly understanding one the other, fall into mutual Discourse: So Friendship cannot be of long Continuance between two, *but there must be a third to encourage it*; yet with this further Caution, that it is better maintain'd among a greater number of Persons equally virtuous, provided nevertheless it exceed not that of Nine, to prevent the Confusion and Inconveniences attending a greater.

Besides it ought to be remember'd, that tho there be an absolute necessity of Friendship in all the Transactions of humane Life, in order to the more pleasant expence of it; yet are there principally two certain Times, wherein its Necessity is more apparent, to wit, those of Prosperity and Adversity. In the former, our Friends participate of our Happiness; in the latter, of our Misfortunes: and whereas these last are commonly more frequent than good Successes, *the plurality of Friends*, who are our second-selves, making the Burden the more supportable by the part every one takes in our Misfortunes: It is much more expedient that a Man should have many, than

than content himself with a small number, which being not able to bear the brunt of so violent an Assault, he would be in danger of being overcome thereby. Nay, tho' all things should happen according to our Wishes, yet were it convenient to have a considerable number of Friends, the more to congratulate our good Fortune, which will make the greater Noise in the World, the greater their number is who approve and applaud it.

But perhaps 'twill be here objected, That the Plurality of Friends was equally inconvenient, as well in good as bad Fortune. For, in the latter, it must needs trouble us very much to give occasion of Grief to a great number of Friends, who tho' they bemoan us ever so much, yet are we still in the same Period of Misfortune; nay, our Unhappiness is the greater, in that it is contagiously communicated to so many Persons at the same time. In the former, there cannot be any thing more troublesome than that great number of People who love, or pretend to love us in our Prosperity, it being then impossible for us equally to satisfy them all, as we might easily do one single Friend, from whom we may also derive greater Comfort in Adversity, than from many addressing themselves to us at the same time; to whose Humors to accommodate ourselves well, we must study an Unconstancy equal to that of Proteus, and put on as many Countenances as

they have different Inclinations.

To this I answer, That since a good thing is so much the more excellent, the more it is communicated and diffus'd several ways, Friendship ought to derive its Esteem from that Communication, which the greater it shall be, the more recommendable shall it make the Friendship; which, consequently, is the more perfect among Three or more, to whom it is always advantageous, since it comprehends the three kinds of Goods, the Profitable, the Pleasant and the Virtuous. For, is there not much to be gain'd in a Society, which the more numerous it is, the greater Advantages and Assistances may be deriv'd from it? There is not any thing so highly delightful as to love and to be lov'd of many. But whereas Friendship is the Livery of Virtue, whose inseparable Attendant she is, Can there be any thing more virtuous and commendable than after that manner to love several others who love us, and by that Reflux of mutual Kindness give Assurances of our Virtue, answerable to the Acknowledgments we had made of their Merit; the multitude of Friends not abating any thing of the esteem of civil Friendship, no more than the great number of charitable Persons does prejudice Charity, which is a consummate Love, and equally embraces all?

Paradox CXI.

In Praise of a mere Doudy.

I.

I Love thee for thy *Curled Hair*,
As red as any Fox,
Our Forefathers did still commend
The lovely golden Locks.

II.

I love thee for thy *Squinting Eyes*,
It breeds no Jealousy;
For when thou dost on others look,
Methinks thou look'st on me.

III.

I love thee for thy *Copper Nose*,
Thy Fortune's ne'er the worse;
It shews the Metal in thy Face,
Thou should'st have in thy Purse.

IV.

I love thee for thy *Chestnut Skin*,
Thy Inside's white to me;
That Colour should be most approv'd,
That will least changed be.

V.

I love thee too for thy *Splay Mouth*,
For on that amorous Close
There's room on either side to kiss,
And ne'er offend the Nose.

VI.

I love thee for thy *Rotten Gums*,
In good time it may hap,
When other Wives are costly fed,
I'll keep thy Chaps with Pap.

VII.

I love my Doudy, 'cause she pleaseth me,
And therefore only pleases, 'cause 'tis she;
I merely doat on her Deformity !

3

Paradox

Paradox CXII.

That 'tis harder for a virtuous Man to do that which is Evil, than for a vitious Man to do that which is Good : being a Paradox fairly argu'd by the whole Athenian Society.

BEFORE (said the first Athenian) we come to prove this Paradox, we are to consider two Things; the former, that Man consists of two Parts, the Superiour, which is the Soul; and the Inferiour, which is the Body: and whereas these two parts have different Objects, and such as contradict one the other, there happens to be a great Conflict; the Body being strongly inclin'd to Sensuality, and the Soul endeavouring to raise her self up to spiritual things. But in regard the Organs she makes use of are material, such as are also the Senses, which assist her in her Operations, it is not to be thought she can overcome without great Pains; inasmuch as the Instruments which she stands in need of, for the exercise of Virtue, hold a greater Correspondence with the Body; and as they derive their Being from Matter, so they betray the Resolutions of the Soul, reducing her under a Tyrannical Subjection: Whence it follows, that the wicked or vicious Person finds it the greater difficulty to do well; inasmuch as being enslav'd to Vice and Sin, he cannot shake off that Yoke, as having a constant Inclination to Evil.

The second thing to be consider'd, is Good and Evil in it

self; for, according to Nature, there is no Evil in humane Actions, inasmuch as in appearance they are all good; otherwise the Will, the Object whereof is that which is good and pleasing, would not be inclin'd thereto, since good is that which all things desire. There are therefore two sorts of Good, and as many of Evils, one Natural, and the other Moral; the Soul is easily inclin'd to the Moral Good, and the Body to the natural; and consequently it is much more easy for the vicious Person to do a moral Good, than it is for the virtuous Man to do a moral Evil.

The Second said, That it is harder for a good Man to do Evil, in regard that to the virtuous Man Virtue seems so fair and taking, that he finds it the greatest difficulty in the World to forsake her, and so to embrace Vice, which he looks upon as a hideous Monster, inasmuch as Beings and Substances are more amiable than Privations are odious; in regard that as Love respects the things that are amiable, and Aversion is not extended to that which is not; in like manner, Vice is not so much shun'd, as Virtue is belov'd: Whence it follows, that it is a greater trouble for the good Man to do that which is Evil, in regard

gard he knows the Perfection of Good, as much as the vicious Person is ignorant of it; and from that Ignorance there must needs proceed a Difficulty and Backwardness of embracing it.

The third said, That the vicious Person finds it a harder task to do well, in regard that Nature is strongly bent towards that which is evil; and consequently the virtuous Person, when he does that which is evil, easily falls down into the bottom, according to the Descent of human Inclinations; and the vicious Person, when he does that which is good, climbs up a high Mountain full of Rocks and Precipices, and engages against Nature her self, being in open hostility against the sensual Appetite; and according to the Scripture, *We do not the Good that we would do, but the Evil we would not do, that we do;* to shew that the Difficulties men find in the pursuance of Good are so great, that St. Paul himself complains of his *having a Law within him which rebel'd against the Law of God.* This Nature of ours being full of the Imperfections conceiv'd in Original Sin, hath so great a repugnance to Good, that there was a necessity of a Law of Grace to regenerate it, in order to the pursuit of Good, a Compliance with the true Sentiments of Religion, and the Knowledge of God; not to urge that Pleasure hath so great Attractions and Charms, that it is almost impossible to evermaster them. Thence it came that *Ulysses* order'd himself to be bound to the Mast of his Ship, and caus'd his Ears to be stop'd, that he might not

hear the harmonious Voices of the *Sirens*; otherwise his Reason would not have been so strong as to overmaster his sensual Appetites, which must be either destroy'd, or so fetter'd, that the Soul may not be drawn away by pernicious Temptations.

The Fourth said, That Virtue was natural to Man before Adam's Transgression, and from the time of his Rebellion against God Vice hath seated it self in her place; so that when Innocence forsook our first Parent, all Vices and Imperfections possess'd themselves of his Mind, and are become so naturaliz'd there, that it begat a necessity of establishing Divine and Human Laws: whereof some were for the Eradication of Vices, others for the Punishment of Crimes; all which trouble might have been spar'd, if there had not been so much difficulty in the doing of that which is good.

The Fifth said, That it being suppos'd (as indeed it is true) that Human Nature is more inclin'd to Vice than to Virtue, for the Reasons before alledg'd, yet is there a certain means to frustrate and destroy that Inclination, and advance the Soul to a Sovereignty over the Body, by abolishing and destroying the Senses, and those intellectual Powers whereby the Organs are govern'd. For if the Body have the Master-ship, the Soul will be forc'd to obey; but if the Soul commands, she will bring the Body into subjection to all the virtuous Actions she pleases her self. And then the Virtues will be naturaliz'd in Man, and the Question propos'd will meet with a contrary

contrary Solution ; for in that case it will be much more hard for a virtuous Man to do that which is evil, than for the vicious to do well ; inasmuch as the virtuous Person by that Mortification of the Senses, will be in a manner reduc'd to the State of Original Innocence, and restor'd to the glorious Condition man was in before the Fall.

The Sixth said, That such a moral Regeneration is a great Cabalistical Secret, unknown to all the Learned ; that such a Mortification and Destruction of the Senses as was propos'd, is a Work not yet well discover'd to the Curious, as transcending all common Rules. For if the Soul acts not without the Assistance of the Organs, and the interior and exterior Senses, the weakning or destroying of these, will contribute to the weakning of the Soul ; and instead of making a Prophet, the Transformation will be into some Hypochondriack or extravagant Fanatick, as it happens to those who macerate their Bodies by an indiscreet Zeal ; insomuch that having not the perfect Knowledg of that Science, it were more expedient that Men had a recourse to the ordinary means of Morality, to regulate the Passions of the Soul, and bring her to the pursuance of Virtue. Now according to the Rules of Morality, even those who are good, are much inclin'd to Evil, and find it no easy matter to oppose it.

The Seventh said, That it is as hard a matter for the vicious Person to do well, as it is for the virtuous to do ill, in regard that the Inclination, which the good

Man hath to do good and eschew evil, is equal to that of the wicked Person, which is always bent to do evil, it being very difficult for him to embrace Virtue by shunning Vice, by reason of the Aversion which he hath to that which is good. And to make this the more clear, we commonly find some Persons so naturally addicted to the Exercises of Virtues, that what they do seems to be without any study. Whence it may be deduc'd, that the first Seeds of Virtue and Good proceed from those natural Dispositions, which are call'd *Inclinations* ; and consequently the Difficulties in both are concluded to be equal. And that may also be observ'd in *Socrates*, who himself acknowledg'd, that his natural Inclinations were so bent to Vice, that if the Dictates of Philosophy had not wrought things in him befitting the Person, whom the Oracle had declar'd *wise*, he would have been carry'd away with sensual Appetites, according to his natural Inclination ; there being some Natures truly Heroick, and ever doing well ; and others brutish, and always inclin'd to evil. To this we are to add the Consideration of the Persons, their Qualities, and Age ; inasmuch as there being somewhat particular in any of these Circumstances, it changes the Resolution in the general Proposition, which being universal, and of a large extent, it were necessary, in order to the finding out of the Truth, that we confin'd our selves to these Circumstances, yet still following the foremention'd Opinion. For as Fire finds no difficulty to ascend,

end, no more than the Water does to flow downwards, and make towards its Centre; so every one complying with his own Inclinations, stands in an equal Bent towards Good and Evil, without any Trouble or Difficulty: but to proceed contrary to that Motion, the virtuous Person finds the Trouble attending the doing of an evil Action, equal to that of the vicious in doing a bad one.

The Eighth and Ninth said, That this bent of the Inclinations ceases in those who are one while inclin'd to the doing of that which is good; another, to the doing of that which is Evil, as may be observ'd in Nero; who, during the first five years of his Government, was the mildest of any of the Emperors, yet afterwards gave himself over to all manner of Cruelty. For what can be said of this Alteration? And if a Man be naturally inclin'd to Good, why is not the same Inclination continu'd in him? Does this Inconstancy proceed from the Mind or from the Body? If it proceeds from the Mind, since the Powers thereof have a

certain knowledg of the Good, why does it not embrace that which is good, answerably to its knowledg of the same? If it proceeds from the Body, since this hath a dependance on the Mind, why does it not follow the Impressions which it derives from the other? The Professors of Astrology, who give so much Credit to their Influences, affirm that these Diversities proceed from those Constellations, whereby that Change is caus'd, and by which the Will is mov'd, and receives a bent either to Good or Evil; but if Reason have the Sovereignty, it ought to be conformable, and produce such Effects as are answerable thereto. There is therefore a great probability, that the Causes of good and bad Actions are to be refer'd to the Regeneration of the Elest, and the Reprobation of the Wicked, who are left to the pursuance of their Sensuality; and thence it will follow, *That it shall be as hard for a truly devout Person to sin, as for a Reprobate to do well;* and so the Paradox is to be refer'd to the decision of Theology.

Paradox CXIII.

That Time is a pure Creature of our Fancy, and hath no real Existence in Nature.

THIS Paradox was merrily argu'd (*Pro & Con*) by six Members of the Athenian Society.

The First stood up and said,

Every thing that hath Existence hath a Duration. If this Duration hath neither Beginning nor End, such as that of God is, 'tis call'd Eternity: if it hath a Beginning,

gining, but no End, as that of the Heavens, Angels and rational Souls, 'tis call'd by the *Latins* *Aeternum* : if it hath both Beginning and End, as the Duration of all material and sublunary things, 'tis call'd Time ; which, altho in the mouth of every one, is nevertheless difficult to understand, the Vulgar improperly attributing this name to the Heaven or the Air, saying, 'Tis a fair Time (or Weather) when the Air and Heaven are serene and clear. For altho Time be inseparable from Heaven, yet 'tis as different from it as the Effect is from its Cause : And *Pythagoras* was deceiv'd when he thought that Time was the Celestial Sphere ; as well as *Plato*, who held it to be the Conversion of that Sphere ; and *Democritus*, the Motion of every thing. Nevertheless, Heaven and Time may be conceiv'd distinctly and asunder, because Time is the Duration of the World, the noblest part whereof is Heaven ; and the Effects of Time are not known to us but by the Motion of the Heavens and the Stars, which make the Seasons, Years, Weeks, Days and Hours, with the difference of Day and Night.

The Second said (and prov'd this Paradox) *That Time is a pure Creature of our Fancy, and hath no real Existence in Nature*, since it hath no Parts. For Time past is no more, the future is not yet, the present is but a moment, which cannot be part of Time ; since 'tis common to every part, that being taken several times, it composes and compleats its Total ; which agrees not to a Moment, a hundred thousand Mo-

ments added together making but one Moment, and therefore cannot make the least part of Time, no more than an infinite number of Points can make the least Line ; because it is not compos'd of Points, as Time is not compos'd of Moments. For if you say Time is the Flux of a Moment, as a Line is the Flux of a Point, this argues not the Existence of Time, because a Point leaves something behind it as it moves, but a Moment doth not. Yea, if we believe *Aristotle*, a Moment is not in Time ; for either 'tis one Moment, or many : If one, it will follow that what is done at present, and what a thousand years ago, were done at the same time, because in the same Moment. If there be many Moments in Time, they must succeed one another, one perishing as the next arises ; just as of the Parts of Time, the past perishes to give Birth to the future. But a Moment cannot perish ; for it must perish either in Time, or in an Instant : Not in Time, for this is divisible, but an Instant indivisible. Nor yet in an Instant : for either that Instant would be it self, and so it should be, and not be together ; or it would be the Instant before it, which will not hold ; because whilst that preceding Instant exists, this other is not yet in being : or, lastly, 'twould be the Instant after it, and then this Instant would be gone before. Wherefore either Time is nothing at all, or else but an imaginary Thing. And indeed it seems consentaneously call'd Number and Measure ; because neither of these hath other Existence than in the

the Mind. For if you say with some, that Time is essential to Things, you may as well say that the Ell is of the Essence of the Cloth which it measures, and Number essential to the things numbred; so that, by this reckoning, Measure and Number should be of all sorts of Natures, because they are apply'd to all things.

The Third said, That amongst real things some are momentary, being made and perishing in one and the same Instant, which is the measure of their Existence; others are perdurable: amongst which as there is something that hath always been, and shall always be; others that have not always been, yet shall always be; so there are some that have not been sometimes, and sometimes shall be no more. Again, of these latter, some have all their Parts together, others have them one after another. The first are continuous, and their Duration is their Age; the second are successive, whose Duration is Time. For Duration follows the Existence of every thing as necessarily as Existence follows Essence. Existence is the term of Production, Duration is the term of Conservation. So that, to doubt whether there be such a real thing in Nature as Time, is to doubt of the Duration and Existence of every thing; altho the Scripture should not assure us that God made the Day and the Night, which are parts of Time. Moreover, the contrary Reasons prove nothing, saying that Time is not of the Nature of continuous Beings, but of successive, which consists in having no Parts

really present. This Time is defin'd by the Philosopher, The Number of Motion according to its prior and posterior Parts; that is to say, by means of time we know how long the Motion lasted, when it begun, and when it ended. For seeing Number may serve for Measure, and Measure for Number, therefore they are both taken for one and the same thing. Indeed, when a thing is mov'd, 'tis over some Space, whose first Parts answer to the first Parts of Motion, and the latter Parts of the Space to the latter Parts of the Motion; and from this Succession of the latter Parts of the Motion to the former, ariseth a Duration, which is Time, long or short, according to the Slowness or Quickness of this Motion. And because by means of this Duration we number and measure that of Motions, and of all our Actions, therefore it is call'd Number or Measure, altho it be only a Propriety of Time to serve for a Measure, and no ways of its Essence.

The Fourth said, That to understand Time, 'tis requisite to understand the Motion and two Moments; one whereof was at the Beginning of that Motion, and the other at the End; and then to imagine the Middle or Distance between those two Extremes, which Middle is Time. Therefore Man alone being able to make comparison of those two Extremes, only he of all Animals understands and computes Time. Hence they who wake out of a deep and long Sleep, think it but a small while since they first laid down to rest, because they took no notice of

the intermediate Motions, and think the Moment wherein they fell asleep, and that wherein they wak'd, is but one single Moment. The same also happens to those who are so intent upon any Action or Contemplation, that they heed not the Duration of Motions. Now not only the Motions of the Body, but those of the Mind are measur'd by Time. Therefore, in the Dark, he that should perceive no outward Motion, nor even in his own Body, might yet conceive Time by the Duration of his Soul's Actions, his Thoughts, Desires, and other spiritual Motions. And as Time is the Measure of Motion, so it is likewise of Rest; since the reason of Contraries is the same. And, consequently, Motion and Rest being the Causes of all things, Time, which is their Duration, is also their universal Cause.

The Fifth said, That 'tis ordinary to Men to attribute the Effects whereof they know not the Causes, to other known Causes, tho' indeed they be nothing less; so they attribute Misfortunes, Losses, Death, Oblivion, and such other things, to Heaven, to Time, or to Place, altho' they cannot be the Causes thereof. Hence some certain days have been superstitiously accounted fortunate or unfortunate, as by the *Persians* the third and sixth of *August*, in regard of the Losses which they had suffer'd upon those days; the first of *April* by *Darius* and the *Carthaginians*, because upon the same day he had lost a Battle to *Alexander*, and these were driven out of *Sicily* by *Timoleon*, who was always ob-

serv'd to have had some good Fortune upon his Birth-day. Moreover, the *Genethliacks* affirm that the day of Nativity is always discriminated by some remarkable Accident; for which they alledg the Example of *Charlès V.* whose Birth-day, the 24th of *February*, was made remarkable to him by his Election to the Empire, and the taking of *Francis I.* before *Pavia*. Such was also that day afterwards solemniz'd, in which *Philip* of *Macedon* receiv'd his three good Tidings. But as there is no Hour, much less Day, but is signaliz'd by some strange Accidents, so there is not any but hath been both fortunate and unfortunate. As was that of *Alexander's* Birth, who saw *Diana's* Temple at *Ephesus* burnt by *Herostatus*, and the *Persians* put wholly to the Rout; yet the same *Alexander*, as likewise *Attalus*, *Pompey*, and many others, dy'd upon the day of their Nativity; so did *Augustus* upon that of his Inauguration. Wherefore 'tis no less ridiculous to refer all these Accidents to Time, than to attribute to it the Mutation, Oblivion and Death of all things, whereof it is not the Cause, altho' for this purpose *Saturn* was painted with a Sickle in his Hand, with which he hew'd every thing down, and devour'd his own Children. For Time, as well as Place, being Quantities, which are no ways active, they cannot be the Causes of any things.

The Sixth said, Time is diversly taken and distinguish'd, according to the diversity of Professions. Historians divide it into the four Monarchies, of the
Medes,

Medes, the Persians, the Greeks and the Romans, and the States and Empires which have succeeded them; the Church into Working-days and Festivals; the Lawyers into Terms and Vacations: the Naturalists consider them simply as a property of natural Body; Astronomers as an effect of Heaven; Physicians as one of the principal Circumstances of Diseases, which they divide into most acute, and chronical or long, which exceed forty days; and each of them into their Beginning, Augmentation, State and Declination, as distinguish'd by the common, indicative, and critical days.

Parador CXIV.

That the whole World, and all Things in it, are Black; prov'd in a Letter sent by a Black Maid to a Fair Boy, with whom she was deeply in Love.

FAIR Boy (alas!) why fly'st thou me,
That languish in such Flames for thee?
I'm black, 'tis true, why so is Night,
And Lovers in dark Shades delight.
The whole World, do but close your Eye,
Will be to you as black as I:
Or open, and view how dark a Shade
Is by your own fair Body made,
Which follows thee where'er thou go:
Oh who, allow'd, wou'd not do so!
Then let me ever live so nigh,
And thou shalt need no Shade but I.

The Fair Boy's Paradoxical Answer.

BLACK Girl, complain not that I fly,
Since Fate commands Antipathy;
Prodigious must that Union prove,
Where *Black and White* together move:
And a Conjunction of our Lips,
Not Kisses make, but an Eclipse;
In which the mixed *Black and White*
Pretends more Terror than Delight;
Yet if my *Shadow* thou wilt be,
Enjoy thy dearest Wish; but see
Thou keep my *Shadow's* Property,
And flee away, when I come nigh;

Else stay till Death hath blinded me,
And I'll bequeath my self to thee.

Paradox CXV.

The Soul in an Ecstasy may meditate by it self, without any Commerce with the Body and its Sentiments ; or a Paradox proving the Possibility of the Soul's being freed from the Incumbrances and Distractions of the Body before its Dissolution.

THOUGH the Union between the Body and the Soul be so strict, as to serve for a Model to all other Unions observable in Nature ; yet it is not so strong but that sometimes it admits of a Dissolution, which the Philosophers conceiv'd possible, both those Parts continuing entire. This Separation is call'd an *Ecstasy*, wherein the *Platonists*, who first brought it into vogue, plac'd the *Summum Bonum*, or greatest Felicity ; inasmuch as they pretended that Mens Minds were thereby disingag'd from all material things, nay from their very Bodies ; by the Clouds and Humidities whereof they imagin'd that the Mind was disturb'd in its Functions, which being equally spiritual, are the more compleatly perform'd, the more the Understanding whereby they are produc'd, is disingag'd from this corporeal Mass. Whence it comes, that old Men, especially such as are near Death, or in their Sleep, have clearer Visions, and more certain Predictions than young Men, and those who are in perfect Health, of a moist Temperament, who are waking, and perform all their other Functions. And whereas there is no great road between the highest Wisdom and the greatest Extravagance, it may be further infer'd, that those who are of a more dry Temperament, whereof it is as likely that Fools as well as wise Men may be, frequently have such Visions, and fall into those *Extasies* ; and upon this account that they mind not their own Thoughts, are easily susceptible of external Impressions, and the first Objects which present themselves to them. So that we may make a distinction of *Extasies* into two kinds. The former is to be attributed only to great and contemplative Persons, and may be said to be only a Disingagement of the Mind, which is so taken up with the apprehension of an Object, that it quite forgets all its other Functions. For the Case is the same with the *Understanding*, in reference to its Object, which is *Truth* ; as it is with the *Will*, in respect of its proper Object, to wit, *Good* ; which it so passionately affects, that it is not so much where it *lives*, as where it *loves*.

See some Persons so over-joy'd,
As to die out of pure Joy. For
Knowledg being an Action of the
Understanding, whereby it raises
and elevates to a spiritual and in-
corporeal Being things that are
most material, which are ad-
vanc'd in the Understanding to a
new and more perfect Being,
than that which they had of their
own Nature, the Understanding
renders them like it self, and is
so united to them, that there
cannot be a greater Conformity
than what is between the Object
and the Power whereby it is
known. When therefore that
Object is of its own Nature spiri-
tual and immaterial, the Under-
standing having disingag'd it self
from every other Subject, is so
over-joy'd at its own knowledg,
that it forgets all other Actions of
less consequence.

The other *Extasy* is properly attributed to Lunaticks and distracted Persons, and is by Physicians plac'd among the highest Irregularities, caus'd by black Chol'er in the Minds of such as are much inclin'd to Melancholy; in whom it causes an alienation of Spirit, which inclines them to imagine, speak, or do things that are ridiculous and extravagant; sometimes with Fury and Rage, when that Humour is inflam'd, and converted into black Chol'er, and sometimes with a stupid Sadness, when it continues cold and dry.

Again, the *Greek* word signifying an *Ecstasy*, is ordinarily taken for every Change of Condition whatever it may be, sometimes for a Translocation and Elevation of Mind, whereby a Man comes to know things ab-

lent. Such peradventure was the taking up of *St. Paul*, even while he liv'd, into that blissful Seat of the Blessed, which he calls the *Third Heaven*, allowing the Air to be one, and the Starry Sky to be another: And that of *St. John* the Evangelist, which he speaks of in the *Revelation*. Nay, before them, such were those of the Prophets, and, after them, those of many other Persons, if we may give any credit to Historians. Such was that of the Abbot *Romuald*, who, finding a great difficulty to read the Psalms of *David*, became, in an *Extasy* he had as he was saying Mass, so learned, that he was able to interpret the most intricate Passages of them. Such was that of *St. Francis*, the Founder of the Order of *Franciscans*, who, in a ravishment, receiv'd upon his Body the Marks of our Saviour's Passion. Such was *St. Thomas Aquinas*, who frequently fell into such an *Extasy*, that he seem'd dead to all that were about him. Such was *John Scot*, commonly known by the name of the Subtle Doctor, to whom the same thing happen'd so often, that his most familiar Friends seeing him as he sat Reading or Writing, found him many times immovable and without Sentiment, in so much that he was carry'd away from the place for dead; and yet these two last were rais'd up so illuminated from that Philosophical Death, that they have left but few Imitators of their great Learning. The same thing is affirm'd of a certain Virgin, nam'd *Elizabeth*, whose Senses were sometimes so stupfy'd, that she continu'd a long time in a manner dead;

from which kind of Trance being come to her self, she foretold some things, which afterwards came to pass according to her Predictions. To be short, there are few Monasteries of either Men or Women, but affirm as much of their Founders. And that it may not be imagin'd, that such a Separation of Body and Soul happen'd during this Life only to Euthusiasm, or a highly contemplative Meditation of Divine Things, which nevertheless must be acknowledg'd the common Cause of it; we read of *Epimenides* of *Crete*, and *Aristeus* the *Proconnesian*, eminent Poets and Philosophers, that sometimes they left their Bodies without Souls; which, having taken their Progress about the World, return'd after a certain time, and re-animated their Bodies. Nay, *Pliny* hath a pretty remarkable Story, how that the Soul of this *Aristeus* was many times perceiv'd to take her Flight out of his Body, under the form of a Crow; and that his Enemies having observ'd it, and on a time met with his Body in that Posture, burnt it, and by that means disappointed the Bird of her Nest. *Apolonius* relates a Story yet much more prodigious, of *Hermotimus* the *Clazomenian*, to wit, that his Soul made Voyages of several years; having left his Body, during that time, without any Sentiment, while she went up and down into divers parts of the World, foretelling Earthquakes, great Droughts, Deluges, and such other remarkable Accidents. And further, that this thing having several times happen'd to him, he had given his Wife a

strict

strict Charge that no Body should touch his Body during his Soul's being abroad upon the account aforesaid; but some Persons of his Acquaintance bearing him a grudge, having with much Impunity obtain'd of her the favour to see his Body lying on the ground in that immoveable Posture, they caus'd it to be burnt, to prevent the Soul's return into it; which yet it being not in their Power to do, and the *Clazomenians* being inform'd of that Injury done to *Hermotimus*, built him a Temple, into which Women were forbidden to enter. And *Plutarch*, in his Book of *Socrates's* Damon or Genius, confirming this Relation, and allowing it to be true, affirms, that those who had committed that Crime, were then tormented in Hell for it. *St. Augustine* in his Book of the *City of God*, lib. 14. relates, that a certain Priest, named *Resstitutus*, whenever, and as often as he was desir'd to do it, became so insensible at the mournful Tone of some lamenting Voice, and lay stretch'd along as a dead Carcase, so as that he could not be awak'd by those who either pinch'd or prick'd him; nay, not by the application of Fire to some part of his Body, inasmuch as he could not feel any thing while he continu'd in the *Extasy*: only afterwards it was perceiv'd that he had been burnt, by the mark which remain'd upon his Body after he was come to himself; before which time he had not any Respiration, and yet he would say, that he had heard the Voices of those who had cry'd aloud in his Ears, calling to mind that he had

heard them speaking at a great distance. The same Author in the 19th Book of the same Work, affirms, that the Father of one *Prestantius* was apt to fall into such *Extasies*, that he believ'd himself chang'd into a Pack-Horse, and that he carry'd Provisions upon his Back into the Fields with other Horses, when all the while his Body continu'd immoveable in the House. Among other Examples of this kind of *Extasy*, *Bodin* in his second Book of his *Demonomia*, ch. 5. relates a Story of a certain Servant-maid living in *Dauphiny*, having been found lying all along upon a Dunghill, in such a dead Sleep that all the Noise made could not awake her; nay, her Master's banging her with a Switch not prevailing any thing, he order'd Fire to be set to the most sensible and tenderest parts of her Body, to try whether she were really dead or not. Which being upon Trial believ'd, they left her in the same place till the Morning; and then sending to look after her, she was found very well in her Bed. Whereupon the Master asking her, What she had been doing all the Night before? Ah Master, said she, how unmercifully have you beaten me? Upon that Discovery, she was accus'd for a Witch, and confess'd it. To be short, *Cardan* in his eighth Book of the *Variety of Things*, affirms of himself, that he fell into an *Extasy* when he pleas'd; insomuch that he slightly heard the Voices of those who spoke to him, but understood them not: Nay, what is more, was not sensible of any Pinching, nor yet Feeling the exquisite

exquisite Pain of his Gout, whereto he was much subject, as being not sensible at that time of any thing but that he was out of himself. He afterwards explicates the manner how that *Extasy* is wrought, affirming, that he felt it begin at the Head, especially in the hinder part of the Brain, and thence spread it self all along the Backbone. He affirm'd further, that at the very beginning of it he was sensible of a certain Separation about the Heart, as if the Soul withdrew at a kind of Wicker, or Sally-port, the whole Body concerning itself therein; and adds, that then he sees whatever he would with his Eyes, and not by the strength of the Understanding; and that those Images which he sees are in a continual Transiency and Motion, in the resemblance of Forests, Animals, and such other things: The Cause whereof he attributes to the strength of the Imagination, and sharpness of the Sight. He further relates of his Father such things as are much more miraculous, and occasion'd the Suspicion of his being a Magician.

Now from all these Sacred and Profane Histories, it may be infer'd, that of *Extasies*, some are *miraculous*, and others *natural*. The former not submitting to ordinary Causes any more than all the other things do that concern Religion, which stands much upon the Preheminence of being above Reason. The latter proceeding from the great disproportion there is between the Body and the Mind, the one being extremely vigorous, the other extremely weak. Whence it fol-

lows, that there are two sorts of Persons subject to *Natural Extasies*, to wit, those transcendent Minds which are dispos'd into weak Bodies, and weak Minds in strong and robust Bodies; much as there being not a perfect Connexion and Correspondence between them, *the Soul finds it no great difficulty to disengage her self from the Body, or the Body from the Soul, which by that means obtains a freedom in her Operations, it being suppos'd that they do not at all depend one upon another; as may be seen in the Formation of the Embryo, wherein the Soul making her self a place of Abode, plainly shews that she is able to act without it; as also in Swoonings and Faintings, during which the Body continues so destitute of Sense, that no active Faculty, at least no Operation of the Soul, is observable in it.*

The Vegetative Soul, which is without Motion, being the first whereby we live, it is not to be much admir'd, if the other two Souls, to wit the *Sensitive* and the *Rational*, do sometimes separate themselves from it; and this is that which they call *Extasy*: whereof we have a certain Instance in all the Faculties, which are in like manner separated one from another, without the loss of their Organs. Accordingly, he who is most sharp-sighted as to the Understanding, hath commonly but a weak corporeal Sight; the most robust Body is ordinarily join'd to the weakest Mind: Those Persons who walk and talk in their Sleep, do also shew that the Rational Soul does quit the Government of the Body, and leaves it to the direction

and

and disposal of the Sensitive ; they please themselves. And the same thing may be also this hath been affirm'd to me of a said of the Vegetative exclusively certain Person who was able to to the other two. To come to do it, without any other trouble Instances : We have at this day than this : He caus'd to be painted the Experience of some, who on the Wall a great Circle all continue a long time in *Extasies*, white, in the Centre whereof he and that not only in matters of set a black mark, and after a long great importance, but also in continu'd looking upon it, the some things of little concern- visual Spirits being by degrees ment, which they are not able to dissipated, brought his Soul into comprehend ; nay, there are a *Vertigo* or Dizziness, which oc- some have the knack of falling casion'd the *Extas*.

Paradox CXVI.

Primitive Innocence ; or a Paradox proving that modest Women may go stark naked.

LADIES, you will take this dow, than add to their native Lustre. To be huddled up, and as (we doubt not) for an odd it were bury'd in Clothes, is a kind of Whim, and unfit to be a kind of Deformity ; or as if rank'd with more serious matters ; Guilt or Shame made lovely Wo- but being brought to me by a man shroud her self up in Co- young *Gentlewoman*, just as the vertures of Obscurity. The Sun fit of Anger with her *Taylor* was seems to mourn and lose his upon her for spoiling her a new Brightness, as to our Sight, when *Mantua*, by bungling it into a he is muffled up in Clouds. Na- shape that put a Deformity upon kedness was the primitive Orna- her delicately proportion'd Body, ment, when Reason was not de- in making her seem bunch-back'd ; prav'd with long and traditional we could not forbear gratifying Customs, nor tinctur'd by any her earnest Request, that it might prevalescent Humour. What is have a place in this Work, tho most consonant to the Law of we do not believe it will answer Nature, ought most to be fol- her expected Revenge in spoiling low'd. *Adam* and *Eve*, we know, the *Taylor's* Trade, or that you were so far from being cloth'd, will follow her Directions. Look that it was the greatest Mark of upon it then as a Paradox, and their Liberty and Uprightness ; it will not be unpleasant in the and the first Brand that stigma- perusal.—
tiz'd them after their Fall, was
to Womens Beauties (says she) their making themselves *Aprons* of
and rare Perfections are such, that *Figleaves*, which imply'd a guilty
Ornaments rather cloud and sha- Shame

Shame upon the forfeiture of their naked and native Innocence. However their Garments were so few, that they screen'd but a small part of their Majestick Comeliness from the wondering Eyes of the Creatures: Nor indeed did the Ages that presently succeeded grow up into Garb or Fashion, but continu'd with a very little Variation; and possibly what their Progenitors did only with *Figleaves*, they supply'd with *Kidskin*, or some such thing. And those Nations who have not alienated their naked Simplicity either by Commerce or busy Inventions, do as yet retain this open Integrity, and decline not to those unseemly Sophistications of Beauty, *viz.* Garments. Our Historians tell us, that upon the Discovery of the *Indies*, the *Natives were found clad in the beauteous Robes of Nature and naked Innocence*, who living merely among themselves, and by their own peculiar Customs, it is to be suppos'd they retain'd among them that which Nature desir'd to be kept pure and unvary'd, not to say that all People naturally desire to go naked: yet certainly it is a shrewd Suspicion of it, that when the Sun returns to this side of our Horizon, they know no better way to congratulate the Approach of that glorious Light so near them, than by *putting on thin or open Garments, and cool themselves by frequent Bathings*; which seems no other than a Desire of Nakedness. And since the Tyrant Custom absolutely prohibits it them, they will approach it by such ways as near as they can; and surely it must be either an Happiness or excellent Duty that they strive to perform on that occasion. But in Women we have seen these Desires far *more intense*, they having made it their Delight to uncover the Parts of their chiefest Beauty, as their *Faces*, *swan-white Necks*, *soft rising Breasts*, *ivory Shoulders*, and *alabaster Hands*; so that they endeavour in part to break that Restraint that hides the rest of their Glory, and to set forth their delicate Tresses, curl'd and frounc'd in the most curious inviting manner. And tho possibly Jealousy may cause all these to be hid, yet 'tis a Violation of their Wills, and the Weather's Coldness sometimes may oblige them to it: yet this is but Providence, or possibly the Company may distast it; and that is but Compliance, for what beauteous Woman is there that could not wish all her Garments of Lawn, and transparent, that their delicate Shapes might charm the wondring Spectators in Love and longing Desires, rather than lie hid in rich and gorgeous Apparel? For if, as *Plato* saith, *Souls unwillingly depart out of our Bodies*, that must needs be a curious Mansion which so fine a Substance as the Soul is, is in love with. Who then can blame the Owner to delight in it? And what a torment is Delight, if it be shut up in one Breast, and not diffus'd into a lively Communication? For all kind of Blessings are multiply'd by their Division; and what greater Blessing is there than a rare Symmetry and Contexion of Feature, which can charm Knowledge into Admiration, and Majesty into Love?

I know 'twill be here objected ; We find by lamentable, if I may not say fatal Experience, that the World too much allows *Nakedness* in Women ; and 'tis now pass'd into a Custom so general, that it is become common almost to all Women and Maids of all sorts and conditions, and hath spread it self abroad into most parts of the Earth. But however let us labour to imitate the Zeal of St. *Chrysostom*, and if we cannot prevent this Disorder, let us strive with him to make these Women know how great their fault is in coming to Church in such undecent Habit, and if I may presume to say so, as it were *half naked*. Do you come into the House of God as to a Ball? says that great Man to them. Does this Pomp, this soft and wanton Delicacy, this affected *Nakedness* any whit suit with or become the state of Suppliants and Criminals? But let me not only pour out my Laments for those who appear vain and light in sacred Places, but also let me shew my fear for them who do not fly their Company, who turn away their Eyes from those Places where God more immediately bestows his gracious Presence, to cast them upon those Idols that are so gaudily and immodestly drest up. There is always danger in attentively looking upon a naked Breast ; and there is not only a great danger, but a kind of crime in beholding it with attention in the Churches. The sight of a fair Neck and pretty swelling Breasts, are no less dangerous for us than that of a

Basilisk ; and it is then we may say with the Scripture, that the Devil makes use of the Windows of our Bodies for Death by Sin to enter into our Souls ; and I believe that the Patriot *Job* had a mind to teach us this Truth, when he declares, that he had made a Covenant with his Eyes, to the end that he might not think on the Beauty of a Maid. Let us then remember that Maxim of the great St. *Gregory*, That it is a mighty piece of Impudence to look upon that which we are not permitted to desire. David sin'd for being too prodigal and free in his Looks ; and one single Glance suffic'd to make him fall into Sin. That Prince was holy, and *Bathsheba*, on whom by accident he cast his Eyes, was innocent ; but she was naked ; David saw her in that posture, and there needed no more to make David lose his Holiness and *Bathsheba* her Innocence. Who is this proud one that will refuse to be instructed by so great an Example? and who after this Example, will not avoid with care the sight and address of a Woman that openly exposes all those Charms which she thinks are most beautiful and surprising? Surely then they cannot be exempt from Blame who do shew their Breasts and Shoulders at so extreme a rate, since they cannot possibly be ignorant that that *Nakedness* must needs be much more powerful than words to excite the Motions of *Concupiscence* ; for who does not know that the Eyes are the Guides of Love, and that

that it is thro them that it most commonly steals into our Souls. If the Devil sometimes makes use of the Ear to seduce our Reason, he does almost always make use of the Eyes to disarm it, and to bewitch our Hearts. A naked Breast and bare Shoulders are continually speaking to our Hearts, in striking and wounding our Eyes; and their Language, as dumb as it is, is so much the more dangerous as it is not understood but by the Mind, and the Mind is pleas'd with the understanding it. The Beauty of a Neck which is presented to our Eyes, hath nothing but what attracts and allures us; and as it does not cease speaking to us in its way and manner, nor cease soliciting us, and being pleasing to us, it at last triumphs over our Liberty, after it has abus'd and betray'd our Senses.— Men do very well know how dangerous it is to look upon a naked Bosom; and your vain and light Women are sensible how advantageous it is to them to shew it. Men say, and say it again, to the Women how much they are smitten at the sight of their Necks and Shapes. The Women know the pernicious Effects which the Beauty of their Shapes and Necks produce in the Minds of Men, when by their naked Breasts they do not only expose themselves to the loss of their Reputation, but they do greatly run the hazard of losing their Innocence too. Their Chastity is even struck and wounded by every Glance of a loose and wanton Eye, and their Modesty is shock'd by the vain Approbations which are given them; the Idea of their Breasts does not less enter into their Imagination than into that of the Men, who consider it attentively, and commend it; and as they most commonly do, join the Idea of all the Body to that of their Breasts, being persuaded that they shew the Beauty of the one, to make that of the other be better judg'd of. There is no Age nor Quality which exempts a Man from being tempted by the sight of a naked Neck or Breast; and the Inclination that Nature inspires into us for our Neighbours, proves oftentimes a Disposition to the dishonest Love which the Devil suggests to us. After this, what can there be alledg'd for the Justification of those Maids and Women who affect going with naked Necks? Will they say that they ought to be suffer'd to uncover their Necks, &c. since 'tis lawful that they should go with their Faces bare? It is only thro Condescension that the Church allows them to go without a Veil over their Heads, and that therefore this relaxing of the Modesty of the First Christians cannot serve for a Reason to give them greater liberty, and to conform themselves wholly to the Vanities of the Age. Nothing discovers Lightness so much, as to make strange Eyes familiar with the Knowledg of Naked Breasts. No serious Judgment can conceit less than lightly of such expos'd Beauty; which that Epigrammatist glanc'd at happily, when seeing one of these
amorous

‘ amorous Girls, who had no
‘ meaning to lead Apes in Hell,
‘ but would rather impawn her
‘ Honour than enter any vestal
‘ Order, attir’d in a light wanton
‘ Habit, and Breast display’d,
‘ and this in Lent time, when
‘ a graver Attire and a more con-
‘ fin’d Bosom might have better
‘ becom’d her, he wrote these
‘ Lines:

*Nunc emere hard fas est (est Quadragesima) carnes ;
Quin mulier, mammas, contigis ergo tuas ?*

‘ With Breasts laid out, why should I Shambles tempt?
‘ It’s held unlawful to buy Flesh in Lent.

‘ Dainty Nipples (said that ex-
‘ cellent Moralist to a wanton Gal-
‘ lant), why do ye so labour to
‘ tempt and take deluded Eyes?
‘ Must not poor Wormlins one day
‘ tug you? Must those enazur’d
‘ Orbs for ever retain their Beau-
‘ ty? Must Nature in such am-
‘ ple measure shew her Bounty,
‘ and you recompense her Love
‘ with laying Snares to purchase
‘ Fancy?—— In short, there
‘ is nothing that impeaches
‘ civil Fame more than these
‘ outward fantastick Fooleries,
‘ where the Eye gives way to
‘ Opinion, and a Conceit is
‘ convey’d to the Heart, by the
‘ outward Nakedness. For as by
‘ the Countenance Piety is im-
‘ pair’d, so by the Eyes is Chasti-
‘ ty impeach’d. Where this is
‘ and hath been ever held for an
‘ undoubted Maxim: *Immodest
‘ Eyes are Messengers of an un-
‘ guarded Heart.* The principal
‘ means then to preserve Repu-
‘ tation, is to avoid all occasion
‘ of Suspicion.

‘ I own here is a long and morose
‘ Sermon against Ladies shewing
‘ their white Skin; but still I assert
‘ that Modest Women (for I have
‘ nothing to say to the Harlots)
‘ may and ought to go stark naked;

for don’t we give to all the Vir-
tues the Habits and Visages of
Women? and of all the Virtues
Truth is the best: for Truth is
the Mother of Justice, and Jus-
tice they say, comprehends them
all: yet she is painted naked,
and naked Truth is always in high
esteem among the Good and Vir-
tuous. And is it not very fit, that
all the Sex should imitate so ex-
cellent a Pattern and Mistress?
It may be objected indeed, that
this would produce infinite Pro-
vocations and Enticements to Lust.
But I say, no; for I dare affirm,
what by *Painting and Washing*, the
Looseness and Change of Garments,
what by gaudy Inventions of
Dressings, Gait and Air, *Pork*
and *Mein*, there is much more
Fewel added, than if all went
with no more Mantles than Na-
ture thrust them into the World
withal; their Hair hanging loosely
down, or carelessly gather’d up
into a Fillet, and almost perhaps
a little Apron to hide the *Puden-
da* from being too much gaz’d at
and blown upon. Those Men
that have been often among the
naked Indians, confess, *there is a
less Temptation in Nakedness, than
in artificial Adornments and Embe-
lishments.* For if indeed it be

consider'd aright, there is nothing that does so much puff up Lust as the Circumstances of rich Apparel, curious Dressings, and pleasing Scents and Perfumes, which screw up the Apprehension, and fix the Imagination upon somewhat that is great: so that by this means a number of great Persons are zealously courted to have their Appetites satisfy'd; whereas if they were either left naked, or reduc'd to a vulgar Garb, the Temptation would vanish. *Nakedness restores Women to themselves*; for to what an irregular height doth the *Venetian Chippius* mount them? What *Tow'rs of Turkish Tires* have they now in fashion? so that the Face of a short Woman seems to stand in the middle, her Stature is so augmented by the building of her Head so many story high. How does the dressing of all Nations disguise them, *that they must put off their masking Habit, or like Watches be taken to pieces e'er they can be enjoy'd*? And to what other end I pray were they made, as to their worldly Felicity? The Customs of Countries are different, and the Garb is *majestick* at one place, which is *sordid* and *ridiculous* at another. All People have not the same Conceptions of Beauty: White is as hateful to an *Ethiopian*, as Black to us. But once unclothe Women, and according to their Complexions they are all the same; but the Conception about the Harmony and Measures of a Body differs not. And what greater Right can I do my Sex than to bring Women to be judg'd by one Rule? And since every Woman judges her self

the Fairest, she that would be backward to this Arbitriment, would be *diffident* of her self, and consequently a *Renegade* from her Sex. The three beautiful Goddesses, we find, stript themselves in Mount *Ida*, when they came to *Paris* to pass his Judgment upon them which was the fairest. And *Corinines* tells us of a Princess who permitted the Ambassadors who came to demand her in Marriage, to see her only in a *Lawn Smock*, that they might give a better Report of her Beauty, telling them she would even put off that too; if they were not satisfy'd. For as there is an inextinguishable Jealousy and Emulation among some Women, so there is an unmeasurable Pride; and Pride arising out of Confidence, all will not decline Judgment. And what better way than these Rules which the Voices of all conclude on? For a Woman may paint a blue or yellow Cheek as well as a red one; but the sweet Composure and Measure of her Body, her Limbs, and comely Shape, cannot alter. And how imperfect are they to be seen thro Clothes, which may hide and falsify many things, which in a veracious Nakedness may be truly discern'd? Men have cast two great blemishes on our Sex; first, *Uncertainty* and *Change of Judgment*; and secondly, *Unconstancy in Clothes and Carriage*: and how can either be better remov'd than if the fair ones were reduc'd into such a posture as they should all necessarily agree in, and that they had not liberty to change? And I pray, what other way is there, unless they be brought to be all naked? But then they may complain,

plain, *Take away their Arts and their Ornaments, and they shall want of their Complacency and Provocations to their Husbands.* But notwithstanding, they have liberty enough left them: They may dye, or pounce, or figure their Skins, after the manner of the antient *Britans*. In a word, since the Sun, the Moon, and all the glorious *Battalia* of Heaven,

appear as Nature made them, and every thing but Men and Women are contented with what Nature allotted them; why should Woman, who is the Masterpiece of Nature, hide her Beauty, out of mere Humour and Fancy to enrich Taylors, Weavers, and Sempstresses, who, if the naked Fashion be follow'd, may hang themselves?

Paradox CXVII.

The Kissing Lady grants even what she denies, and (which is yet stranger) the more she pays, the more she is still indebted.

PRETTY coy modest Thing! how lovingly
 She seems to grant me what she doth deny!
 Troth, little *Cupid*, 'tis a pretty Art
 To look another way, and strike a Heart;
 But why, my Boy, do'st teach the Women it,
 Who whilst they say they will not shoot, do hit?
 Well-plaid, good *Angler*, with thy sportive Bait,
 To catch it from me when I think I ha't.
 But why *Dorinda*, am I thus deny'd,
 And after so long Treaty cast aside?
 Perhaps thou lov'st to hear me ask of thee;
 To laugh at my poor *Courtship Beggary*:
 Canst thou be so unkind? Must I forbear
 To love *Dorinda*? Strange! well tho, my Fair,
 We must return our Pledges, prithee then
 Take all thy *Surety Kisses* back agen.
 First my indebted Lips shall pay thee thine,
 Then thou shalt kiss me till thou pay'st me mine:
Paying our Debts shall make's indebted more,
 We'll kissing pay, and paying run o'th' score;
 And run so long, so deep in Debt, my Dear,
 Till neither on's can pay his vast Arrear:
 So in Love's lawful Action by my troth
 The Catch-heart, *Cupid*, shall arrest us both;
 And if that little *Bumbailiff* in my Suit
 Arrest *Dorinda*, and she prosecute

Her *Creditor* for *Debt* again; for thee
 I'll take no *Bail*, none shall be given for me,
 But these my Arms shall thy close *Prison* be,
 And thou shalt find a *Prison* too for me;
Bridewell or *Gatehouse*, Heaven to my Heart,
 Whilst thou my *Keeper* and my *Prison* art:
 Nor do I care, but pray there may not be
 These hundred years a *Goal-delivery*.

But what's the meaning of this feign'd Denial?
 Was it to check my Hopes, or make a trial
 Of my undoubted Love? *Dorinda*, know,
 The hasty Current stopt, doth overflow.

Thou art a richer Jewel, 'tis not fit
 So little asking should obtain thee yet;
 Porters with whom such wealthy Treasure are,
 Ope not the door till they know who is there;
 Let my Dear know I will not pillage her,
 I only ask to be her Treasurer.

I love to feel that Hand that pats me so,
 And seems to say me *Yes*, in saying *No*.

Paradox CXVIII.

That all Sciences may be profitably reduc'd to one.

THE Desire of knowing is very charming, but Man's Life is too short to satisfy the same, unless the great number of Sciences be reduc'd into one; their multitude requiring a Volume to contain their Names alone, and this with their Length being the principal Causes of the little Fruit gather'd from them, and the Distaste which they beget. The way of Abridgment would be to retrench out of each all matters unprofitable, or not pertaining to the Science, as are most Metaphysical Questions which are treated of in Logick; Natural, in Medicine; Moral, Natural, and Juridical, in Divinity, to avoid Repetitions. And thus the fifth and sixth Books of *Euclid* might be reduc'd into one, since in the latter he demonstrates by Number, what before he had demonstrated by Lines; yea, the 117 Propositions of his tenth Book might be demonstrated in another Order, and compris'd in less than thirty: as the five following Books, the three of *Candamus*, the Sphericks of *Theodorus*, the Conicks of *Apollonius*, the Principles of *Archimedes* and others, which make above 500 Propositions, might be reduc'd profitably to less than a hundred. But above all, 'twould be requisite to be careful of laying down good Principles, and teaching these Sciences with Or-
 der

der; and for this purpose to retrench all unprofitable Books, whose Numerousness causes Confusion, and is now more hurtful than their Scarceity was heretofore; according to *Justinian's* Example, who reduc'd all the Law-Books of his time into two Volumes, the *Digests* and the *Code*; and that of the *Jews*, who compris'd all things that can be known in one single Science call'd *Cabbala*, as the *Druids* did their Disciplines under certain Maxims and Aphorisms. And *Raimond Lullie's* Art teaches to know and speak of all things, which might be done, if instead of spending the fittest time of our Age (as we do unprofitably) in learning to speak *Latin* and *Greek*, we employ'd it, by the Example of the Antients, upon the Mathematicks, History, and all Sciences depending more upon Memory and Fancy than Solidity of Judgment; which might afterwards be form'd in a short time by Logick, in order to its being exercis'd in the Knowledge of things natural, supernatural, and moral; which might easily be obtain'd in less than five years, if all Superfluities were retrench'd.

It may be here objected; 'Because the possibility of a thing must first be understood, before the means of attaining it sought, 'tis requisite first to agree whether all Sciences are reducible into one, before the ways to do it be inquir'd. And altho at first sight it seem possible, because they presuppose one another, and there is such a Connection in their Principles that some depend upon the Demonstration of others; yet

I conceive this Re-union of all into one would seem rather a Monster, or a thing like the Confusion and Disorder of the antient Chaos, than a true and legitimate Discipline: For 'tis easier to destroy the present Method, than to establish a better. Moreover, how is this Union possible, since the Foundations and Principles of Sciences are controverted by the Masters who profess them? For setting aside those indemonstrable Principles which are very few, and need only be heard that they may be granted, and may be learn'd in less than an hour; if we make an Induction thro all the Sciences, we shall find nothing certain in them. Has Morality, whose chief Object is Beatitude, found one sole Point wherein to establish it? Are not part of *Aristotle's* Opinions overthrown by *Galen*? who on the other side is countercheck'd by *Paracelsus* and all the Chymists, who pretend to cure Diseases by their Likes, as the former doth by their Contraries? Law being founded upon the Instability of human Will, hath as little Certainty: And Divinity it self, which is the Science of Verities, is divided by the Sects of the *Nominals*, of *Scotus*, and *Thomas*; not to speak of the Heresies which incessantly assault it. And if we compare it to other Sciences, it overthrows most of their Principles, by establishing the Mysteries of Faith. This is it which made the wisest of Men, and who perfectly understood all Sciences, to say, *That they*

were but Vanity : And were this Union possible, he hath so highly recommended Sobriety of knowing, that 'twould be a kind of Intemperance to desire to know every thing ; no less presumptuous by exceeding the Bounds set by God to each of our Capacities, than ridiculous, by attempting to make a necessary and infallible thing of many contingent and uncertain, and not yet agreed upon.

To this I answer, That Unity, which is one of the Transcendents, co-eternal and co-essential to Good, ought to be the Attribute of all good things, and consequently of Discipline ; which likewise being the Good of the Understanding, which is one, cannot be comprehended by it, but by their becoming conformable the one to the other. If any reply, That 'tis enough that things enter into it successively, and so need not be one (which would be inconsistent with their nature) I answer, that the Series and Order which is found in those things belongs to one *single Science* ; otherwise they would have no Connection together, and by this means could not be made use of to purpose. And since all our Notions depend one on another, our Discourse being but a *continual Syllogism*, whose Conclusions depend upon the Premises, it follows, that the Syllogism being the Subject but of one Sci-

ence, they all pertain but to one Science ; whence Philosophy is defin'd the Knowledge of things divine and human, that is to say, of every thing. Indeed since all moral Virtues are so connected together, that 'tis impossible to possess one without possessing all ; the Sciences (which are the intellectual Virtues) must be strictly united likewise ; and the more, for that they have *but one most simple Subject, to wit, the Understanding*. And since the means of Being are the same with those of Knowing, every thing that is in the world having the same Principles of Existence, must also have the same Principles of Knowledge, and so make *one sole Science* ; because Sciences differ only by reason of their Principles ; all which too depend upon one Metaphysical Principle, namely, that one and the same thing cannot be and not be ; which proves all others : and therefore it follows, *That there must be one sole Science general, comprehending all the rest*. For to say, that every several manner of handling a thing, makes a distinct Science, is to imitate him who would make an Art of every Simple. Lastly, Nature would not have given us a Desire of knowing every thing, if this Desire could not be accomplish'd : But it is impossible to be so, whilst the Sciences remain so diffuse as they are at present.

Paradox CXIX.

It is absurd to assert Man does a thing ignorantly.

HUMAN Actions, other-
wise call'd moral and vo-
luntary, are such as are effected
by Man, as far as he is a Man; or
are produc'd by his Will or prac-
tick Understanding. Wherefore
whatever Man acteth with the
Fore-knowledg and Fore-com-
mand of his practick Understand-
ing, is human and voluntary. A
voluntary Action may be purely
voluntary and free, or mixt out
of a *Voluntas* and *Noluntas*, that
is, will'd with a reluctancy. The
first Acceptation of Voluntary, *A-*
ristotle terms Voluntary strictly so
call'd; the latter he denominates
Involuntary, but improperly.

However, *it is absurd to assert*
Man does a thing ignorantly, since
it is impossible for a Man to do
any thing which he doth not fore-
know. Wherefore it must be an
Error in the *Peripateticks*, to af-
firm, that Man can act an *invo-*
luntarium quiddam ex ignorantia,
because he acteth nothing, but
what is consented unto partially
or totally by his Will, which can-
not will any thing (as the *Peri-*
patetick Definition holds forth)
without the Foreknowledg of the
Understanding. Hence I con-
clude, that nothing is to be term'd
involuntary or mixtly voluntary,
unless a Man is forc'd to it vio-

lently, or by a Cause acting from
without.

Here it may be demanded,
Whether Evils of Omission or
Duties (requir'd by a Law) com-
mitted by Man when he is igno-
rant of the said Law, are to be
term'd involuntary? No cer-
tainly, for they are voluntary, in
that the Omission of an Act is
as much an Act of the Will as
the Affection of it. But whether
such Omissions or Commissions,
which a Man doth will, are to be
term'd evil, in regard he will'd
them thro Ignorance, which had
he not been ignorant of, he
would not have will'd, is to be
decided from the Circumstances
of such Actions, and not from
the imputing such Actions not to
be the Actions of Man, or not to
be voluntary. Moreover, I an-
swer, That no kind of Ignorance
doth make an Action neutral
(that is, neither good or evil)
and excusable, but an invincible
Ignorance. What invincible Ig-
norance and other kinds of Igno-
rances are, I do wittingly omit the
inserting, since they are vulgarly
enough known. As for such Cir-
cumstances, which are requir'd
to render human Actions good or
evil, it has no reference to this
Paradox, and therefore I omit it.]

Parador CXX.

That Life is nothing but Motion.

THE more common a thing is, the more difficult it is to speak well of it; witness sensible Objects, the nature whereof is much in the dark to us, altho they always present themselves to our Senses. Thus nothing is more easy than to discern *what is alive from what is not*; and yet nothing is more difficult than to explicate the nature of Life well, because 'tis the Union of a most perfect Form with its Matter, into which the Mind of man sees not a jot; even that of Accidents with their Subject being unknown, altho it be not so difficult to conceive as the first. Some have thought that the Form which gives Life is not substantial, but only accidental; because all (except the rational) arise from the Elementary Qualities; and Accidents can produce nothing but Accidents. But they are mistaken, since whereas nothing acts beyond its Strength, if those Forms were Accidents they could not be the Causes of such marvellous and different Effects, as to make the Fruits of the Vine, Fig-tree, &c. and Blood in Animals; to attract, retain, concoct, expel and exercise all the Functions of the soul, which cannot proceed from Heat alone, or any other material Quality. Besides, if the Forms of animated Bodies were Accidents, it will follow that Substance (which is compounded of Form as well as of Matter) is

made of Accidents; and consequently, of that which is not Substance, contrary to the receiv'd Axiom. Therefore vital Forms are Substances, tho incomplete, whose Original is Heaven, the Author of Life, and all sublunary Actions.

The Soul being the Principle of Life, according to the three sorts of Souls, there are three sorts of Life; namely, the Vegetative, Sensitive and Rational, differing according to several Sublimations of the Matter. For the Actions of attracting and assimilating Food, and the others belonging to Plants, being above those of Stones and other inanimate things, argue in them a principle of those Actions, which is the vegetative Soul. Those of moving, perceiving, imagining and remembering, yet nobler than the former, flow from the Sensitive Soul. But because the Actions of the Intellect and the Will are not only above the Matter, but are not so much as in the Matter, (as those of Plants and Animals) being immanent, and preserv'd by the same Powers that produc'd them, they acknowledg for their Principle a Form more noble than the rest, which is *the Rational Soul*, the Life of which is more perfect. And as the Plantal Life is the first and commonest, so it gives the most infallible vital Tokens, which are Nutrition, Growth and Generation, now that all three be in all living Bodies: For

Mush-

Mushrooms live, but propagate not; as some things propagate, yet are not alive; so Bull's Blood bury'd in a Dunghill produces Worms: others are nourish'd but grow not, as most Animals when they have attain'd their just Stature: yea, not every thing that lives is nourish'd; for House-leek continues a whole year in its Verdure and Vivacity, being hung at the Cieling: Nor does every thing grow alike, for we see *Dodder*, which resembles *Epithymum*, clinging to a bunch of Grapes, or other Fruit hanging in the Air, grows prodigiously without drawing any nourishment from it or elsewhere. Whereby it appears that there is no Rule but has its Exception, since Nature which gives the same to all things, oftentimes dispenses with her self.

However this is certain, the Soul is the act of an Organical Body endu'd with Life, and the Principle of Vegetation, Sense and Motion; according to Aristotle, an intellective or continual Motion; according to Plato, a Number moving it. And consequently, Life is nothing but Motion; and a thing may be said to be alive when it is able to move it self by any kind of Motion, whether of Generation or Corruption, Accretion or Diminution, local Motion or Alteration: For the most evident sign of Life is Self-Motion. Whence we call such living Waters, which flow; and those dead, which stand still; altho improperly, because this Motion is extrinsecal to them, namely, from their Source, and the De-

clivity of the Earth. The *Pythagoreans* therefore believ'd the Heaven animated, because it is moved according to all the Differences of Place; and that this Animal is nourish'd with the Air which it draws out of the Spaces which we call Imaginary. Now as Powers are known, so they are distinguish'd by their Actions. *So that the perfecter the Motion is which denotes Life, the perfecter the Life is.* Therefore, as Oysters and other imperfect Animals, indu'd with Sense, enjoy a nobler Life than Plants, which only vegetate; so they are inferior to other perfect Animals, which besides Sense have progressive Motion; and these, again, the slower and more impetite their Motion is, the more they yield in Dignity to others, as the Snail to the Dog and Hare. In brief, these are less noble than Man, whose Soul is mov'd after a more admirable manner, and who hath the Faculty of Understanding the most perfect of all; which being found in God in a far higher degree, because it constitutes his whole Essence, Being and Understanding (being in him one and the same thing) he hath the most perfect Life of all: Which is the Cause why our Lord saith, *That he is the Life.* Moreover, as the First Matter, which is the lowest of all things that are (if it may be said to be) hath need of all; so the sublimest of all things, God, hath need of nothing, but includes in himself all Perfections, *the chiefest of which is Life, which all Creatures enjoy only by Participation from him.*

Paradox CXXI.

The Female Devil; or a Paradox proving the adjusting a (pretid) Lady's Dress in a Morning, is Conjuratation.

IT was a serene *Sunshine Morn-*
ing, that Dame Nature came
 forth from her Retirements, to
 take a Survey of her Works, and
 recreate her self with the Pros-
 pect of her own beautiful Image
 scatter'd thro the Universe. She
 beheld the *Sun*, that glorious
 Fountain of Light, casting a-
 broad his Splendors with an un-
 veild Countenance; but the
 more modest *Moon* shrouded above
 half her Face under a Mask, un-
 willing to be expos'd to the las-
 civious Eye of every *Endymion*:
 she saw the rest of the *Planets*
 and *Stars* bashfully twinkling
 their innocent Glances at each o-
 ther, and on all the World; she
 travers'd the *Elements*, and ob-
 serv'd every thing kept the Or-
 der which she had first appointed
 it. But she fix'd a more parti-
 cular Eye on *Man*, the Master-
 piece of all her Works, the Mas-
 terless *Epitome* of the whole Cre-
 tion; and calling to mind his
primitive Perfections, with the
 Tragical Story of his *Fall*, she
 fetch'd a deep Sigh, which made
 the Earth to tremble. Whilst
 she was pensively busy'd in this
 Contemplation, I perceiv'd her
Brows suddenly knit, and she gave
 a start, which put all the Ele-
 ments into a Disorder. Looking
 about me to see what was the
 Occasion of this violent Passion,
 I beheld a *LADY* passing by
 her, dress'd Cap-a-pee after the
 present Mode. Upon which I
 heard the venerable Matron break
 forth into these Expressions;—
Bless me! said she, *what un-*
outh Object is this invades my Eyes!
a thing so foreign to all the known
Species of Beings! Or am I su-
 perannuated and some new Power
 usurp'd my Place, to forge the
 World again, and hammer out
 such Forms as ne'er before were
 rank'd in the great List of all my
 Works? Stay thou bold Phantasm!
 tell me what thou art? With that
 the Lady turn'd about, and made
 her this Answer.—*Lady*. You
 are merrily dispos'd, Madam,
 and discover the Brilliant of Lan-
 guage in your Expressions: I am
 pleas'd with your Raillery; but
 pray what News from Paris? In
 what Array did the *Dauphiness* ap-
 pear last Ball? I am told, my
Commode is a Tire too low, as
 they adjust it at the French Court.
 —*Nature*. Am I a-dream'd, or
 has the Multitude of Years im-
 pair'd my Sight and Judgment?
 The Voice is Woman's, but for
 the prating Figure, I want a Name;
 I see a moving Pyramid of Gaie-
 ties, a walking Toyshop, a speak-
 ing Gallimaufry of Ribbons, La-
 ces, Silk and Jewels, as if some
 upstart minick Nature had been
 at work, on purpose to upbraid
 my Skill, and tell me that in fra-
 ming Woman, I left out the Es-
 sentials.—Whilst Dame Nature
 was thus expostulating the Case
 with

with her self, I heard a sudden Noise rais'd behind me, at which looking that way, I saw *Heraclitus Ridens* standing in a Corner, ready to break his twatling String, he was so big with Laughter; 'Tis a fine time of day, said he, with Women, when Nature her self will not own them, as if she were ashamed of her Productions: Do but mind yonder Lady, she has spent five Hours this Morning in Rigging and Careening her self for publick Appearance; and I dare be bold to say, you may as soon reckon up the numerous Tackle of a Ship, as give the true Nomenclature of all the gaudy Whim-whams she wears about her: You would not wonder at me for changing my Note, had you seen, as I did, what pains this little *She-Lucifer* took to day, to mend the suppos'd Botchery of Nature in her Face; how she hunted after imaginary Faults in her Cheeks, to find occasion for Black Patches; how she plac'd and displac'd them a hundred times over, pursuing the least Spot and Freckle in her Skin to a thousand Dilemmas; with Wash, Paint and Patch; till tir'd with the tedious Discipline of her Toilet, she sails forth of her Chamber like a new launch'd Vessel with Pendants and Streamers flying, and all her Female Tackle in order, from the Top and Top Gallant to the Humble Keel. Do but regard her Rigging above Deck, and you'd swear she carries Bow Steeple upon her Head, or the famous Tower of *Severus* in Rome, on which were built seven Ranks of Pillars one above another. Such a lofty Gradation of Topknots, if it proceeds, will befriend the

Carpenters and Bricklayers, for our Gentry and Tradesmen in time will be forc'd to pull down their low-pitch'd Houses, and take the height of the Stories in the next Structure, from the elevated Pageant of Trinkets on their Wives and Daughters Heads, lest these fine Trappings should be kidnap'd from their empty Noddles by an unmannerly Brush of the saucy Cielings. 'Twould make a Dog split his Halter, to hear the learned Cant between the Mistress and Maid, when about the important Affair of adjusting her Ladiship's Array in a Morning; you'd swear they were conjuring, they sputter out such a confus'd Jargon of hard Words, such a Hotch-potch of Mongrel Gibberish: Bring me my *Palisade* there, quoth Madam, you'd think she were going to incamp. Will it not be convenient to attack your *Flandan* first, says the Maid? More Anger yet? still Military Terms? Let me see, says Madam, where's my *Cornet*? Pray careen this Favourite: So, so, good Words, now there's some hopes of Peace, till the blustering *Frilal* and *Burgoign* are call'd for, and then the old Catterwawling begins again? — There is a Clack of *Settees*, *Passes*, *Monte le hauts*, *Crotchets*, and other Trinkums, would make a Man suspect they are raising the Devil: at last comes the *Sur-les front*, and then Madam is compleatly harness'd for the Play, or the mysterious *Ruelle*. — Here *Heraclitus* made a Digression at the sight of a Troop of Females that were walking by. These, said he, belong to the inferiour Class of Topknots, they are but one Story high

high yet. Do but follow 'em, and you'll discover by the Working of their Heads and Tongues, that another is a brooding. I took his Counsel, and keeping at some distance, observ'd their Motion.——I wonder, says one of them, why the Men should make such a noise about the innocent Arts we use to win their Affections. They pretend to love us, and yet would confine us to a Dress that would make 'em hate us. Whatsoever is not so gay and polite in the World, is despis'd and trampled on : We have reason to hold up our Heads, to deck our selves with all the Ornaments that may create Respect in that wild Race. Why should not an *English* Commode be as allowable as the *Persian Tiara*, or the *Roman Septizonium* were of old ? Away with this servile Restraint ! Let us appear like *Amazons*, defy the Men, and all their grave Preachments, or lighter Pasquils. I am resolv'd to be in the Mode, tho it should put me to the Charge of maintaining a Negro to support the *Monumental Umbrella* on my Head. With that *Dame Nature* steps up to her, and thus address'd.——When I first moulded Woman, and sublimated her from the grosser Ore, I drew into that fair *Compendium* all the visible Perfections of the Creation : In her native Simplicity she glitter'd with Rays and Charms that dazled all Eyes : Nothing so salvage or untam'd, that did not pay an Homage to her conquering Beauty. She needed no other Ornament than the Lustre which flowed from her untainted Virtue. How comes it to pass that she has lost her Dia-

and seeks, in vain, to regain the shatter'd Remnants of her former Glory, by borrowing from every Trifle some counterfeit perfection to set her off ? You are but the Milliner's Machine, join'd together by Chambermaids officious Hands : A mere Chaos of needless Manufactures jumbled into the perfect Figure of a Woman.——The Lady that had first occasion'd *Madam Nature's* Surprise, and all this Discourse, had not patience to hear any more, but looking on her Watch that was attach'd to her Crotchet, made her Devoir to the Company, excusing her abrupt Departure, by telling them, 'twas time to go to the Playhouse. Upon which the young Fry of Topknots buttonning up their Mouths in a most charming manner, beg'd of her Ladiship to vindicate the common Cause against this Clownish old *Bel-dame*, that had made such a Coil about their Habilliments (for they had got that modish word by the end too) The Lady fond of the Character of a good natur'd Woman, took up the Cudgels, and turning to *Dame Nature*, spoke to her after this manner.——Prithee don't trouble thy Head, old Gentlewoman, said she, about the present Mode ; the World is grown more refin'd and polite since your youthful days : Women are not mew'd up in the Nursery, as in Queen *Elizabeth's* time, but have Liberty of Conversation ; we are more *Eveille* (as I may say) than formerly, wean'd from the Winter Tales of the Chimney Corners, and learning the Modes abroad, and Customs of more civiliz'd Matrons. We had

had been absolutely barbarous, had it not been for the Conquest of the Romans : And we should be little amended now, were it not for the Neighbourhood of the more accomplish'd French. I am in love with that genteel Nation : *may Foy*.—Truly, said *Heraclitus* laughing, you are much in the right on't, I ever said the fondness of our English

Women would make us Slaves to France ; nothing but French will go down with us : We eat, drink and sleep in plain English, but we manage the rest of our Actions in French : We love and hate *a-la-mode de Paris* : We walk, talk, dance and sing *a-la-mode de Paris*. In fine, we do all things *en Cavalier*, or *a-la-mode de Paris*.

Paradox CXXII.

That the Agreement between Man and Wife is chiefly owing to their being of a disagreeable Temper.

THIS Paradox might be handled either physically or morally. If it be demanded, whether the Husband and Wife should be of the same Temper? 'Tis answer'd, That as Nature hath distinguish'd the Sex, so she hath assign'd to either its peculiar Temperament ; if a Woman, which should be cold and moist, be hot and dry, she is unapt for Generation ; as the Husband also is when, being ill-qualify'd with hot and dry, he falls within the *Law de Frigidis*. But if it be question'd *morally*, whether Conformity of Manners be more requisite to Matrimony than their Diversity and Difference ; then, since *Diversity of Actions* is necessary in a Family, the Office of the Husband being other than that of the Wife, it seems they ought to be as different in Manners as they are in the Temper, which produces such Manners, and these the Inclinations and Actions.

Those Philosophers who held

that the Male and Female were each but one part of Man, which Name is common to both, would have concluded for resemblance of Humors and Manners ; for they said that *either sought his other half till they found it*. Which made the Friendships so boasted of in past Ages, and so rare in this, and likewise Marriages, of which they that take more notice find that but few marry'd Couples have any resemblance even in their Countenance. Moreover, Marriages being made in Heaven, and the most considerable Accidents of Life, the same Influence which makes the Marriage of the Husband must also make that of the Wife : And if all Actions here below borrow their force from the Heavens, as Astrologers hold, the Husband and Wife having the same universal Cause of so great and notable a Change, whereon depends almost all the Welfare and Misery of either, cannot but resemble one another.

And

*And yet of Marriage Bonds I'm weary grown,
Love scorns all Ties but those that are his own;
Chains that are drag'd must needs uneasy prove,
For there's a God-like Liberty in Love.*

So that 'tis plain those who resemble one another most, will agree best with their universal Cause; and consequently, the Stars will find less resistance to produce their Effects upon them, and so they will live more sweetly than if by Contrariety of Manners they should do as the Traveller at Sea, who walks in the Ship contrary to its Course, or who attempts to sail against Wind and Tide; or rather like those that draw several ways, whereby the Cord is sooner broken than any Advancement made of the Load; so during this Contrariety of Manners, nothing can go forward in the management of Domestick Affairs. Hence the Proverb, that we must eat many a Bushel of Salt with a Man before we chuse him for a Friend, is interpreted, that by semblance of Food a Similitude of Manners with him must be acquir'd: which is requisite between two Friends, how much more between two married Persons, who ought not to have greater Friends than they are one to the other, being in society of all the Goods and all the Evils of this Life? Imagine one of a pleasant, the other of a melancholy Humour; one loving Company, the other Solitude; the Opposition of these contrary Inclinations will render the Presence of the one as insupportable to the other, as Musick and Dancing are displeasing to a sad man, or tedious

Complaints for one dead, are to him that is dispos'd to Mirth. For by this Disproportion the Mind receives a Check, which is very disagreeable to it. If one be young, and the other old; one handsome, the other deform'd; one of an amorous Complexion, and the other not; the Mischiefs which follow thereupon are too common to be enumerated. If one be nimble, and the other slow, the Actions of the one will displease the other; whereas that which pleases, being or appearing good, and nothing (next our selves) being so acceptable to us as what resembles us; two Persons who shall agree to do something, or not to do it, shall have Peace and Tranquillity of Mind.

However it can't be deny'd but that in Oeconomy, as well as Policy, there ought to be a Harmony, which consists in Diversity, and not in Unisonance or Identity, which is every where disagreeable and dull. This made Aristotle desire that the Man were, at least, ten years elder than the Woman, the Disparity of Age causing that of Humors; and this makes the Difference which is found between Individuals, one of the greatest Wonders of the World. Therefore the Husband and Wife ought to be unlike in their Manners and Actions, to the end either may keep their Station, the one above, the other below, one command, the other

other obey. Moreover, the Husband and Wife that always agreed, would have no matter to talk of. Be the Man a great Talker, and the Woman too, the House will be always full of Noise; on the contrary, the Silence of the one will give place to the other's Talkativeness, and excuse it: and yet still we may prove this Paradox, that the Agreement between Man and his Wife is chiefly owing to their being of a disagreeable Temper. For if both be knowing or skilful, they will not esteem one another; but if one admire the other, there will be greater Love between them. If

both be prodigal, they will quickly see the bottom of the Bag; whereas the Thriftiness of the one will make amends for the Expensiveness of the other. If one be sad, the other being pleasant will divert him; if not, they will both fall into the Excess either of Sadness or Joy. If one be profane, the Party that is devout will convert him by good Example. In brief, if one be severe, 'tis good that the other be gentle; if one be passionate, that the other be patient; otherwise the House will be always in an uproar.

*What can be sweeter than our native Home?
Thither for Ease and soft Repose we come.
Home is the sacred Refuge of our Life,
Secur'd from all Approaches but a Wife.
If thence we fly, the Cause admits no Doubt;
None but an inmate Foe could drive us out.
Clamours our Privacies uneasy make,
Birds leave their Nests disturb'd, and Beasts their Haunts forsake.
Few know what Care a Husband's Peace destroys,
His real Grievs, and his dissembled Joys.
Yet Secrets of Marriage are sacred held,
Their Sweet and Bitter by the Wife conceal'd;
Errors of Wives reflect on Husbands still,
And when divulg'd, proclaim you've chosen ill;
And the mysterious Power of Bed and Throne,
Should always be maintain'd, but rarely shown.
Then sure th' unhappy marry'd are accurs'd,
For of all Ills, Domestick are the worst;
When we lay next us what we hold most dear,
Like Hercules, invenom'd Shirts we wear.*

If Justinian, or rather his Wife Theodora, had not abolish'd the laudable Custom of divorcing Wives, introduc'd by *Spurius Carrilius*, to abate their Pride and Malice; or, at least, if the Wives of these times were of the Humour of those Roman Women,

who having displeas'd their Husbands, ask'd them pardon in the Temple of a Goddess, call'd for that reason *Viriplaca*, it would not require so much care to consider the Conditions requisite to a happy Wedlock. In which 'tis to be observ'd, that both in Nature

Nature and Manners there are
 Tempers of Body, and Habits of
 Soul, absolutely good; others
 absolutely evil, and others indif-
 ferent, as the Passions. The
 Husband or Wife, whose Body is
 of a disagreeable Temper, should
 seek for the like, that so the De-
 fect of the one be amended by
 the Excess of the other. For the
 production of Man, being the
 noblest of all Actions, requires a
 most perfect Temperature of the
 four Elements in the Seed of the
 two Parents; which would not
 be, if both of them be hot and
 both dry, or both cold or both

moist. And this further proves,
*That the Agreement between Man
 and his Wife is chiefly owing to
 their being of a disagreeable Tem-
 per.* Then let the *Virtuous* seek
his like, the Vicious his unlike, for
 there's no Friendship among the
 Wicked, the converse of Thieves
 not deserving that Name. As for
 the *Passions*, and the Manners
 commonly following them, 'tis fit
 that the Husband have such as
 Nature has most commonly given
 to Men, and consequently that he
 be unlike to the Wife, and she to
 her Husband.

Paradox CXXIII.

Against a Kiss.

A PINDARIC.

I.

CHARMING Destroyer! whither wilt thou roll
 Thy rumbling Soul?

When *Sylvia* smiles with all her Sexes Arts,
 And angles for loose wandring Hearts;
 Sweet lovely *Poison* from her Lips she breathes,
 Soft subtle Darts,

And dear bewitching Deaths;
 Smiling *Plagues* she throws,
 Golden *Granado's* fows,
 And into Air the torcur'd Soul with Love's white Powder blows,
 Presents with painted *Vipers* gay, and crown'd,
 And scatters Heavenly Hells around.

II.

A Kiss! there's Magick in the Name,
 What Amulet against its Force can arm;
 The willing Letters of themselves forbidden Sounds compose,
 And leap into a Charm,
 And plunge the Hearer in blue Waves of Flame,
 Such sulph'rous liquid Flame as flows

From *Ætna's* everlasting Womb :
 Which oft e'er now over proud Towns weak Walls arose,
 And brought to *Cities*, and to *Men*, both *Death* and *Tomb* :
 Where Chrystal Lakes for long long Ages stood,
 Supply'd from the *Abyss* with an eternal Flood,
 For long unnumber'd Ages past,
 Scarce Ice more cold or chaste ;
 There, over all the mould'ring Banks red Surges pour ;
 There does hot *Vulcan* ravish all, and all devour,
 And even vitrifies the Mud.
 With much ado, to their great *Fund* some stragling Drops retire,
 Close at the Heels pursu'd by swift prepost'rous *Waves of Fire*.

III.

A Lip's the Devil's *Tinderbox*,
 Whence by soft repeated Strokes
 Lust's lurking Lightning flies,
 And blasts th' unhappy Soul that prys
 With rash unwary Eyes.
 A downy *Pillow*. where the firmest Heart is broke,
 (Be't Heart of *Flint*, or Heart of *Oak* !)
 With a sly never-smarting Stroke :
 A *Kiss* ! that *Traitor* in an *Angel's* Dress,
 From bad *Good Offices* will never cease,
 But ever seems to bring fair *Overtures of Peace*,
 When its *Commission* speaks of nothing less.
 At the *Mouth's* tott'ring Gate it parlies Sin,
 Slides thro a strong *Reserve*,
 T' invested *Lust*, which else must quickly starve,
 And gives *Intelligence* to every Enemy within.

IV.

'Tis *Death*, 'tis *Poison* all !
 Slow, sure *Italian Poison* 'twill
 To a Year, an Hour, a Minute kill ;
 Dead without Hope th' infected Wretches fall :
 One *Kiss* will raise
 More Frenzies than a score *Tarantula's*.
 The tickling *Venom* thro each secret Path will run,
 Till its mortal *Errand's* done ;
 The pungent *Atoms* search the Body o'er,
 Infect each Drop of putrid *Gore*,
 And chase the quiv'ring *Soul* thro every winding *Pore* :
 And see the curs'd *Enchantress* smiling by,
 Glares with a sharp unlucky Eye,
 Hind'ring the very *Wish* of Remedy.
 ' *Musick* the common Countercharm,
 Can only here increase th' *immedicable Harm* :
 And raise ten thousand *Devils* more,
 To all th' unnumber'd *Legions* revel'd there before.

NOTES.

¹ [Such sulph'rous liquid Flame as flows
From *Ætna's* everlasting Womb.]

² [And brought to *Cities*, and to *Men*, both *Death* and *Tomb*.]
At the Eruptions of that famous Sicilian Volcano, the melted Minerals broke down all Opposition, and ran for many Miles a continual stream of Fire; when it came to any Houses, it burst all down tho ne'er so strong, and bury'd the very Walls in heaps of Pumice-stones, and such kind of Matter.

³ [Supply'd from the *Abyss* with an eternal Flood.]

Among many other learned Mens, 'tis the immortal Cowley's Opinion, that under, or in the middle of the Earth, there is a Fund of concreated Water (as well as Fire) call'd—[The Fountains of the great Deep.]

⁴ [And even vitrifies the Mud.]

Vitrification is the last degree of Heat, in plain English turning into Glass.

⁵ [To a Year, an Hour, a Minute kill.]

Some of the Italians are reported so skilful at the hellish Art of Poisoning (well reckon'd together, if not sometimes the same with Witchcraft) that they'll kill ye a Man to any precise time, as certainly as a Clock; and temper the Potion so devilishly exquisite, it shall till such a time suspend its Operation.

⁶ [More Frenzies than a score *Tarantula's*.]

The Tarantula is a Spider found in Apulia in Italy, whose Poison is so peculiar, that the Person bitten by it falls incessantly a Dancing, nor is to be cur'd but by—

⁷ [Musick, the common Countercharm.]

Which dissipates the Venom, and makes 'em (I can't tell how) sweat it out again.

Paradox CXXIV.

That the Thoughts of Man, before they are brought forth into Word or Work, have a real Being.

I Shall prove this Paradox (as odd as it looks) by asking the following Questions.

Quest. 1. Seeing that a Man and his Word must be united or made one, and that accordingly the Words which flow from his Heart, can as little be annihilated as the Man himself can be; whether then this being so, all the Powers of Man must not concur to the Production and Birth of his Word? And forasmuch as the Voice and Word of Man are his Off-spring and Children, viz. his out-flown Spirits and Angels, which continually (from the beginning of his Life, until his Death)

Death) go out from him, and make up the whole man; whether or no then Man must not give an account of his Words, which do follow him, as well as his Works or Thoughts? And whether or no his Words should not be his Subjects, over which his Central Life-spirit ought to rule as a King, yea and as a Priest offer them up continually to the most High; and that so long until his perfect Revolution be accomplish'd, and his total Perfection attain'd, to the end that man might be capacitated to enjoy the thousand years Sabbath (which is made and consists of the weekly Sabbaths) and obtain a spiritual Body, and be united with Christ? For seeing that God hath made his beloved ones Kings and Priests, how could he have made them Kings, in case they had no Subjects? or Priests, if they had nothing to offer up to him? Forasmuch then as the Words of Man are to be his Subjects, and consequently must belong to his Regimen or Government; and that they (as well as his Sight, and all his Outbirths thro all his Senses and Desires) are a spiritual, endless and everlasting Being, as well as he himself is; how is it then possible that ever they should be separated from Man, or that they should lose themselves or perish in the Great World, which is Man's Mother, any more than a Man is able to lose himself? As for example, Let us suppose that if some thousands of men should be taken away from their Wives, viz. by the *Turks*, or the like, and carry'd away Captives into great Slavery, and that then there

should a Man be found who should redeem them all out of Bondage, and convoy them home again to their Wives and Children, and after that (he having made them meet together in one place) should make a Speech or Discourse to them full of the greatest Love and Friendliness; can we imagine that these redeem'd Slaves, their Wives and Children, would ever be able to forget this man's Countenance, Words or Works? Or may not we much rather suppose that they would from time to time relate all this to their Children and Grandchildren, that so the remembrance of this their Redeemer might abide steadfast and fix'd in all their Posterity? Moreover, may it not probably be suppos'd that some of these Women, one more, another less, would become so far possess'd of the Idea of this their Redeemer, as even to bring forth Children, which might resemble and be like him, and have (as it were) his perfect Shape and Form? just as we have had many such Examples of Women, who have, thro Liking and Love, strongly imprinted on themselves the Image of other Men or Women, and being impregnated, have brought forth Children, which have very much resembled those whose Image they had imprinted in themselves; insomuch as others (tho Strangers) could observe and take notice, that the Children greatly resembled such and such Persons.

Quest. 2. Now that not only the Words of Man, but also his operative Thoughts, before they are yet brought forth into Word

or Work, have a Being, is not to be doubted of, seeing that it is witnessed by our Saviour himself, *Mat. 5. 28.* when he saith, *Whoever looketh on a Woman to lust after her, hath committed Adultery already with her in his Heart.* And do not we in like manner experience daily, in many that are united together by a strong and vehement Love, that when they are absent from one another, yet notwithstanding they are made Partakers of each others Thoughts and Dreams by Day and Night; and that also when they are present, they can understand one another without speaking, and be able to answer, before the other hath spoke out his Meaning, or express'd his Thoughts?

The same, on the contrary, is likewise found in those who fall into great Anger, Envy, Jealousy, &c. against each other; of which many Examples might be here alledg'd, but are on purpose (as being but too notorious) omitted. Must not now this Knowledge which one man hath of the Thoughts of another, be

caus'd and wrought by a continual Influx, as well as Efflux of Spirits, which are the good or bad Angels of Man? Seeing that these Spirits, without being bound to Time or Place, do penetrate and pass thro all Bodies. Even as we see, when a Man fights in a Fencing-School, that according to the Bent and Intention of his Mind, all his Members at once in one moment become operative and move themselves. Now like as the Spirit of a man in his Body doth thus operate, and Man cannot be separated from the Greater World, as being united to the same both in his Spirit and his Body; shall not we suppose then, that by means of this Union and Sympathy arising from thence, Man is able to work in all parts of the said Macrocosm, which are in Harmony with him? As we may partly gather by a Similitude from without, *viz.* that when two Lutes are alike tun'd, if we touch the Strings of the one, the corresponding Strings in the other will give forth a like Sound.

Paradox CXXV.

Qui magis sapiunt, magis insipiunt.

That the greatest Scholars are the greatest Asses.

THAT they are so in the Eye of the World is obvious: who more ridiculous in all Companies? while the mere Scholar looks like his Ass in the College Quadrangle, and can hardly eat his

Meat for being star'd upon. His Discourse smells o'the Lamp: Fough, cry the ignorant, he is unfavoury, morose, pedantick, a mere Fardle of musty Books, whilst his Learning comes from him

him like Water out of a Bottle by Gulps, or not at all; and the

Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.

This is the vulgar Remark upon Learning and learned Men: the more's the pity; tho in truth the best do but *delirare*, and are but *Ereſta Stultitiæ ſtatua*, as *ſcälinger* calls them. It is Ignorance, blessed Ignorance, we all know, is the Mother of Devotion; *Eraſmus* is as famous for his *Moria Encomium*, as learned *Bacon* for his *Advancement of Learning*.

Tho I ſhall not therefore altogether decry humane Learning, becauſe the Apoſtles were but plain Fiſhmen, &c. being *Homo trium literarum* my ſelf: Yet I preſume I have juſt Learning enough to evince this Aſſertion, that the *Scioli*, the *Gnoſticks*, and moſt profoundly learned

men in all Ages have found out the greateſt Errors, Schiſms, Heresies, &c. and have been guilty of more Madneſs and Folly, than the more ſober, illiterate, and quiet *Proletarii*, whoſe implicit Faith without unprofitable Diſputes (of which there is no end) is pinn'd upon the Churches Sleeve.

I may tell theſe acute and ſophiſtical Jeſuits and ſubtle Schoolmen, as *Feflus* told *Paul*, much Learning hath made them mad. They having more need to plant *Hellebor*, or ſet up three Sails for *Anticyra*, than many others of ſhallower Capacity. 'Tis true our ſubtle Schoolmen

Can weave fine Cobwebs fit for Scull,
That's empty when the Moon's at full;
They do take Lodgings in a Head
That's to be let unfurnished;
They can raiſe Scruples dark and nice,
And after ſolve them in a Trice,
As if Divinity had catch'd
The Itch, on purpoſe to be ſcratch'd;
Or like a Mountebank, did wound
And ſtab her ſelf with Doubts profound,
Only to ſhew with how ſmall Pain,
The Sores of Faith are cur'd again.
Altho, by woſul Proof, we find
They always leave a Scar behind.
They know the Seat of Paradife,
Can tell in what Degree it lies;
And as they be diſpos'd, can prove it
Below the Moon, or elſe above it.
What Adam dreamt of when his Bride
Came from her Cloſet in his Side;
Whether the Devil tempted her
By a High Dutch Interpreter.

*If either of them had a Navel,
Who first made Musick malleable :
Whether the Serpent at the Fall
Had cloven Feet, or none at all :
All this without a Gloss or Comment,
They can unviddle in a Moment,
In proper Terms, such as Men smatter,
When they throw out and miss the Matter.*

I say miss the Matter, for even Aristotle the Prince of Philosophers said, there is never any great Wit, *sine mixtura dementiæ*, without a mixture of Madness. He verifi'd this Saying first himself; for who but a mad Man would have drown'd himself in the Sea, because he understood not the reason of the Sea's Reflexes?

And I pray betwixt Madness and Folly what's the Difference? No more than *inter Amentem & Dementem, Scotum & Sotum*. The one perhaps never was, the other nor was or ever will be in his right Wits. So that this Privilege a Fool hath above a wise man, he can never run out of his Wits, which many that think themselves wise now-a-days do, at least are much besides them.

Indeed no Fool to the wise Fool: *Sapientia prima stultitia caruisse*. And no man so little wise, as he that thinks otherwise: the Overwise being singular in that self-conceited Opinion of his own Wisdom and Judgment. Seest thou a Man wise in his own Conceit? there is more hope of a Fool than of him, saith Solomon. Lipsius was so puff'd up with his Pedantick Learning, that he brag'd he only sow'd Wisdom in the Netherlands. Paracelsus elevated above his Mercury, boasted himself Divine, a Miracle-

monger, that he could make little men, and raise the dead to Life. Ovid thought his Poetry eterniz'd him;

Famque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis, &c.

Keplar's Lunary transported him beyond his new World in the Moon, into the third Heavens and fantastick *Empyream* of those giddy Chimera's. Indeed all excellent Musicians, Painters, Poets and Lovers, are allow'd to be mad, *Poetica licentia*. And you may ever observe, that the most exquisite Artist in any Science or Manufacture, is the most conceited, and most transported with his own acquir'd Perfections.

But in Divine Affairs (tho true Wisdom is no where to be found but in Holy Writ) how many millions of mad Enthusiasts have we? Such as pretend by their speculative Divinity, they are *Secretis* to God Almighty, that they know what God is doing, and when he shall come to judge the World, &c.

To pass by the superstitious Folly of each Order in the Roman Church, their ridiculous Legends, Traditions, and more idle Customs, all taken up upon Trust; who cannot but see and admire the absurd Tenents, and most frantick Blasphemies of these grave

grave Heads (as they call themselves) of the Church and particular Sects in all Ages? How many have fancy'd themselves to be *Elias's* and *Christ's*, as our *Eudo de stellis* in King *Stephen's* time, *David George* in *Holland*, with *Hacket*, *Burchet* and *Hovat* of late in *England*? What monstrous Opinions have many other hair-brain'd *Jehu's*, led since by the Dictates of their own Phanatick Spirits, broach'd and obtruded to the *οἱ πολλοίς*, who are ever apt to be turn'd about with any wind of Doctrine? And when the Guides are thus blind and blinded with their own Zeal and Folly, needs must the blinder Flock miscarry.

Nor can his wise Holiness who sits in *Cathedra*, and cannot (at least as we are bid to believe) err, be acquitted from this infectious Leprosy of Madness and Folly, in assuming and obtruding to the People, God's Attribute to himself, Infallibility. Indeed now-a-days each man is infallible, and wise in the *Achme*. And whereas *Greece* could heretofore boast but of seven wise men, now we can-

not find so many Fools, if all the foolish *Galatians* and *Gotham Coxcombs* were but catechiz'd. And this is the height of Folly.

Since then *Bernardus non videt omnia*, and that the wisest men labour with Fits of Folly (for so wise *Socrates* after all his search into Nature, and indefatigable Study, did at last confess of himself, *Hoc tantum scio, me nihil scire*) Since our Masters of Arts are but Inceptors, but then beginning to learn, when they have (as they believe at least) devour'd all the Arts; since all such as must be wise by Inheritance or Succession, as Popes, rich men and Magistrates, are all but *Sapientum Ostavi*, wise men in the eighth Degree: Since I say, *Solomon* the wisest of men concludes all is Folly and Vaintry: and since *unus utrique error, sed variis illudit partibus*; all men err, and are consequently Fools; I may certainly conclude, that the deepest Scholar, tho he study by *Epicetus's* Lanthorn, sees no farther into a Milstone than the most illiterate Peasant, and commonly dotes with the greatest Folly.

Paradox CXXVI.

Qui nullis infestantur inimicis, sunt miserrimi.

That those that have no Enemies, are most miserable.

Nec Amicum habeo, nec Inimicum.

THUS Nero having Enemies enough, falsely exclaim'd, when even to avoid being sur-

priz'd of his Enemies he could not find one courteous Friend to dispatch him. But what man

living else can say, he hath no
Enemy? or in truth who can
say, he hath a true Friend?

says the Miser in *Juvenal*. Let
the whole Populacy deride and
hiss at me, let the whole Town
envy and revile me;

Populus me sibilat.—

— *At mihi plaudo:*

Ipse domi simulac Nummos contemplet in arca.

What care I for their hate, so
long as I have a Friend in a Cor-
ner? let them laugh on, so will
I, so long as the great God *Mam-
mon* smiles in my Chests. Is it
not much better to be envy'd
than to be pity'd? Thus he. And
thus may any rich or eminent
Person securely argue.

'Tis true, all Eminency draws
Envy after it naturally, as the
Sun draws all Eyes; and we see
that Bowl that is next the Mark
is ever most aim'd at. Observe
all the Darlings of Fortune, the
Favorites and Minions in all
Princes Courts, if Emulation,
Detraction, Envy and Hate have
not attended all their Greatness.

Seneca was hated for his Elo-
quence and Riches, *Sejanus* for his
popular Power, our *Woolsey* for
his Wealth and Grandure, &c.
Yet tho' these, *cum multis aliis*,
were envy'd for their Riches, e-
ven by their Princes also (who
as often fleec'd, squeez'd and de-
vested them of 'em again). It
doth not therefore follow, that
Ministers of State should cease to
aspire, or do great things, if
good. For so long as they live
justly, act faithfully, and can
preserve their Sovereign's Fa-
vour, no matter how loud the
Vulgar bark at them, and tra-
duce their Virtues.

I cannot therefore chuse but
blame *Publius Ventidius's* supine

fear, who after three Victories
over the *Parthians*, sat down mo-
destly, threw down the Cudgels,
and would not prosecute his good
Fortune for fear of *Mark Antho-
ny's* Envy or Hate, under whom
he serv'd, tho' he were his Supe-
riour.

By the same reason our *Richard*
the First should have desisted his
brave Exploits in the Holy Land,
because his ambitious Corridor,
and emulous Fellow-Soldier, *Phi-
lip* of *France*, envy'd him so
much, and cavil'd at all his Pro-
ceedings. No, a gallant Spirit
degenerates, when it furl's up
within it self thro' Bashfulness,
and thro' Sloth of Fear or Envy,
declines such places of Trust as he
can manage, and to which he is
most adapted by Birth and Edu-
cation.

Let the humble Lapwing pick
Worms; *Aquila non capit muscas*.
A Sting of a Wasp shall not
fright a wise Husbandman from
his Honeycomb and Hive.

Shall a valiant Leader fear
two or three Pick-thank Enemies,
or back-biting snarling Slanderers
at home, that dares look thou-
sands of Enemies in the face in
open Field undaunted? Shall a
Minister of State fear the Frowns
or Hate of the People, for whose
publick good he bends all his En-
deavours? Or what need he care
for some few envious mens un-
dervaluing,

devaluing, so long as without Oppression or Intolerance he can sit uppermost in the warm Sunshine of his Master's Favour? Shall he fear to amass Riches, so long as he doth but *tondere pecus*, not *deglubere*? or doth not by Gripping too much, amass a publick Envy and lose all? Shall he fear Enemies abroad, that hath such a sure Friend at home, a good Conscience? *Athicus Socrates, Amicus Plato, sed magis Amica Veritas*, should be the Result of every honest Man; for he that can preserve Truth and Honesty in his Breast, is happy without other Friends, and need not fear any Enemies.

Well then, since the Rich and Powerful that have so many Emulators and bitter Enemies are yet most happy, then certainly the poor man who hath no such Enemies, and whose pitiful Estate and Condition no man envies, is of all men most miserable; for all his days are miserable. Nay, tho the poor man be never so wise, honest, learned, or well-deserving, yet is he neglected and slighted of all his Neighbors, *Projecta vilior Algâ. Homer must*

stand without door, sing Ballads, or beg; if he want Money; for unhappy Poverty makes a man not only ridiculous and contemptible, but base; forces him to ill Actions, steal and be hang'd, and what more miserable?

This Necessity is so terrible, as well as it is *Ingens telum*, that in *Japonia* to avoid Hunger and Beggery, if they be poor, they stifle their Children, or make 'em abort, which *Aristotle* cruelly commends. The like has been done in *China*. Nay, Christians (if we may believe *Munster*) in *Lithuania*, have mangled, and sold themselves, Wives and Children to rich men, to prevent those fatal Extremities of Want, Sickness, Hunger and Starving.

Since then no man doth, or can live without some Enemies, but the wretched Beggar (whose only one is a Constable) and no Juments so servile, slavish and miserable as poor men, who are the Packhorses or Footstools for the Rich to get up on and ride: I may positively conclude, That such poor men, who only have no Enemies, are most miserable.

Paradox CXXVII.

Dignior inter Pedites primus, quam inter Equestres secundus.

That it is better to be Head of a private House, than the Tail of a Noble Family.

—Famæ servit ineptus,
Qui stupet in titulis & imaginibus.—

L Brutus at the first Rise of the then Roman Aristocracy, tho he had Title fair enough to the Crown, yet perceiving the Peoples Disaffection to Monarchy, chose rather to be the first Consul than the last Prince. Like that worthy Gentleman, who resolv'd rather to sit still at the upper end of the Bar-Table, than below his PUISNEES at the Bench, who were otherwise beneath him both in Learning, Judgment and Desert.

'Tis true, the People

—*Stultus honores*

Sæpe dat indignis ; —

But a wise Prince will prefer none but those that best deserve.

The Switz, Ragusian, and United Provincial Democracies (as the Turks do at this day advance their Bassa's) admit none to wear Honours Hereditary, nor any to bear Office, but the most learned, wisest and best qualify'd. He that is Heir to the Virtues as well as Fortunes of a noble Family, is fittest to govern an Estate. And such *Hephæstions* only being more honourable in Birth and Education, are, for their Valour and Integrity, fit Pillars for a Commonwealth,

There a young Lordling possess'd of many Mortgage'd Mannors, as crack'd as his Manners, is turn'd Spendthrift, and makes more haste to Poverty than all his griping Ancestors did to grow rich. Here's one runs his Estate out with his Dogs and Horses : Another makes it fly with his Hawks after Butterflies, or Birds of small value. Here's one with the Palsy in his Elbow, shakes it and the House so long, till it crack or fall at one stake. Another Sybaritical Glutton, *Apicius*-like, entombs his Father's Lands and Houses in his Belly ; or being given to Wine, pisses out his Patrimony against a Wall. Here one consumes all in sumptuous Building, and buries all in the Rubbish : Another prodigious Prodigal prostrates his Estate to a prostitute *Cleopatra*, consumes himself and Fortune amongst Women, thro the Saltiness of whose Tails he entails Shame and Beggary to his half-pockify'd Posterity.

If such be the end of most of our Nobility and Gentry, they may well get Supporters to their Arms : Tho when they are Crest-fallen, and reduc'd to Poverty, all their Crests and glorious Coats will

will hardly keep them warm: nor when hungry, will their painted Lions and Eagles feed them. And thus their Shame as well as Misery is greater, be- cause entail'd. *Fui Caius*, or *fui Dives*, are both but lamentable Motto's, when a Patrician in his old Age must be entomb'd in a Prison or Hospital.

*Stemma quid faciunt, quid prodest Pontice longo,
Sanguine censi? —*

The twinkling Stars on their Clokes are little minded, when the golden Sun shines not in their Pockets. Alas! Thread-bare Nobility without other Endowments is a *Non ens*, a mere flash of Lightning and airy Fancy, which so many boast of.

— Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.

An upstart *Horace*, *Libertino Patre natus*, or *Terræ filius*, who by his admir'd Worth and supereminent Qualities steps forward, though he be but a Carpenter's Son, and so knows best how to raise his House, is more honourable, than such out-side Glow-worms, who swell with Honours, and shine with long-winded Titles, and carry no true and constant heat of Virtue and Magnanimity in their Breasts.

He's no small Prince who every day,
Thus to himself can say,
Now will I sleep, now eat, now sit, now walk,
Now meditate alone, now with Acquaintance talk.
This will I do, here will I stay,
Or if my Fancy calleth me away,
My Man and I will presently go ride,
For we have nothing to provide.
If thou but a short Journey take,
As if thy last thou w'er't to make;
Bus'ness must be dispatch'd e'er thou canst go,
Nor canst thou stir unless there be
A hundred Horse and Men to wait on thee;
And many a Mule, and many a Cart,
What an unweildy Man thou art!
The Rhodian Colossus so,
A Journey too might go.
If thou be wise, no glorious Fortune chuse,
Which 'tis but vain to keep, yet Grief to lose;
For when we place e'en Trifles in the Heart,
With Trifles too unwillingly we part.
An humble Roof, plain Bed, and homely Board,
More clear untainted Pleasures do afford,

*I than all the Tumult of vain Greatness brings
To Kings, or to the Favourites of Kings.*

Why then should a mean Ex-
traction be despis'd? *E tenui casa
sape Vir magnus exit.* The great-
est Houses were once but lean
Cottages, and the Capitol was at
first cover'd with Thatch. How
many from private Soldiers have
risen up to be Emperors? as *Re-
gillianus, Pertinax, Maximinus,
Probus, &c.* How many Popes
and Cardinals, for their Cardinal
Virtues, have been advanc'd to
the Chair *ex infima Plebe*? How
many in all Ages, of all Profes-

sions, have rais'd themselves out
of nothing to great Honours?
And set aside our City Mayors
(who are seldom elected to that
Government but for their Riches
only) who better deserve them?

For tell me, What doth our
noble Hero so much boast of?
Of his great, great, great Grand-
father's noble Exploits and Servi-
ces done perhaps in such a King's
Reign, and the Barony, or the
like, confer'd upon him for that
Action.

—Ole quid ad te?

*Nam genus & proavos & quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco.*

What if

*Avus tibi maternus fuit atque paternus,
Olim qui magnis regionibus imperitavint?*

What is all this to the present In-
heritor, if he degenerate into a
Pisimire, into a Funge and base
Neoptolemus? What boot all
those fair Houses and antient De-
mesnes descended to him, when
he hath not Wit enough to keep
them, or sometimes an Accompt,
but suffers his Stewards and Bai-
liffs to lett and sell him? where-
as the modest private Person of
mean, tho honest Parentage, who
strives in a serious Emulation of
others Vertues, to excel them in
the Goods of Nature, meets with
the Goods of Fortune also, and
in that is much happier in the

raising of his elegant Superstruc-
ture. As that Architect was more
famous that built *Diana's Temple*,
than *Erostratus* infamous that
burnt it down: Or as that Mason
hath more Skill that can build a
stately Edifice, than the ignorant
Workman that only knows how
to pull it down.

To conclude then, It is more
honourable to say, This was got
by my own Industry and careful
Endeavours, than when it is too
late, with shame enough to say,
This I lost, sold or spent by my
Luxury and Folly. And there-
fore 'tis

*Superfluous Poms and Wealth I don't desire,
But what Content and Decency require;*

Pleasures abroad the Sport of Nature yields,
Her living Fountains, and her smiling Fields :
And then at home, what Pleasure is't to see
A little, cleanly, chearful Family ?
Which if a chaste Wife crown, no less in her
Than Fortune I the Golden Mean prefer.
Too noble, nor too wise, she should not be,
No nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me :
Thus let my Life slide silently away,
With Sleep all Night, and Quiet all the Day.

Let Woods and Rivers be
My Quiet, tho inglorious Destiny :
In Life's cool Vale let my low Scene be laid,
Much will always wanting be
To him who much desires :

Thrice happy he,
To whom the wise Indulgency of Heaven,
With sparing Hand but just enough has given !

Besides, I am sure a Farthing and reduc'd to its last Snuff,
Candle new lighted and set up, which always goes out with the
is much better than one of Four greatest Stink.
in the Pound almost blaz'd away

Paradox CXXVIII.

Every Subject (and wise Man) is a King.

I'll mount my Thoughts to Giant Height,
I'm Constellation in Conceit ;
I'll pluck down Sol, and mount his Sphere,
Then sullen Daphne shall appear,
And seeing me grasp Phæbus Rays,
Shall cringe and crown me with her Bays.
I'll rape the Moon, it shall be said,
Cynthia hath chang'd the name of Maid ;
Her twinkling Girls shall all be ta'en,
No Virgin left to bear her Train.
Thus conquering Sun, Moon, and Stars,
Gainst Gods themselves I'll levy Wars.
Or if on Earth my Mind can rest,
I'll be a Monarch at the least.
Our dull Plebeians shall grow quicker,
Rincing their muddy Brains in Liquor.

The Miser then shall scatter Cash,
 For Wine shall change his Balderdash;
 And sing and drink, and drink and sing,
 Till every Subject turns a King.
 The conquer'd Gods shall make us Legs,
 Intreating they may sip the Dregs.
 Thus will we tittle till the World
 Into Oblivion is hurl'd:
 And when we feel old Age does come,
 We'll post into Elysium,
 And there our chiefest Joys shall be
 To think of past Felicity.

Having prov'd every Subject is a King in his Drink, it remains that I prove the same of every wise Man. This Position flow'd from Zeno's School too, and the Sophies of the Stoa (*quorum pñmata θαύματα*, whose Words sound like Wonders and Oracles) That every wise man is not only a free man, but a free Prince, a King. This Doctrine hath pass'd current thro many Wands and Pens. *Qui recte faciet, non qui dominatur, erit Rex*, saith Ausonius in his Monosyllables: He that doth well is a King, tho he

be not a King; and *Rex est qui posuit metus*, &c. saith Seneca in Thyest. He that hath subdu'd his Fears and Perturbations, deserves the Crown. *Regnum & Diadema deferet*, &c. Reach him the Crown and Scepter, saith Horace, and let him reign, in whom no base Covetousness reigns. But this Kingdom, we speak of, is an invisible one, seated in the mind of Man; *Mens bona regnum possidet*, My Mind, saith the Poet, to me a Kingdom is;

But 'tis a Kingdom wanting Form and Matter,
 Just like the Moonshine in the Water.

Every Body Natural is a Body Politick, or a little Commonwealth, where Reason commands in chief, and the Passions (like dutiful Subjects) obey her Check and Controul. And tho the Territories of this little Republick seem but small and narrow, being bounded within the Circuit of Man's Breast, yet the Command and Royalty is great. *Imperare sibi maximum est imperium*, saith Seneca, Epist. 113. he that can command himself may command far and wide, yea farther * Turk. than * He that wears the

Moon for his Crest; or the † other that wears † King of the Sun for his Helmēt. Spain. *Latius regnes avidum domando Spiritum, quam si Lybiam remotis Gadibus jungas, & uterq; Poenas servit uni*: As the Lyrick || Poet hath || Car.lib. divinely sung. 2. Od.2.

This Doctrine is quadrate to that Saying in the Holy Scripture, Rev. 1. 16. That Christ hath made us Kings and Priests unto God his Father; which being understood in a moral and not a literal sense, doth aptly concur with

with this Maxim of the *Stoicks*: As I have observ'd a great *Harmony* and *Conformity* in many Points both of Doctrine and Discipline, between the *Christians* and the *Stoicks*; and if *Aristotle* was *Christ's* *Præcursor* in *naturalibus*, as the Divines of *Collen* affirm'd, I may as boldly affirm, and demonstrate it too, that *Zeno* and his Successors were his *Præcursors* in *moralibus*, whose Teaching did enlighten much the Dark-

ness of those Times, and dispel their Ignorance; creating a glimmering Light, like the Dawn before the *Sunrising*, and preparing the way for the *Light* which enlightneth every Man that cometh into the World. Tho *St. John* (that bright *Phosphorus*) did it in a higher degree and measure, yet these had a share in it, and season'd their Minds with previous Dispositions to receive the lively Oracles of *Christ* and his *Preachers*.

Parador CXXIX.

That the Imagination is able to produce Diseases.

AS Health is a natural Disposition fit for performing the several Operations of the Body's Organs, and consisting in the due Temper of the similar Parts, the Symmetry of the organical, and the Union of both together; so a Disease is a Disposition contrary to Nature, hindering the same Functions by destroying the Temperament of the first Qualities, the Proportion and laudable Conformation of the Organs, and the Union of both; whence arise three sorts of Diseases, *viz.* Intemperies, ill Conformation, and Solution of Continuity. Now the Question is, Whether the Imagination can of it self hinder the ordinary Functions of the similar Parts, by destroying the Harmony and Temper of the four first Qualities, which is the Principle of their Actions; as also those of the Organical Parts, by changing the natural Figure, Magnitude, Number and Situation of these Parts, and the Action of both by the Dissolution and Divorce of them asunder. Diseases of bare Intemperature, which is either simple or with matter, the Imagination may produce by moving the Spirits and Humors, which it hath power to do. For the Spirits being aërious and naturally very hot, when they are sent by a strong Imagination into some part, they may so heat it as by the excess of their Heat to destroy the Temper of such part; as Anger sometimes heats the Body into a Fever. And as the too great Concourse of these Spirits makes hot Intemperatures, so their Absence from other parts causes cold Diseases; as Crudities and Indigestions, familiar to such as addict themselves to Study and Meditation after Meat; the Spirits which should serve for Concoction being carry'd from the Stomach to the Brain. In like manner the Imagination having domi-

dominion over the Humors, which it moves by Mediation of the Spirits; as Joy, Shame, and Anger bring Blood and Heat into the Face and outward Parts, and Fear and Sadness give them a contrary Motion; it appears that it hath power to produce Maladies of Intemperies with Matter, by the Fluxion or Congestion of the Humors into some Part, and out of their natural Seat. But if the Fancy can disorder the Work of

Conformation in another Body than its own (as that of an Infant, whose Marks and Defects wherewith he is born, are Effects of his Mother's Fancy) much more may it cause the same Disorder in its own Body, whereunto it is more nearly conjoin'd. Wherefore, since it can destroy the Temper of the Similar Parts and the Harmony of the Organs, it may also cause Diseases.

Paradox CXXX.

We ought to bate Sleep, and (were it possible) live always awake.

BEFORE I prove this Paradox, I shall first own the Empire of Sleep (whom Orpheus calls King of Gods and Men) is so sweet, that not to be of its party is to be an Enemy to Nature.

*'Tis soft Repose without an Air of Breath
Dwells here, and a dumb Quiet next to Death.*

'Tis the Charm of all Grievs both of Body and Mind, and was given to Man not only for the Refreshment of both, but chiefly for the Liberty of the Soul; because it makes both the Master and the Slave, the Poor and the Rich equal.

*Sleep is a God too proud to wait in Palaces,
And yet so humble too as not to scorn*

The meanest Country Cottages:

His Poppy grows among the Corn.

The Halcyon Sleep will never build his Nest

In any stormy Breast.

'Tis not enough, that he does find

Clouds and Darknes in the Mind,

'Tis not enough, he must find Quiet too.

In vain, thou drowsy God, I thee invoke,

For thou, who dost from Fumes arise,

Thou, who Man's Soul dost overshadow,

With a thick Cloud by Vapours made,

Canst have no pow'r to shut his Eyes,
 Or Passage of his Spirits to choak,
 Whose Flame's so pure, that it sends up no Smoke.
 Thou who dost Men, as Nights to Colours do,
 Bring all to an Equality:
 Come, thou just God, and equal me
 Awhile to my disdainful she:
 In that condition let me lie,
 Till Love does the Favour shew:
 Love equals all a better way than thou.
 Thou never more shalt be invoc'd by me:
 Watchful as Spirits and Gods I'll prove,
 Let her but Grant, and then will I
 Thee and thy Kinsman Death defy:
 For betwixt thee and them that love,
 Never will an Agreement be,
 Thou scorn'st th' Unhappy, and the Happy thee.

Again, Sleep is a sign of Health in young People, and causes a good Constitution of Brain, strengthening the same, and rendering all the Functions of the Mind more vigorous; whence came the Saying, *That the Night gives Counsels*, because then the Mind is freed from the Tyranny of the Senses, it reasons more solidly, and its Operations are so much the more perfect, as they are more independent on Matter: and 'twas during the Repose of Sleep that most of the Extasies and Prophetical Visions happen'd to the Saints. Moreover, frequent Sleep is a sign of a very Good Nature: For being conciliated only by the Benignity of a Temper moderately hot and moist, the sanguine and phlegmatick, whose Humour is most agreeable, are more inclin'd thereunto than the bilious and melancholy, in regard of their Heat and Dryness, which resolve and dissipate the animal Spirits, as a vaporous Humidity hinders their Effusion, by the Obstruction

which it causeth in the Original of the Nerves; or, which is most probable, because the Clouds of those Vapours occupying the Ventricles of the Brain, by their Humidity moisten and relax the animal Spirits, which remain immovable till they be deliver'd from the Importunity of those Vapours; which moreover more easily ascending, when the Body is at rest, it happens that Sleep is frequently caus'd, not only by Watchings, Cares, Labour, Bathing, Heat, and other things which dissipate the Spirits, but also by Sounds, gentle Murmurs of Water, Frictions and Motions, Silence and Darkness; unless we had rather say, that the animal Spirits being most subtil and luminous Bodies, retire inwards during the Darkness which is contrary to them.

But notwithstanding what I have here granted in behalf of Sleep, yet still I assert that Sleep being not only a Deprivation, but a total Privation of Actions, since a Thing exists but so far as it acts,

acts ; at the same proportion that we love our own Being, *we ought to hate Sleep, and (were it possible) live always awake.* The great George Castriot, the Scourge of the *Turks*, never slept more than two hours ; and the Poets had reason to term Sleep, *The Image of Death*, which the Scripture also expresses by Sleeping.

Somnus, the humble God that dwells
In Cottages and smoaky Cells,
Hates gilded Roofs and Beds of Down ;
And tho he fears no Princes Frown,
Flies from the Circle of a Crown.
Nature alas ! why art thou so
Oblig'd unto thy greatest Foe ?
Sleep, that is thy best Repast
Yet of Death it bears a Taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

As therefore Death is to be avoided as much as possible, *so also ought Sleep* ; were it not that both of them being inevitable Evils, all we can do is to keep as far off them, and suffer our selves to be led as little to them, as may be. The Poets themselves seem willing to imprint in us a Horror of Sleep, when they feign it the Son of Hell or *Erebus*, and Night, the Brother of Death, the Father of *Morpheus*, and that his Palace was amidst the Darkness of the *Cimmerians*. Moreover, the most imperfect Animals sleep more than others, which is the reason *Zoophytes*, or Plant-Animals, as the Sponge, Coral, and Oysters, sleep continually ; Snails, and some Flies, three or four months ; Bears, longer than other Animals ; and amongst these, Birds, as partaking more of the Nature of Heaven, sleep less than four-footed Beasts. A Child, so long as it approaches a bestial Life in its Mother's Belly, and for the first years, sleeps more than when 'tis grown to Manhood ; and being again become by Age a Child, sleeps more than formerly, till he comes to the last Sleep of Death, which reduces him to nothing. Phlegmatick Persons, Drunkards, and Blockheads, sleep more than sober and witty Persons. For we are no more to refer to the Abuse of these Times in sleeping very much, than to other Vices of the Age ; amongst the rest Idleness, Eating and Drinking, wherein there is none sober at this day but exceed their just measure.

Parador CXXXI.

They that wed for Mony are but Half-marry'd.

AS wretched, vain, and indiscreet,
Those Weddings I deplore,
Whose bartering Friends in Counsel meet,
To half-join in a Wedding-Sheet
Some miserable Pair that never met before.

Poor Love of no account must be,
Tho ne'er so fix'd and true,
No Merit but in Gold they see ;
So Portion and Estate agree,
No matter what the Bride and Bridegroom do.

Curst may all covetous Husbands be,
That wed with such Design,
And curst they are ; for while they ply
Their Wealth, some Lover by the by
Views the *Half-Match*, and digs the richer Mine.

Parador CXXXII.

Proving that Witches can, and yet cannot raise the Dead.

To the Athenian Society.

Gentlemen, you told us not long since that you had in the Press a *Paradoxical Project*, wherein you intended to defend Two Thousand *Paradoxes* (or nice Theses) that seem'd strange and contrary to the common Opinion ; now pray, Gentlemen, let an Answer to a *Paradoxical Question* be one of 'em.——We read, 1 Sam. 28. 11. *The Woman said, Whom shall I bring up to thee ? He said, Samuel, &c.* But Rom. 4. 17. 'tis there said, *God raiseth the Dead.*——Now my *Paradoxical Question* is this :

' Is there any Deity in Witches ? Why is it the incommunicable Property of God which can be given to no other, to raise the Dead, and yet a Witch of *Endor* shall have this privilege to raise a dead Body at her pleasure ? How can this *Paradox* be reconcil'd ?

Ans. 1. A vanishing Spectrum in shape of a living Body is one thing : The true natural Body of a Man or Woman, is another.

2. To take up a bare Body only, being a dead Carcase, is one thing : But to animate and make a living

M m Body

Body of it, as before, that's another.

The first of these Distinctions most Men resolve themselves in, about this raising of *Samuel*, supposing it to be nothing else but a mere cozening of *Saul's* sight, seeming to see that which indeed was not either real or substantial. Neither is the latter improbable, that it might be the very Body of *Samuel*, that was bury'd a little before. The Reason and Ground of whose Opinion is from the Body of *Moses*. Why should the Devil so earnestly contend with the Angel about it (for it is believ'd their Disputation was not so much about the Holiness of the Body, as the hiding of it) where the Angels had hid it? or why they should? Otherwise they might have as well disputed about his Soul as his Body. But here is Body only mention'd, for that was it which the Devil drove at, to have made use of, with the best Inventions his Art could do, to have erected it by some of his Spiritual Engines, mantled it with his former or some other Garment like it, counterfeited a Voice speaking thro the Palate of this dead Body; whereby (if he could have brought it to pass) the People should have cry'd out, *Here is Moses risen again from the Dead!* Enough to have carry'd them all away from believing in Christ, and have overthrown their Faith in the true Saviour; the only thing which the Devil works for. And if it were possible for the Body of *Moses* to have been rais'd, why not *Samuel's*? As for the Words that *Samuel* seem'd to have spoken about disturbing of him, &c. no Argument can be drawn from that to prove any

thing but this, that the Devil is a Deceiver, and can use Language of all fashions to make us believe Lies.

But how then are the Saints Bodies kept, that the evil one toucheth them not? *Ans.* He shall not, to hurt them. This whole Frame of theirs God so preserves, that Satan hath no power to diminish a Hair, or shatter a Bone, but must lay it where he had it. Then let this *Paradoxical Question* issue in this Prayer.

Just and righteous art thou, O Lord, in all thy Works, especially in thy Executions on such as have sought by the Devil's Help to raise the Dead; this only hast thou permitted, to bring Death on themselves. Wicked Men, O Lord, have one who can bring them to Death, but not raise them from Death; this alone is thy Privilege to bring us from Death. O blessed be thy glorious Name for preserving us as well in Death as in Life, that no evil Spirit hath power to disturb us, save only to delude others with that which is but a feign'd Disturbance. Lord! let there never such Weakness besal my Faith, as once to believe there is any Power in Devils or Witches to hurt me, tho enough, by thy Permission, to hurt their own Followers. If at any time these Magicians of Egypt raise the dead body of a Stick into the Life of a Serpent, let there not be wanting an Aaron's Rod to devour them, or that brazen Serpent to prevent them in all their Designs of hurting him who trusts only in thee, to be preserv'd from them against the glorious Appearance of Christ for the Resurrection of the Dead in that day.

Parador CXXXIII.

In Praise of a Fickle Lover.

L E T Love no more your Heart inspire,
 Tho Beauty every hour you see ;
 Pass no farther than Desire,
 If you'll truly happy be.
 Every day fresh Objects view,
 And for all have Complaisance ;
 Search all places still for new,
 And to all make some Advance :
 For where Wit and Youth agree,
 There's no Life like Gallantry.
Laura's Heart you may receive,
 And to morrow *Julia's* prize :
 Take what young *Diana* gives,
 Pity *Lucia* when she dies :
Portia's Face you must admire,
 And to *Clorin's* Shape submit :
Phillis Dancing gives you Fire,
Celia's Softness, *Clara's* Wit :
 Thus all at once you may pursue,
 'Tis too little to love two.
 The powerful smiling God of Hearts
 So much Tenderness imparts,
 You must upon his Altars lay
 A thousand Offerings every day :
 And so soft is kind Desire ;
 Oh ! so charming is the Fire,
 That if nice *Adraste* scorns,
 Gentler *Ariadne* burns.
 Still another keep in play,
 (If one refuse) and say you nay.
 Cease therefore to disturb your Hours,
 For having two Desires,
 A Heart can manage two Amours,
 And burn with several Fires :
 The Day has Hours enough in store,
 To visit two, or half a score.

Parador CXXXIV.

That a Wise Man may live without Anger, Hatred, &c.

I Wonder not that Man should be so miserable, since he himself is a Conspirator against his own Felicity; since he makes Vain of augmenting Nature's Defects, since he takes pride in his own Miseries, and employs all her Benefits to make himself unhappy or guilty. Those that have exercis'd their Eloquence in deciphering corrupted Nature, thought it sufficient to be the Sons of Adam to render us disobedient, that the Sin of that first Revolver against his God, was the Spring of all our Evils.

Altho the Authors of this Doctrine be to me very venerable, and tho the Opinion which they maintain be approv'd by all Christians; nevertheless, I persuade my self that they will not absolutely deny to allow me, that we derive not all our Defects from his Crime, that we may as well bewail the Perfections which we still retain as those we have lost, and that we find orderly Motions in our Bodies which are rather Arguments of the Excellency of the Soul, than the Defection of Nature. Some Men would be innocent, if Heaven had not honour'd them with Favours; their rare Qualities occasion their Misery; they are poor because they are too rich.

To augment their own Miseries and add to Nature's Defects voluntary Errors, they take counsel from the Noise of the People, they regulate their Lives by their

Reports, they act but by their Example; and they approve all for reasonable that hath many Approbators, and not that wherein Truth most consisteth. Likewise they who have made so many Investives against the Sin of our first Father, have almost deprav'd the whole Stock of Mankind, by endeavouring to explain the most difficult Principle of our Religion; and have taught them undesignedly to justify their Defects, and to form Excuses for their Leudness.

When those famous Men that laid the Foundation of Rome's Empire would instruct their Subjects by their Precepts, or reform them by their Laws, they rather disorder'd than settled them; they taught them Crimes of which before they were ignorant, and they made many guilty Persons in designing to keep Men innocent. Parricides, says Seneca, first began in Rome by the Prohibition thereof; the Punishment threaten'd to those that should be found so monstrous, inspir'd them with Cruelty; Men became Barbarians when they were forbidden to be inhuman, and they fear'd not to murder them from whom they had receiv'd Life, after the Law had inform'd them that such a Sin might be committed. So that those Men must be Enemies to Nature who throw all their Faults upon her Infirmities; and we must deny that we often employ

employ our Perfections to procure our own Unhappiness. This Truth appears evidently in the Subject of this *Paradox*. We render *Passions*, which are but the pure Effects of Opinion and the Will, to be the Productions of Nature; we fancy that they are born with us, and we conclude from our Weakness, that a wise Man cannot defend himself from them but by a Miracle. In fine, we deem all things difficult which we fear to undertake; and judging of other mens Strength by our own, we take all for Impossibilities which we our selves cannot perform.

Aristotle, Father of the *Academia*, is not more virtuous than *Epicurus*, tho he seem more reasonable; for he moderates the Violence of mens Inclinations to render their Conduct easy, and allowing them ordinary Distempers, he hath taught them that they cannot be healthy unless they have Infirmities, that they cannot become liberal without Covetousness, that to be valiant they must have the help of Ambition, and that Virtue would be of no use to them, if they had not *Passions* to execute what she projects. This Opinion seems so little generous to *Zeno's* Disciples, that they cannot forbear vigorously to oppose it; and *Seneca* has condemn'd it for so unreasonable a Tenet, that he thinks he pleads Virtue's Cause so often as he is engag'd in the Combat.

Where, replies he, is the Freedom of the wise Man, if he may not act but by the Intermediation of his *Passions*? if he be oblig'd to fly to their Counsels, and if he must borrow of them all the

Forms of his Government?

It avails not his Adversaries to fly to Nature's Imperfections for a Reply, and to say that Reason is become blind and weak, since she suffer'd herself to be seduc'd by the Serpent. This Reply, tho true, proves nothing in Morality; and whatsoever Foundations they draw from Divines to support it, yet must they confess that it makes not so much for Reason as for Faith. For again, saith this wise *Roman*, if Reason be not strong enough to hinder *Passions* from making Excursions into her Dominions, how will they have her to keep them in order when they have enter'd her Territories? If she sink under their Violence when she is dispos'd to expect them, how shall she be able to give them Laws when she is become their Captive? We must then infer either that a wise Man may prevent their Assaults, or that he cannot moderate their Inclinations.

Tranquillity is one of the Qualifications of a wise Man; Men cannot rob him of it till he change his Condition, and he may boast of Happiness so long as he preserves it: but *Passions* violently bereave him of it in every of their Assaults, and he ceaseth to be his own when he has any thing of Dispute with them.

For be they never so well moderated, they cease not to disturb his Quiet, they throw Dissension among the Parties that compose it, and they so much occupy his Mind, that nothing is left him but a weak and languishing Liberty. The *Peripateticks* are not so just as to abate him any of his Evils

for the Elevation of his Grandeur: They render him subject to all the Maladies of the Soul, they allot him all *Passions* to vanquish or tame: And without considering that many times one violent Evil is preferable to a multitude of wasting Diseases, they will that he have Fear, but it must be moderated; that he be spur'd by Ambition, but it must be restrain'd; that he form Desires and Hopes, but they must be limited, &c.

Virtue is so delicate in this point, that she could never yet suffer *Passions* to be assign'd her for Companions, as she knows that they hold Intelligence with Vice; she rejects all their proffer'd Services, she believes that he unjustly triumphs who owes Victory to any thing but his Valour; that he is unworthy the Name of Conqueror, if he may be reproach'd that in the Combat he mixt Cowardice with his Courage, and did not overthrow his Enemy, but because he was somewhat fearful and imprudent.

Truly what Art soever hath been us'd by human Prudence to allay their Fury, the method of reducing them to Reason's Obedience is yet to seek; and which way soever they be consider'd, it wants Dexterity to subject them to her Empire.

But to return to my matter; if *Passions* be inevitable, and if all our Prudence be too weak to prevent the Assaults of *Fear*, the Attacks of *Grief*, the Snares of *Love*, and the Surprizals of *Anger* upon our Will, who can assure himself of staying their Carrier, and of obliging them that prepare for Battel without our

leave, to proceed no farther than we shall direct? One of these two Extremes must be chosen, either to stifle them in the Cradle, or resolve to become their Slaves.

What I have said of Desire and Fear may be apply'd to all our *Passions*; and as they arm without our Command, and the Objects that support them depend not on us, it must be confess'd that it's not in our power to bring them to Reason, to moderate their Fury, or hinder their running into excess. It's a sort of folly to think that we have an Enemy at our command whose Insolence we may suppress, and to imagine that that Governour is able to keep Rebels in awe, who was not prudent enough to prevent their taking up of Arms, coming into the Field, and forming an Army to offer him open Battel.

Altho this Arguing be bold, yet it is unanswerable even in *Aristotle's* Opinion; and they that would enervate it must have recourse to their own Weaknesses to lessen its Force. They say it is very difficult for a Man to gain so absolute a Power over himself, as to command all his Inclinations; to see beautiful Faces, and to be insensible of Love, to look upon a threatening Evil, and not to fear its arrival. Such Favours are only bestow'd upon beatify'd Persons; we must be separated from human Commerce to obtain them, and we must mount the Heavenly Mansions to consider the Glories of this World with Indifference, and to behold all the Revolutions that are wrought in it without disturbance.

If

If this Objection be the chief Foundation of the contrary Opinion, yet it is not very strong but in shew; *it reproves our Practice, but diminisheth nothing of our Ability*; it declares the Faults of Fools, and hides the Perfections of Wise Men; and without surveying Man's Nature, it excuses his Sordidness, and considers not his Advantages. Man is naturally generous, he hath not yet attempted any thing but what his Industry hath overcome; and all those Difficulties which the *Academia* oppos'd to his Undertakings, have only serv'd to augment his Glory, and admire his Courage.

The most wild and savage *Passions* have yielded to his Power; and all that Fury wherewith they were animated, could not hinder his constraining them to the Obedience of his Laws. Some Humourists have refrain'd *Smiling*; and pursuing their Resolution, have banish'd from their Countenance that pleasant Property which distinguisheth us from other Creatures. *Temperance* hath taught others to suppress their Appetites, and hath so much forc'd their own Inclinations as never to taste Wine. Some have defended themselves against the violent Assaults of *Love*, have had in derision all those pleasant Faces that have made so many Idolaters in the World; and have so much conquer'd themselves as to become Masters of a *Passion* that hath all Men for Slaves. In fine, Man is *absolute in his Government*, he hath not

undertaken any thing which he brought not to Perfection; Difficulties have discover'd his Strength, and we have seen nothing so irksom which he hath not surmounted, when he join'd Perseverance to his Courage.

The Labours then which he ought to employ to gain this Perfection, ought not to divert him from so *glorious a Design*; and without hunting for many Reasons to prompt him to it, it will suffice that he reflect upon his own Life, to be taught that it is as easy to conquer, as to moderate his *Passions*. The greater part of his Actions are real Punishments, all that he does is mix'd with Disquiet; and I know not but it might be more easy for him to live without *Passions*, than to act what he daily performs. For what is more delightful than a virtuous Vacation, and what is more toilsom than Anger? What is more tranquil than Clemency, and what more rummolling than Cruelty? Continence begets Content, but Lust is unsatiable.

In fine, Virtue is treatable with Satisfaction, but *Passions* are not conversable without hazard of Conscience, Rest, or Liberty. From all these things it's not difficult to conclude, that a Wise Man may be without Anger, Envy, Hatred, &c. since they are not natural to him, since Sense and Opinion are their Springs, since their Services are dangerous, and that he cannot employ them in his Necessities, without injury to his Liberty or Courage.

Paradox CXXXV.

The Author Rhimes in his Sleep.

SOME look upon me, as one rude,
 Quite erring in my Altitude;
 For above *Atlas* Shoulders I
 Am plac'd, and all the World do eye:
 When I took form, the earthly Sign
 Of *Scorpio* in's Ascent did shine.
 Just in the Planetary Hour
 Of *Saturn* (who doth ever lowre)
 I view'd the Light; it much doth win me,
 I have part of that Planet in me.
 No way facetious am I
 To toyish Mirth or Jollity,
 Yet in one Dream I can compose
 A Comedy in Verse or Prose;
 Behold the Action, apprehend
 The Jest, and the quaint Plot commend,
 And so much of the Sense partake,
As serves to laugh my self awake.

Paradox CXXXVI.

*In Praise of Weeping; or a Paradox proving that Tears
 are more diverting and fitter to nourish Affection than
 Singing.*

THAT fair God, who for his being the most beneficial to the World, might above all other excuse the Idolatry of blind Gentilism, becoming enamour'd of a young Maiden, descended from the Throne of the Gods, to try whether that Divinity, which had been able to obtain the Adoration of the Universe, could gain an amorous Affection in the Heart of a Virgin. He pursu'd, implor'd, tempted; but she conspiring with Nature, was transmuted into a Laurel, either to triumph over his Power, or to shew that the Resolutions of Women many times do not participate of the Instability of the Female Sex.

Miserable *Apollo*! truly thou mightest rather have thought to have found, even amongst the Rocks, a Heart that should have been mollify'd at thy Requests, than amongst Hearts a Stone that would

would not relent for all thy Prayers. How much he was astonish'd, every one may guess. A certain Poet writes that immediately that God was seen to weep, who otherwhile was ever wont to sing. And who knows? perhaps he would try, since his cruel *Daphne* already, as Woman, did not accept his Singing, whether as a Tree she would love his Tears, which he pour'd on her, from those two weeping Fountains of his Eyes.

This Fable, courteous Reader, gives an occasion to doubt, whether Singing or Weeping are the most potent Instruments in a fair Face to captivate a Heart: and from hence arises matter of Contention betwixt these two; the fair Weeper, and the fair Singer. Nor would the Decision of their Discord be so easy to end, had they not equally agreed to refer it to your Sentence, in whom they are confident to find together both the Judgment of *Paris* and the Integrity of *Aristides*.

The Tears vaunt to be the more powerful, as having even *Apollo's* Decision already in their favour; since after he saw his Dearest converted into a Tree, he laid aside his Musick, and makes trial of his Tears, as if he thought them even so potent, as to move the very Trees therewith.

Consider, Reader, that all Tears are the Offspring of the Eyes, the pretty Sisters of the Sight, taught and instructed in those Schools of animated Brightness, where they profess no other Doctrine but to enamour. Let Singing therefore yield its Pretences, which proceeding from the Mouth, is as much inferior to Weeping, both in Power and Efficacy, as the Tears are superior in the Sublimity of their Birth, and Nobleness of their Progenitors.

Nature has consign'd our Tears to no others Custody but the Heart; nor would she have their Pomp and Glory appear in any other place but in the Eyes, as if she esteem'd them worthy to have those Kings of the Members for their Guardians, and the fairest Part of the Body to be the Throne of their Majesty. The Eyes were created to be the Miracles of Beauty, and the Tears to be the Miracles of the Eyes; and who is not astonish'd to behold them pouring forth such Floods of Water from their Spheres or Element of Fire? These in our Sorrows serve us for Funeral Poms and Mournings, and in our Joys they solemnize our excessive Contentment. 'Twas this made *Cowley* cry,

*I'll teach him a Receipt to make
Words that weep, and Tears that speak;
I'll teach him Sighs like those in Death,
At which the Soul goes out too with the Breath.*

Dearest Tears, which in all occasions deserve to be the Ornaments of the Face! Perhaps 'twas for this reason that a Philosopher fell so in love with Tears, that he spent all his time constantly

stantly in weeping: You will never find any Man so in love with Singing as to judg it worthy of his continual and virtuous Employment. Consider therefore the Efficacy of Tears, which even makes Philosophers enamour'd with them.

They that call them by the simple Name of Pearls, do not fully express their Dignity and Worth. Those are generated by the Influence of the Sun, but at a far distance from the Sun; and these by the Influence of two Suns, and within the very Sphere of those Suns themselves. Those are nourish'd in the Water, and these in the midst of Flames. Those are made fit by Art to adorn the Purity of a whiter Neck, and these are reserv'd by Nature to enrich the Beauties of a rosy Cheek. Then let us call

them precious; and if they be soft they may inform us thus much, that if one of those being dissolv'd by *Cleopatra*, had power to force *Mark Anthony* to confess his Heart was overcome, one of these liquify'd even by the hands of Nature her self, with greater power shall constrain us to acknowledge that our Affections are vanquish'd.

Love, the great God of War, does still invent new and various Stratagems to conquer and subdue our Hearts and Souls. Sometimes he attempts to overthrow us only with the Sounds of precious Metals, sometimes erects his Bridg upon the Base of our most instable Hopes, sometimes assaults us with the Sweetness of an enchanting Voice. This made

Waller say,

While I listen to thy Voice,
Chloris! I feel my Life decay;
That powerful Noise
Calls my sitting Soul away.
Oh! suppress the Magick Sound,
Which destroys without a Wound.
Peace, Chloris! Peace! or singing die,
That together you and I
To Heaven may go:
For all we know
Of what the Blessed do above,
Is that they sing, and that they love.

But alas, the finest Musick, whether Vocal or Instrumental, is nothing if compar'd to a fair weeping Face. Many times there are such, who being stor'd with Principles and Resolutions of Chastity, will repel all those Assaults and Trials, tho seconded and assisted with many tempting Caresses and other provoking Ar-

tifices; but when he besieges us with a *Sea of Tears*, there's no Humanity can resist him, none but such as glory in their Inhumanity: and we may well believe he will expugn that obdure Soul of its strongest Fortress, when he comes rolling and showering in with such Torrents of overflowing Tears.

Smiths

Smiths do use to besprinkle their Coals with Water, which being after blown upon, do burn with the greater Ardour: And Love, being a Smith's Son, does often use his Father's Policy: For when he is resolv'd to inflame a Heart most, he first lets fall a soft shower of Tears to moisten it, and after with deep Sighs blows it into a most consuming Flame.

Even the Sun, to make his Beams become more hot and scorching, does seem to unite them together, and dart them thro a Cloud, which is no other than rarify'd Water; which being condens'd, dissolves and drops in Tears from Heaven again.

There is nothing which communicates more Vigour and Nourishment to Plants than Heat conjoin'd with Moisture, If then it be true, what some have said, that Love is a Plant, we may truly believe that nothing else is able to advance its Growth so much, as the Sunshine of two fair Eyes, mix'd with the soft showers of their distilling Tears.

The Globes of those bright Suns, being environ'd with Floods of Tears, can be esteem'd no other than artificial Fireballs which burn under the Water, and are the more ardent by reason of the *Antiperistasis*.

Excuse me, Reader, if this Conceit seem strange to you, that I should say, Tears are the Milk of the Eyes: and why must that be esteem'd so unlikely, that those Eyes should flow with Milk, which do so often bring forth Love? And if you do grant this *Capriccio*, give me leave to conclude, that there is nothing more

proper to nourish Affection than Tears, since they are Milk, and Love is still a Child.

If any one should ask a Lover, they would return this Answer, that the Tears are no other than the Quintessence of the Soul distill'd thro those Eyes, which pretend to teach us thereby, how liberal we should be of Love to them, who do so prodigally waste their Souls for us.

Others have said, that Tears are extracted from the purest Blood in the Heart; which may serve us for an Argument, that if the Blood of *Cesar* dead, had power to move the Souls of the *Romans* to a Mutiny, much more will these living Drops of the fair Weeper's Eyes, be able to stir up our Affections to Mutinies and Tumults. And if you say, that this might be tumultuous, because a Tyrant's, remember that Beauty likewise is no other than a Tyrant.

But to know whether the Power of Tears be greater than of Singing, consider that these move by Nature only, and Singing all by Art.

I know you will not deny, but that a Spring, which casts forth pure and murmuring Streams out of its Rocky Bosom naturally, does flatter and delight our Senses more than those magnificent and stately *Roman* Fountains, tho those artificial Structures have no Stone in them, which is not worth a Treasure.

A pure and unsophisticated Beauty, how much more it does charm and captivate our Hearts, than such as are made handsome only by Art, your selves may judge, who have so often yielded

to their commanding Sweetness. The Poets feign'd *Cupid* always naked, to shew us that a natural Beauty, naked of all false Clothing Artifice, does soonest tempt, insuare and wound the Soul: but if you reflect upon Singing, you shall not find one Note which is not artificial, nor hear one Sigh but what is feign'd; sometimes it seems to languish in a whining Passion, and tell sad Tales, then strait turns into joyful strains again, dissembling all its Passions, and cunningly changing it self into a hundred several Humours of Mirth and Sadness; and if it have any thing pleasing in it, it must be something only natural.

*Behold, and listen, while the Fair
Breaks in sweet Sounds the willing Air;
And with her own Breath fans the Fire,
Which her bright Eyes do first inspire:
What Reason can that Love controul,
Which more than one way courts the Soul?
So when a Flash of Lightning falls
On our Abodes, the Danger calls
For humane Aid, with hopes the Flame
To conquer, tho' from Heaven it came:
But if the Winds with that conspire,
Men strive not, but deplore the Fire,*

Then how can the Soul possibly love that Singing, which glories in its bewitching Fraud and Vaunts, that it obtains Respect and Reverence only by a sweet Nothingness?

To express the power of Singing, says one, it is an *Inchantment*; but, *Reader*, if you will know how much Weeping prevails above it, remember that that *Armida*, who otherwhile triumph'd over the Martial Squadrons by power of her *Inchantments*, was forc'd to make use of her Tears, to add more Vigour to those very *Inchantments*. So that the Spirits and Furies themselves are too weak to resist the Charms of a beauteous Weeper. Nor need we wonder at it, for theirs at most is but an infernal Power, and the Tears dropping from a handsom Face, are no less

than the Showers even of a clouded Heaven.

Musicians themselves confess, that to add more Vigour to their singing, they are necessitated to make use of frequent Sighs, trembling Quavers, and soft languishing strains: and what else are these, but parts of Sorrow and Weeping? These they make use of, because otherwise that Musick would seem to have no Life or Spirit in it, that could not humour its Passion with a deep Sadness and sighing Affection.

Consider therefore the Power of Weeping, from which even Singing it self does borrow so much help.

That ambitious Musician glory'd that he had redeem'd his dear *Euridice* from Hell, by the powerful Sweetness of his Voice; but let me rather say, that if he did

did obtain her, because he sung so excellently well, perhaps he lost her so suddenly again, because he did not weep sufficiently.

And what can you imagine the Heavens desire or expect from us, unless it be Love? When it so often pours down showers of Tears, *Pythagoras* believ'd that the Spheres were ever making a sweet Harmony; but I see that we often return Thanks to Heaven for its Weeping, but never for its imaginary Musick.

Poets have sometimes commended a Beauty, hid under a mourning Cypress Veil, as if the resplendent Beams of such a Beauty, being concentred together, should thro that Obscurity thus united, have the more power to make a speedy Conquest over the Soul. Now observe, Reader, that a weeping Beauty is a Beauty clad in its Morning Weeds, which should merit our Affections the sooner, because it seems to put on that sad Habit, to perform the Obsequies for your expir'd Liberty.

By the Law of Nature we should give credit to their Affections, which can bring good witness that they love. Now what are such Tears else but Testimonies of a Heart that loves sincerely, which come to Nature's Tribunal attending on the Soul, to demand a reciprocal Correspondence?

Aristotle says, That our Tears are a kind of Sweat; and if we justly merit Wages for Sweat and Labour, who can deny the Reward of Love to those fair Eyes, which perhaps sweat and pant,

lying under the burden of an amorous Affection?

Tears have such Efficacy to enamour, that I believe the Offerings of *Myrrh* and *Incense* are grateful and pleasing to the Gods, for no other reason, but because they are Tears, tho shed by senseless Trees. Those lighted Candles which often shine upon a sacred Altar, where we implore the Grace of Heaven, if you but mark it, do never burn without letting fall some Drops like Tears; perhaps to teach fair Eyes, that if the Tears, even of inanimate Lights, have power to move the Heavens, the Drops of two such bright and living Torches must needs have as much influence on Men.

We do not ordinarily ascribe any other *Epithets* to Musick, than those of Melody and Sweetness. But when we treat of Tears, we use to call them by a more viril Name, Womens Arms or Weapons. Now do you guess Sirs, whether they be not potent, since they have obtain'd even the Name of Weapons. And I believe it was for no other reason that the Gods blinded *Cupid's* Eyes; but only because if he could have added Tears to the Power he hath already, there were no means left for any to resist his Power and Might.

Our Infant Age does most require the Love and tender Affection of others, by reason of our own Insufficiency; and yet Nature's Care has provided us with nothing else in that Age but only our Tears.

And are they so potent in our Infancy, that even a Child, tho bound

bound by Nature and Reason to be under the Father's Tuition and Jurisdiction, yet Weeping tenderly does seem to claim, and often overflows the Parents Will? Who will say then, that Tears are not most powerful Instruments, since they have so much Strength, tho' manag'd by a weak unskilful Child.

Tears are the Language of the Soul and Passions, taught us by Nature's self, that it might be the better understood by every one. Tears are the Soul's Ambassadors, which being sent to declare the state of its own Affections, does often lie in wait, and catch the liberty of others. They require no other Audience but our Eyes, knowing those Requests are most potent, which pass thro' them into the Heart. They express their Message without a Tongue, and are silent with wonderful Efficacy. Consider then the power of those Tears, which being dumb can yet persuade so sweetly. Nature it self seems in this Contest to yield the palm of Victory to Tears, since she has fram'd the Arches of the Eyebrows over their Cisterns, to declare that they are triumphant.

Such are the Prerogatives of Tears, that they may be thought injur'd, when but compar'd to Singing. Consider, Sirs, that if at any time a disdainful Passion turns, Giant-like, a Rebel against

that Heaven of Beauty, they opening their Flood-gates can quickly drown them in the precious Deluge. Or if at any time a stubborn Soul resolves to be reconcil'd again to the offended Deity of Love, these Advocates present the humble Petitions, which never are rejected. If sometimes the Thoughts reflect upon a wish'd-for Happiness, these officious Associates do straitway wait upon the grateful Memory. If sometimes one does absent it self from its dear Country, or from its dear belov'd Object, these alone are wont to be left behind; I know not if I should say, together as Companions with the Soul, or as Pledges for it. If sometimes the Affection be gasping and dying, nay quite dead, in the Breast of disdainful Lovers, nothing but these can bring it to Life again; an extinguish'd Affection being often rais'd into a Flame again, by being only deplored. Now what can be compar'd or parallel'd with these Tears, which have the Power and Virtue even to revive the Dead?

But, *Reader*, if you please briefly in one Argument to comprehend the Power of Tears, consider that they have not been afraid to appear and fall in a *House of Musick*, and even contest with that Musick it self for the Preheminence.

Parador CXXXVII.

That Lovers die often.

BENEATH a cool Shade, where some here have been,
 Convenient for Lovers, most pleasant and green;
Alexis and *Cloris* lay pressing soft Flowers,
 With Kissing and Loving they past the dull Hours.
 She close in his Arms with her Head on his Breast,
 And fainting with Pleasure; you guess at the rest:
 She blush'd and she sigh'd with a Joy beyond measure,
 All ravish'd with Billing, and dying with Pleasure.
 But while thus in Transports extended they lay,
 A handsome young *Shepherd* was passing that way.
 She saw him and cry'd—Oh, *Alexis*, betray'd!
 Oh what have you done!—you have ruin'd a Maid:
 But the *Shepherd*, being modest, discreetly past by,
 And left 'em again at their leisure to die.
 And often they languish'd with Joy beyond measure,
 All ravish'd with Billing, and dying with Pleasure.

Parador CXXXVIII.

The kind Husband is brought to Bed with his Wife.

WITH what Delight and Joy, methinks I see
 Thy swelling Womb increase its Treasury!
 What a sweet Poison 'twas! if all Maids past
 Fifteen, could themselves poison so, how fast
 They'd kick up Heels, be venom'd in their Beds,
 And murder those *Chimera's*, Maidenheads:
 How stately my *Amanda* looks! she seems to me
Diana in her Crescent Majesty.
 What frozen Creature is't, won't wish, as soon
 As *Phebe* spy'd himself, the Man i'th' Moon?
 What *Virgin* thy fair Lunar Globe can see,
 And not strait wish to be i'th' full like thee?
 I wish, my Dearest, I could hear thee say
 The little Boy kicks, willing to make his way
 Into his Father's Arms: Oh may he be
 His own sweet Mother's Picture, not like me!
 Ah could I hear it [I have often smil'd
 To think upon't] *Amanda's* great with Child!

She

She looks within a Monch ; wou'd, past all fear,
 I once might say, *Welcome down Stairs, my Dear ;*
 Would thou wer't church'd, and the *good Wives* were come
 A *Gossiping* ! now 'twill be guest by some
 The main thing that I wish implicitly
 Is this, wou'd I were brought to Bed with thee.

Paradox CXXXIX.

*That actually to enjoy a Woman, consists only in the
 Desire of Fruition.*

THERE is not half so warm a Fire
 In the *Fruition* as *Desire* ;
 When I have got the Fruit of Pain,
Possession makes me Poor again ;
 Expected Forms and Shapes unknown,
 Whet and make sharp Temptation.
 Sense is too niggardly for Bliss,
And pays me dully with what is :
 But Fancy's liberal, and gives All
 That can within her Vastness fall ;
 Veil therefore still, while I divine
 The Treasure of this hidden Mine ;
And make Imagination tell
 What Wonders do in Beauty dwell.

F I N I S.

